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SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS

Roman and English

*With Revised Text, Introductions, and Notes Glossarial,
Critical, and Historical.*

BY

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AND FELLOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE; AUTHOR OF 'SHAKSPEARE'S
KNOWLEDGE AND USE OF THE BIBLE.'

IN THREE VOLS.—VOL. III.

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YERSON, JAMES A.

SHAKSPEARE'S HISTORICAL PLAYS

VOL. III.

KING HENRY VI.—PARTS II. AND III.

KING RICHARD III.

KING HENRY VIII.

CONTENTS OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| PREFACE, | vii |
| INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VI.—PARTS II. AND III., | 1 |
| KING HENRY VI.—PART II., | 11 |
| NOTES ON KING HENRY VI.—PART II., | 101 |
| KING HENRY VI.—PART III., | 111 |
| NOTES ON KING HENRY VI.—PART III., | 197 |
| INTRODUCTION TO KING RICHARD III., | 207 |
| KING RICHARD III., | 219 |
| NOTES ON KING RICHARD III., | 325 |
| INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VIII., | 339 |
| KING HENRY VIII., | 351 |
| NOTES ON KING HENRY VIII., | 445 |
| APPENDIX, | 457 |

P R E F A C E.

IN sending forth to the public this third and last volume of the present series, I cannot refrain from expressing my gratification at the favourable manner in which the attempt has been received—much more favourable, indeed, than I had ventured to expect. For not only was I fully conscious that I could not reasonably hope to be able to produce a faultless work in a field so far removed from my ordinary studies and pursuits, but, coming forward as an *ἰδιώτης* among the professed *ἀσκηταί* of Shakspearian literature, I feared that some, at least, of the less generous spirits among them might be inclined to resent my intrusion upon ground which they had preoccupied, and by skilful and continuous labour had made, they might think, peculiarly their own. As it is, with only a single exception, among the numerous notices which I have seen of various kinds, even where there has been found something to censure, the amount of praise has largely predominated. On the one hand, the more prominent features of the work—viz., the marginal notes, intended

to contain interpretations of every word and phrase that requires to be explained, and the illustrations of historical events and characters, now for the first time brought to bear upon the text throughout the entire series of the plays—have met with unqualified approval from all quarters: on the other hand, of my dealings with the text, there have been (as was to be looked for) some few complaints—partly on the score of *insertion*, and still more of *alteration* or *excision*,—and I am far from wishing to maintain that they have been altogether unfounded. With regard to the former—viz., cases of *insertion*—I have already admitted, in the Preface to vol. ii. p. ix, note, that the attempt to fill up such imperfect lines as come under the protection of Walker's canon—viz., that “single lines of four, or five, or six, or seven syllables are not to be considered as irregularities” (see vol. i., Pref., p. xxvi)—was injudicious, and in the rare instances—not more than three or four—in which it has been made, will in future editions be abandoned. But I am not aware that fault has been found with any one of the far more numerous cases in which, in deference to the latter part of that same canon—viz., that “lines of eight or nine syllables are at variance with the general rhythm of Shakspeare's poetry”—the defective lines have been made good;¹ and if I have succeeded in this, I have

¹ The only instances, I think, in which I have allowed a line of eight syllables to remain are: *Cor.*, i. 1. 158, where I cannot but think that “For that,” in the beginning of Menenius's speech, belongs to that line (comp. line 109), and that a word like “vilest” has dropped out in the line following—see Walker, ‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ ii. p. 13; *Ibid.*, v. 2. 2,

done something to render the text of these plays less imperfect, and consequently more agreeable both to be read and to be heard. Moreover, in regard to my treatment of the text under the other head—viz., of *alteration* or *excision*—it is to be borne in mind that, in the Preface to vol. i. p. xxi, I distinctly state that the right of restitution—*jus postliminii*—would be readily allowed “in any case where it can be shown that a passage has been altered or rejected without sufficient reason.” And what has been the result? While one, at least, of my critics, who has evidently taken pains to make himself acquainted with the merits and bearings of the question, declares that, in his opinion, I have “erred rather on the side of caution than of courage;” and while another testifies that I “furnish the family circle with a text of Shakspeare which will never offend the purest delicacy, and yet *sacrifices no literary beauty to mere prudery* ;” there have not been wanting two or three others who, in these same respects, have seen cause not only to withhold commendation, but to administer reproof. For instance, Professor E. Dowden, in the ‘Academy,’ takes a directly opposite line to that of my critics in the ‘Dublin Even-

where “fellow,” I think, should be inserted after “stand”; *J. Cæs.*, ii. 1. 60, where I would place “’tis good” at the end of the preceding line, and after “gate” insert “and look”; *Ibid.*, 2. 113, where I would take a similar course, throwing back “And look,” and adding “forth” after “fetch me”; *Ant. and Cleop.*, i. 4. 88, where may be read, “So fare you well”; iv. 4, last line, where the text appears doubtful; and *K. Rich.* 3, iii. 3. 94, where there is everything to excuse the defect. In *Cor.*, i. 1. 74, “Enemies” may be a dissyllable.

Respecting “lines of nine syllables as alien to Shakspeare,” see Appendix at the end of this volume, Sect. VI.

ing Mail' and the 'Edinburgh Courant,' and denounces me, "in a strictly editorial sense, as *a bold, bad man.*" In support of this charge, he brings prominently forward two alterations (*J. Cæs.*, ii. 1. 299 and 313) put into the mouth of Brutus's Portia, as instances of an "immodesty of prudery, which, when detected, ought to be courageously exposed;" and in this adverse judgment my friend, Professor L. Campbell, though in more measured terms, substantially concurs. Professor E. Dowden has written so admirably upon Shakspeare—and not upon Shakspeare only, for his "Southey" in 'English Men of Letters' is, I think, one of the very best and ablest of that most interesting and instructive series—that I should be loth to uphold an opinion contrary to his; and I have already intimated elsewhere the high value I attach to the judgment of Professor L. Campbell upon all matters, critical and poetical, both of classical and English literature. It must, however, be confessed that, when I made the slight changes in question, I had in view the case, not of middle-aged professors—deeply versed in all kinds of dramatic and other lore—nor, indeed, of men at all, but of ladies called upon to read the part of Portia before a mixed company, some of whom would, in all probability, be younger than themselves: and the ghost that haunted me was certainly not, as Professor Dowden would suggest, the consciousness of being "a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church," but the "*maxima reverentia*," which even a Roman heathen and a satirist, far enough exempt from all taint of prudery, could pronounce to be "due" even "to boys." And while I am

aware that the tampering, be it ever so slight, with a favourite passage cannot but cause at first an unpleasant jar to the sensibility of those who are familiar with the words, I venture to doubt whether any real injury has been done to the unspeakable grace and beauty either of the character or of the language of Portia by those two deviations from the common text, to which, after full deliberation, and not without anticipation of sundry taunts and gibes, I thought it, upon the whole, desirable to have recourse: and, in the meantime, till a fuller verdict has been obtained, I am reluctant to undo the deed — simply upon the ground that what was utterly inoffensive in Shakspeare's day in the mouth even of the most modest matron, is not equally inoffensive now. In short, it was not merely *the word*, but *the application of the word*, from which it seemed to me that a nice sense of propriety, as we now conceive it, would be inclined to shrink; and if so, the alteration stands upon the same common ground as that of others which have been made "on the score of indelicacy." Professor Dowden will not need to be reminded that the Shakspearian use of the word "spouse" has better authority than that of Pistol in reference to "the quondam Quickly," or that the *repetition* of the word "wife" had lost its value when the word "harlot" was rejected. To Professor Campbell I reply, that between *Portia* telling her husband that he treats her as "*his* harlot," and *Coriolanus* contemplating himself as possessed by "some harlot's spirit"—words which I have allowed to stand—when he yields to solicitations which his own "disposition" utterly condemns, there is, to my mind, a

very wide distinction. Moreover, Dr Schmidt interprets that passage (*Cor.*, iii. 2. 133) as one instance, among others, of the word being applied to *a man*, in the sense of *a rascallion*. I must not omit to add, in all frankness, that Shakspeare found both the expressions which I have altered in his North's Plutarch. So much for that pair of *alterations*.

The cases of *excision* for which restitution has been claimed, are only, so far as I am aware, these following:—

Cor., i. 3. 40.

The breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, looked not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning.

My note upon that place is: "Of the four lines there omitted, on the score of delicacy, the last has the further objection of an uncertain text. See Dyce's note." Perhaps this "further objection" (which, I still feel, is not inconsiderable) weighed with me more than it need have done; otherwise, this "maternal flourish of Volumnia," for which Professor Dowden pleads, might have held its place, though, I confess, to my taste it savours of bombast as little pleasing as it is excessive, even with all due allowance for the character of the speaker.

Ibid., 9. 11. Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

My critic in the 'Scotsman' regrets the omission of those words. The question, as I regard it, is not merely whether any sense can possibly be extracted out of them, but also whether the supposed sense be not such that its absence from the passage is a gain rather than

a loss. Nor do I see that the reference to Cominius's speech at Rome, ii. 2. 122-131, helps the matter. Rather I think it does the reverse.

Ibid., iv. 7. 53. And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair,
T' extol what it hath done.

Let it not be supposed that in omitting these words I acted hastily, or trusted merely to my own judgment. In my note upon them I referred to Steevens, who wrote: "The passage and the comments upon it are, to me at least, equally unintelligible;" and to Dyce, whose words are: "A very dark (or rather, a manifestly corrupted) passage, on which the comments in the Variorum Shakspeare, and elsewhere, are alike unsatisfactory;" and then he proceeds to give no less than five widely different conjectural emendations. Nevertheless, my critic last referred to considers that the words "are too fine to be omitted, and are quite intelligible, as explained by Mr A. Wright." Of that explanation I have given my reader the full benefit in the same note. To me the main objection against the passage is, that, *even as explained*, it conveys a sentiment which, however just and striking in itself, does not seem to fit in with the facts of the case, or the purpose of the speaker. Coriolanus was undoubtedly proud and arrogant, but he was not a self-commender or extoller of his own actions—quite the contrary.

K. John, i. 1. 95-7. I have already stated in the Preface to vol. ii. p. xix, in acknowledgment of a remark of my Whitehall Reviewer, that the necessary curtailment of that scene was, by oversight at that point,

carried further than it need have been, and that it is my intention to restore those three lines in any future edition.

That the critics who brought forward the above examples in support of their objections to my use of the editorial pruning-knife might not have been able to produce more, it would, of course, be unfair to conclude; but it is not, I think, unreasonable to presume that no others were to be found of greater weight. It will be for the reader to say whether, taken at their utmost value, they detract materially from the confessed recommendations of this edition in other respects.

It has been felt, I believe, by some, that a portion of the remarks in the Preface to my first volume was calculated to "cause alarm." If it were so, it is no little satisfaction to be assured, even by Professor Dowden, who would seem to have shared in the alarm, that it was "needless." Moreover, both he and Professor L. Campbell have been so good as to admit, without reserve, that the licence which, out of regard to the special character and purposes of this edition, I ventured to claim in that Preface, I have used "very sparingly." On the other hand, it has also been found easy to decry the notion, as too presumptuous or too chimerical, of endeavouring to rehabilitate the text of Shakspeare, in the interests of justice to the poet himself, in passages where, from causes only too easily accounted for, he has manifestly suffered wrong. But when a first-class critic, such as Johnson, can confess¹ that, in *K. Rich.* 2, act

¹ See my note, vol. ii. p. 104, and Pref. to vol. i. p. xxiv.

iv. sc. 1, he has restored eight lines, "in humble imitation of former editors," though, as he believes, "*against the mind of the author*"; and again, at act i. sc. 3. 267 of the same play, can declare that, in his belief, the seven lines there restored by Theobald and Pope, and retained by all subsequent editors, "*were expunged in the revision by the author*";¹ and when, in *K. Rich.* 3, act v. sc. 3. 217, Steevens can avow his opinion that a passage, extending to twenty-two lines, "*had been crossed out by Shakspeare himself, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor*" of that play;—when things like these can be said by the most competent judges, surely the attempt to vindicate our author from the tradition of such presumptuous licence is not itself licence and presumption; and so far from being resented, ought rather to be welcomed, provided it be made not rashly, not arrogantly or dictatorially, but with all due deference to whatever may be urged by competent judges on the other side. In support of this remark, and in further corroboration of that portion of my Preface now referred to, it will not be out of place to introduce here the following paragraph, which forms a separate section (lxxxvi) in Walker's 'Critical Examination,' vol. ii. p. 189:—

"Note of Malone's, Var. Shakspeare, vol. xix. p. 81—corresponding, in part at least, with my own observations—'I have stated this matter particularly, because it confirms an observation that I have more than once had occasion to make in revising these plays—viz., that there is reason to suspect that many of the difficulties

¹ See my note, vol. ii. p. 97, and Pref. to vol. i. p. xxiv.

in our author's works have arisen from the omission of either single words,¹ single lines,² or the latter half of one line with the half of the next [this must be exceedingly rare]; a solution which readers are very slow to admit, and generally consider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the business of the press (without those proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other, and with the first folio, affords) would soon convince them that my supposition is not a mere offspring of imagination.³ In the plays of which there is no authentic copy but the first folio, there is no means of *proving* such omissions to have happened; but the present [*K. Rich.* 2, ii. 2. 84] and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lays surely a reasonable ground for conjecturing that similar errors have happened in those pieces of which there is only a single ancient copy, and entitle such conjectures to indulgence.'"

So far Walker, quoting Malone. His editor, Mr Lettson, adds in a note, which seems to indicate his own concurrence in the remarks,—“Observe also Malone's note, vol. ix. p. 7, to which he refers immediately after [*i.e.*, after the above quotation]. He there gives several instances of that class of omissions which Walker notes

¹ “It may be observed that wherever a number of particulars are mentioned together, each expressed by a single word [or short clause], and with one and the same termination, there is a tendency in the printers of the folio to drop one of them.”—Walker, ‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ vol. ii. p. 13.

² “There are, as it seems to me, several instances in the folio . . . of single verses having dropped out.”—Walker, *ibid.*, vol. i. p. 73.

³ Compare the remarks of Mr Halliwell-Phillips, quoted in Preface to vol. i. p. xxviii.

as 'exceedingly rare.'” And now I have to add, in further illustration of the uncertain condition, in many instances, of the present received text, an observation of Steevens, taken from a note in vol. xviii. p. 503, *sqq.*—and when Steevens is found to agree substantially with Malone, the circumstance is so remarkable that we may reasonably entertain more than common confidence in their joint opinion. “Where, in general,” he asks, “shall we find more perfect and harmonious metre than that of Shakspeare? His irregular lines are therefore *justly suspected* of having suffered either from *omission* or *interpolation*.”

The foregoing observations will serve, I hope, to justify the view which I have taken of my duty as editor, in regard to the only points upon which it has been called in question; and the manner in which I have endeavoured to perform that duty, so far as my dealings with the author's text are concerned, will best be seen by a careful examination of the following lists, together with those of the same kind presented to the reader in the Prefaces to the two former volumes.

Emendations bearing on Interpretation of Text.

2 *K. Henry VI.*, i. 3. 206, see note (c); iii. 1. 260, see note (c); 2. 258, see note (c); iv. 1. 7, see note (b); *ibid.* 120, see note (e); 7. 91, “gifts” for “gold,” to avoid rhyme¹ with “behold” (see iv. 1. 81, under “Transpositions”); 10. 12, see note (a); *ibid.* 20, “not caring” for “I care not.”

3 *K. Henry VI.*, i. 1. 145, see note (a), and comp. Walker, ‘Crit. Exam.’ 1. 276; *ibid.* 227, see note (c); ii. 1. 93, see note (c); 5. 60, “to” for “doth,” or omit “dead,” and read “doth to”; iv. 7. 23, “Why, then” for “Why, and.”

¹ Rhyme in the midst of blank verse is inadmissible.”—Walker, ‘Crit. Exam.’ ii. 166.

K. Rich. III., iii. 5. 42, "Why" for "What," see line above, and comp. Walker, 'Crit. Exam.,' 1. 276; *ibid.* 74, see note (b); 7. 83, "now" omitted, a needless and unmetrical repetition from line 58.

K. Henry VIII., i. 1. 240, see note (c); 2. 226, "he'd" for "would"; 4. 128, see margin—"I fear" seems a repetition from the line above; ii. 1. 2, see note (a); *ibid.* 87, see margin; 4. 180, see note (a); iii. 1. 162, "where's" for "where"; 2. 196, see note (c); 2. 326, "I" omitted after "that"; *ibid.* 472, "And stall'd" for "Install'd"; iv. 2. 201, see note (b); v. 2. 7, "so" inserted here, and omitted at line 9; 4. 36, "grow" for "grows," see margin.

Transpositions.

2 *K. Henry VI.*, iii. 2. 24, "faultless" transposed from after "that" to before "nobleman"; iv. 1. 81, "again," before "shall," transposed from end of line to avoid rhyme with line above.

3 *K. Henry VI.*, ii. 5. 62, "unawares I've" for "I unawares have"; v. 2. 8, "body mangled" for "mangled body," and "shows," which occurs again at the end of following line, omitted. See Dyce's note: "something wrong here."

K. Rich. III., i. 1. 162, see note (f).

K. Henry VIII., i. 2. 222, "To the Tower, as I thought," for "As to the Tower, I thought"; v. 2. 108, "I shall your lordship find," &c., for "I shall both find y. l. judge," &c.

Lines made metrical.

2 *K. Henry VI.*, i. 4. 31, this line made to correspond with 62 (Dyce's note, to the contrary, does not seem satisfactory); *ibid.* 35, "high" before "castles," for "mounted" after; and so again below, 67, *sq.*; *ibid.* 69, see note (a); ii. 1. 30, "faith" inserted; *ibid.* 72, see note (b); *ibid.* 84, "thou" omitted after "had'st," and "thou'd" altered to "thou could'st"; *ibid.* 158, "only" inserted; *ibid.* 160, "be" inserted before "come," and "from" before "whence" omitted; 3. 14, "my" before "death" omitted; *ibid.* 56, "end't" for "end it"; iii. 1. 133, "easy" omitted, see "easily" in line 135; *ibid.* 166, see note (b); iv. 1. 21, "we've" for "which we have," and "can not" inserted—see Dyce's note; *ibid.* 132, "for" inserted—see Dyce's note; 4. 42, "thou know'st" inserted—see Dyce's note.

3 *K. Henry VI.*, i. 1. 114, "and" omitted before "yet"; iv. 7. 1, "Lord" omitted before "Hastings"; *ibid.* 8, "haven" omitted before "Ravenspurg" (elsewhere "Rav." always trisyllable, and with-

out "haven"); 8. 51, "Sovereign" inserted before "Lord"; v. 2. 7, "body" before "mangled," and "shows" omitted at end of line—see above, under "Transpositions."

K. Rich. III., i. 1. 108, "will" omitted; *ibid.* 146, "my lord" inserted; iii. 1. 72, "It is" inserted; *ibid.* 90, "is't" inserted; iv. 4. 75, "and" inserted; 5. 8, see note (a); *ibid.* 10, "and" inserted; v. 3. 57, "proper" inserted; *ibid.* 81, "now" inserted, and "Ratcliff" omitted; *ibid.* 84, "now" inserted.

K. Henry VIII., i. 1. 41, see note (b); 2. 81, "ignorant" omitted before "tongues"; *ibid.* 128, "and" omitted after "learn'd"; ii. 2. 49, "and" omitted before "heartily"; *ibid.* 70, "ha?" omitted; 3. 21, "Grace" for "Highness"; 4. 113, "your Grace" inserted; iii. 2. 257, "even" inserted; iv. 1. 23, "He" omitted; *ibid.* 86, "a-broiling" for "broiling"; 2. 101, see note (b); *ibid.* 184, "quickly" inserted; v. 3. 66, "here" omitted.

The reader will find in an *Appendix* some further materials to assist him in studying the subject of Shakspeare's versification. The object specially aimed at is to follow up the questions raised in the Preface to vol. ii., and to supply in a succinct form additional information concerning the peculiarities of our great poet's prosody, as exhibited in this series of plays.

It was the "verdict" pronounced by the ablest of the critics upon my first volume, that "while the merits of the performance are conspicuous, its faults, which are not numerous, lie on the surface, and are easily removable." The same critic also remarked that my "treatment of the metre was the least satisfactory part of the meritorious work; . . . not that Bishop Wordsworth knows less of the subject than the average editor, but that he has ventured more." In the subsequent volumes I have endeavoured to profit by this kindly censure, which, I am conscious, was not altogether uncalled for. And in any future edition of vol. i., I trust it will be

found that the superficial blemishes alluded to (such, for instance, as accents here and there incorrectly marked, and injudicious attempts, before noticed, to fill up imperfect lines, in *Cor.*, iv. 7. 18; *Ant.*, iii. 11. 49; 13. 144; iv. 6. 29) have been removed. In the meantime those who have had experience of the difficulties which beset an editor who endeavours to exercise an independent judgment in dealing with a text such as Shakspeare's, will not be greatly offended by a few

maculæ, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parùm cavit natura;

more especially if (as I promise shall be the case with this work) a readiness is shown to amend them, whensoever, and by whomsoever, they may be pointed out.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCES.

1. Omissions and Alterations in the Text marked by an asterisk (*), unless indicated in the Notes, or in the lists of "Emendations, &c.," given in the Prefaces to each Volume. See Preface to vol. i. p. xxxii; and to vol. ii. p. xviii.
2. Marginal Notes indicated by numerals.
3. Notes, Critical and Historical, placed at the end of each play, indicated by letters within brackets (*a*).
4. The Editor's work on 'Shakspeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible' is referred to as 'B. and Sh.'
5. Dr Abbott's 'Shakspearian Grammar' is indicated by 'Abb.,' and the numerals that follow, mark, *not* its pages, but the sections.
6. 'Edd.' indicates a reading generally received in previous editions.

In Dyce's edition there is no numeration of the lines. That which I have given differs somewhat both from the Globe and Leopold. Indeed, no two editions precisely correspond in this respect, which causes some difficulty and confusion in regard to references.

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VI.

PARTS II. AND III.

THESE two parts, like the two parts of *King Henry IV.*, are to be regarded and read as one play ; or, as Gervinus calls it, “a dramatic chronicle, in ten acts :” and he adds, “neither in outer form, nor in inner idea, are the two pieces otherwise than mechanically divided. The events in France, which formed the principal subject in the *First Part*, are here removed to the farthest background : the reader scarcely observes the short passages in which we learn that Somerset is sent to France, and that this valuable possession is completely lost to England. The subject of the *Second* and *Third Parts* is, the contest of the Houses of York and Lancaster ; the decline of England’s power under the weak and saintly Henry VI. ; and the rise of York, the father of the terrible Richard III.”—P. 117.

1. SOURCES AND AUTHORSHIP OF THE PLAY.—There is reason, not absolutely conclusive, but highly probable, to induce us to believe that the first draft of both parts of this play, printed anonymously—the former part, in quarto, 1594 ; and the latter, in 8vo, 1595,—under the titles respectively *Of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, &c.*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York, &c.*,—was the production of Robert Greene, who had died in 1592 ; but there is also proof certain that, in their present form, both parts contain a large proportion of Shakspeare’s workmanship, and that each of them, in its entirety, has come to us with his “imprimatur,” or, at least, his “doceatur.” This subject has been fully discussed, first, by Malone—see his Dissertation, in Var. edit., vol. xviii. pp. 555-597—and subsequently by Mr Grant

White; see the Essay in his edition, vol. vii. pp. 403-468. The latter comes to the conclusion that "more than three-fourths of the *Second* and *Third Parts of King Henry VI.* may be regarded, with slight allowance for unobliterated traces of his co-labourers [Greene, Marlowe, and Peele], as Shakspeare's own in every sense of the word; and to the remainder he probably has as good a claim as to many passages which he found in prose in various authors, and which were transmuted into poetry in their passage through the magical alembic of his brain."—P. 462. Both *The Contention*, &c., and *The True Tragedy*, &c., are to be found reprinted in 'The Shakspeare Library,' Part ii. vol. i. pp. 414-520, and vol. ii. pp. 3-105, with an interesting Introduction by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps. Whether Shakspeare had any share in them has been much disputed. Professor Dowden, following Mr Grant White, is inclined to the affirmative side—p. 97. On the other hand, Mr Furnivall favours "the conclusion of Miss Jane Lee and other critics, that Shakspeare took no part in *The Contention* and *True Tragedy*."

"Whoever reads the narratives of Hall and Holinshed by the side of *Henry VI.*, whether Greene's version or Shakspeare's, will perceive the most accurate transcript of the text of the narrative, even in passages where he would have least supposed it. . . . The whole insurrection of Cade, in the *Second Part*, full as it is of popular humour, proceeds so entirely from the historical sources, that even the speeches of the rough rebels, which appeared more than anything else to be the property of the poet, are found, partly *verbatim*, in 'The Chronicle of St Albans,' from which Stowe quotes them in his account of the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. Single highly poetical passages, such as the prophecy of Henry VI., the bold answer of the captive Prince of Wales, the assassination of the young Rutland, and others, are not only borrowed from the Chronicle, but the last scene makes in Holinshed also an affecting and poetical impression."—GERVINUS, p. 119, *sq.*

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—"These plays, considered without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished, than those of *King John*, *Richard II.*, or the tragic scenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* . . . The second of the three plays [Johnson, who is here quoted, accepted them all as genuine] is, I think, the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated: King Henry and his queen, King Edward, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earl of Warwick, are very

strongly and distinctly painted.”—JOHNSON. In reference to this criticism, Courtenay remarks: “I do not agree with Johnson in ascribing to these pieces any one point of superiority over the former historical plays. On the contrary, the second, though, as he says, the best of the three, is inferior, in my opinion, in good scenes and speeches, to the *Second Part of Henry IV.*, which is the least admirable of those other plays.”—Vol. ii. p. 55. Between the two foregoing judgments, the observations of Mrs Jameson may find a place, and are, in my opinion, perfectly sound and just: “To me it appears that the *three parts of King Henry VI.* have less of poetry and passion, and more of unnecessary verbosity, than the rest of Shakspeare’s works; that the continual exhibition of treachery, bloodshed, and violence is revolting; and the want of unity of action, and of a pervading interest, oppressive and fatiguing; but also that there are splendid passages in the *Second and Third Parts*, such as Shakspeare alone could have written.”—P. 366.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED:—

(a) KING HENRY VI. (in all three Parts).—“It may be truly said of this king, that, having begun his reign in the months of infancy, he carried forward into the years of manhood a most childlike spirit: the very innocence and simplicity of childhood seem never to have deserted him.”—Professor REED, p. 162. “Kind, gentle, amiable, pious, and a lover of peace, Henry was always weak and easily swayed. The cares of State were an oppression to him; and feeling his incapacity to govern, he accepted the counsellors thrown in his way; and supposing every one as true-hearted as himself, he gave them his entire confidence. . . . I think there can be no doubt whatever that, towards the close of his reign, he suffered from what we now call a softening of the brain. The first appearance and early progress of this complaint is not easily observed, even at the present time. At a period when the existence of the malady was not recognised, men scarcely marked the increasing weakness of the king’s character, until at length he became imbecile. His oddities and eccentricities perplexed his friends; and when the disease was confirmed, a cruel use of it was made by the Yorkists.”—Dean Hook’s *Lives*, vol. v. p. 152. “His mind suffered with his body, and he was certainly deficient in the energy that was required in the holder of a disputed throne, and was more calculated for a private life or for a cloister than for a palace. Such is he described by contemporaries; and such has Shakspeare well painted him.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 55, *sq.* “Weak in health, . . . and precocious rather than strong in mind, he was overworked from his

childhood ; and the overwork, telling upon a frame in which the germs of hereditary insanity already existed, broke down both mind and body, at the most critical period of his reign. Henry was perhaps the most unfortunate king that ever reigned. . . . And he was, without doubt, most innocent of all the evils that befell England because of him.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 130.

(b) QUEEN MARGARET OF ANJOU (in both Second and Third Parts). —“ In Margaret, from the very moment of her arrival, was concentrated the weakness and the strength of the dynastic cause,—its strength in her indomitable will, her steady faithfulness, her heroic defence of the rights of her husband and child ; its weakness in her political position, her policy, and her Ministers. To the nation she symbolised the loss of Henry V.’s conquests, an inglorious peace, the humiliation of the popular Gloucester [Duke Humphrey], the promotion of the unpopular Beauforts.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 192. “ From Shakspeare and the Chroniclers we receive a very harsh impression of the character of Margaret of Anjou ; for they represent her in repulsive, if not hideous, colours. She is portrayed unfeminine, arbitrary, revengeful, licentious ; and even her energy and fortitude are distorted into unnatural ferocity and obduracy. I greatly distrust this representation,—not because I am able to find historical authority for a different and better character, but because there was so much that would almost irresistibly render the English judgment on her memory prejudiced and unjust.”—Professor REED, p. 176, *sq.* “ As regards Queen Margaret, she came to England little more than a child,—beautiful, accomplished, feminine, amiable ; and when we consider her whole career, we must admit that she was more sinned against than sinning. There was nothing in her early years which marked her out for an Amazon,—though there certainly were some indications of that unyielding spirit which afterwards hurried her into acts of perfidy, violence, and crime. When goaded into madness by the unmanly assaults of men, who sought to blacken her chaste character, to insult her husband, and to bastardise her child, she mistook cruelty for firmness ; and she, who at this time fainted at the sight of blood, could afterwards command its effusion without remorse. . . . Delighting to show the moral influence she exercised over a husband who adored her, she was ere long made use of to influence his mind to party ends and objects. . . . She naturally fell under the sway of that party to which she was indebted for her high position. And in whom indeed could she confide but the Duke of Suffolk, whom she regarded as a father ? ”—Dean Hook’s *Lives*, vol. v. p. 153, *sq.*

Speaking of the delineation of the character, as we have it in these plays, Mrs Jameson remarks : " I discern the hand of Shakspeare in particular parts, but I cannot recognise his spirit in the conception of the whole : he may have laid on some of the colours, but the original design has a certain hardness and heaviness very unlike his usual style. Margaret of Anjou, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth, and vigour, and consistency ; . . . but she is not one of Shakspeare's women. . . . The bloody struggle for power in which she was engaged, and the companionship of the ruthless iron men around her, seem to have left her nothing of womanhood but the heart of a mother,—that last stronghold of her feminine nature ! So far the character is consistently drawn : it has something of the power, but none of the flowing ease, of Shakspeare's manner."—Pp. 367-369. See also Introduction to *King Richard III.* The poet Gray, speaking of Margaret in reference to her having been the foundress of Queen's College, Cambridge, describes her as "Anjou's heroine," in his "Installation Ode," and in his "Bard" celebrates her conjugal fidelity.

(c) KING EDWARD IV.—See Introduction to *King Richard III.*

(d) HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOSTER (in First and Second Parts).—"Duke Humphrey of Gloster, who appears in the *Second Part* totally different from the Gloster of the *First* [which I have supposed not to be Shakspeare's], is here invested with the great qualities of consummate mildness and benevolence, with a Solomon-like wisdom, with freedom from all ambition, and with severe Brutus-like justice towards every one, even towards his wife [Eleanor Cobham—see Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 127], in whose last dishonour he, notwithstanding, shares as a private character."—GERVINUS, p. 127. The estimates formed of Duke Humphrey's character differ greatly. According to Canon Stubbs, "He was the evil genius of his family : his selfish ambition abroad broke up the Burgundian alliance ; his selfish ambition at home broke up the unity of the Lancastrian power. . . . Clever, popular, amiable, and cultivated, he was without strong principle ; and, what was more fatal than the want of principle, was devoid of that insight into the real position of his house and nation which Henry IV., Henry V., and [his brother, the Duke of] Bedford undoubtedly had."—Vol. iii. p. 95. In like manner, Dean Hook speaks of him as "a bad man, who, nevertheless, for his party connections, was known as 'the good Duke of Gloucester.'"—Vol. v. p. 156. And again, *ibid.*, 211 : "Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, was a man utterly devoid of principle, both in domestic life and in the affairs of State. Nevertheless, he obtained the title of the 'Good

Duke Humphrey" [see Pt. 2, i. 1. 158, and 179], because he took the popular side, and advocated the war, to which his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, was opposed." On the other hand, Mr Furnivall describes him as "the noble Humphrey, the sole support of King Henry's throne."—P. xxxvii.

(e) CARDINAL BEAUFORT (in First and Second Parts).—If undue praise has been bestowed upon Duke Humphrey, it is equally certain that undue reproach has been cast upon Cardinal Beaufort. See *Second Part*, iii. 3, note (a). "The Monk of Croyland is the only contemporary who says anything [about the cardinal's death or character], and he, whose character of an ecclesiastic requires that what he says should be taken with allowance, only tells us that he was eminent 'for probity and wisdom as well as for riches and glory.' I presume that the exposure of a rich, haughty, and unscrupulous cardinal was a popular topic at the Court of the daughter of Anne Boleyn [Queen Elizabeth]."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 293. Dean Hook writes: "Beaufort, as the representative of the Papists, has appeared in history with his character drawn in darker colours than it deserves."—Vol. iii. p. 97. And again: "There can be no doubt that Beaufort, though representing the unpopular party in the State, improved in character as he advanced in years. . . . He found pleasure in employing his wealth in acts of munificence, which ought to have rescued his memory from some portion of that unpopularity attached to his name by tradition till the time of Shakspeare."—*Ibid.*, 141. This less unfavourable estimate is confirmed by Canon Stubbs: "For fifty years Beaufort had held the strings of English policy, and done his best to maintain the welfare and honour of the nation. That he was ambitious, secular, little troubled with scruples, apt to make religious persecution a substitute for religious life and conversation; that he was imperious, impatient of control, ostentatious and greedy of honour;—these are faults which weigh very lightly against a great politician, if they be all that can be said against him."—Vol. iii. p. 139.

(f) DUKE OF SUFFOLK (in First and Second Parts).—Closely connected by marriage with the Beauforts, "he was an old and experienced soldier, and if it were not for the cloud that rests on him in relation to Gloster's death, might seem entitled to the praise of being a patriotic and sensible politician."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 140.

(g) RICHARD DUKE OF YORK (in all three Parts).—"The principal figure of the two latter plays, Richard of York, is almost throughout delineated as if the nature of his more fearful son [Richard of Gloster] was prefigured in him. Far-fetched policy and the cun-

ning and dissimulation of a prudent and determined man are blended in him—not in the same degree, but in the same apparent contradiction, as in Richard—with firmness, with a hatred of flattery, with inability to cringe, and with bitter and genuine discontent.”—GERVINUS, p. 129. See Part 2, act v. sc. 1, note (a).

(h) EARL OF WARWICK (in all three Parts).—“During the whole extent of English history, . . . the mightiest of her barons was the ‘king-maker,’ Warwick. It was his power that made Edward king, and his that unmade him. It was his power that dethroned King Henry, and it was his that restored him. Each monarch in turn became the captive and the prisoner of this great earl. With princely resources and estates, Warwick’s vassals were an army; and some notion may be formed of the force he could, at will, bring into the field, from the fact that he is said to have daily feasted, at his numerous manors and castles, upwards of thirty thousand persons.”—Professor REED, p. 172. “Warwick . . . has always occupied a great place in the view of history; and his character, though in some respects only an exaggeration of the common baronial type, certainly contained some elements of greatness. He was greedy of power, wealth, and influence, and unscrupulous in the measures he took to gain these ends. He was magnificent in his expenditure, and popular in consequence. He was a skilful warrior both by land and by sea, and good fortune in battle gave him another claim to be a national favourite. . . . From the beginning of the struggle, when he was a very young man, and altogether under the influence of his father [Neville, Earl of Salisbury], he had taken up with ardour the cause of Duke Richard; and his final defection was the result of a profound conviction that Edward, influenced by the Woodvilles, was bent on his ruin. He filled, however, for many years, and not altogether unworthily, a place which never before or after was filled by a subject, and his title of ‘king-maker’ was not given without reason. But it is his own singular force of character, decision, and energy, that mark him off from the men of his time.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 211, *sq.*

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—In one word, they consist of Nemesis tracking the House of Lancaster, “pede claudo” but surely, for its usurpation; and this—and more—is fully drawn out by Gervinus. “It is the subject that forms the grandeur and attraction of these pieces, and this even in the plainest historical structure. . . . The picture of the gradual decay of all the powers of the State is an image of pure historical truth and of great experience, far more than a delineation of poetic beauties, which influence

by harmonious arrangement; but that which invests it with the deep impression upon the mind produced by art, is, the moral or poetic justice, which we cannot spare from the drama, and which is nowhere lacking in the historical work of our great master. . . . We see foremost, in the *Second Part*, the protector of the kingdom (Duke Humphrey) perishing through his own weakness, and his queen [? wife, Eleanor Cobham] through her criminal pride. They fall by the cabals of the hostile nobility, who are leagued together for evil. . . . Again, the fall of Suffolk and the rebellion of Cade are entirely represented as a retributive judgment upon the aristocracy, as a rising of the suffering lower classes against the oppression, unscrupulousness, and severity of the rule of the nobles [as in *Coriolanus*]. This democracy we see in its turn quickly perishing in its own fury and folly; and on the ruins of the aristocracy, and the incited people, the tools of a crafty ambition, York raises himself to the dignity of a new protector, relying upon popular favour and upon his warlike deeds and merits. Having attained his object, he allows himself to be tempted to perjury, and vengeance follows his footsteps. Rutland, one of his sons, shares his terrible fall. The king himself, who stands in inactive weakness and contemplative devotion, scarcely accountable amidst the ruin of all things, is now, on his side, tempted by the queen to become a perjurer, and falls into the power and under the sword of his enemies. From the blood of Rutland, and of the Prince of Wales, springs a new harvest of avenging destinies. Clifford, the murderer of the former, falls; Edward, who was present at the assassination of the prince, totters on his throne; the valiant Warwick, who at last from personal indignation was unfaithful to his old party, perishes. Through all these disasters and retributions Queen Margaret passes unscathed, like some embodiment of fate, pursued by the most refined vengeance of the Nemesis. . . . She sees all her glory buried; the source as she is of all these sufferings, she is to drink them to the dregs."—P. 120, sq.

5. TIME OF THE PLAY :—

The *Second Part* contains the history and transactions of ten years, 1445–1455, from the marriage of King Henry (*æt.* 23, to Margaret of Anjou, *æt.* 16) to the first battle of St Albans, won by the Yorkists.

The *Third Part* contains the history of sixteen years, from 1455 to 1471, when the king was murdered in the Tower. It is only divided from the former part for the convenience of exhibition.

During the whole period of both Parts, the following events are to be noticed :—

- 1445. Suffolk (now Marquis) takes the lead in the king's council.
- 1447. DUKE HUMPHREY is charged with high treason, and FOUND DEAD. DEATH OF CARDINAL BEAUFORT. Duke of Somerset appointed lieutenant in France.
- 1449. The French invade and conquer Normandy.
- 1450. SUFFOLK IMPEACHED ; banished for five years ; but is overtaken and BEHEADED AT SEA. REBELLION OF CADE. Duke of York returns from Ireland, Duke of Somerset from Normandy.
- 1452. Somerset and the king force York to swear allegiance.
- 1453. Imbecility of the king. BIRTH OF PRINCE EDWARD.
- 1455. FIRST BATTLE OF ST ALBANS. Death of Somerset. Capture of Henry.
- 1460 (July). BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON—Yorkists again victorious. The king taken. The queen flies. December—BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD. Lancastrians victorious and YORK KILLED.
- 1461. SECOND BATTLE OF ST ALBANS. Queen, against Earl of Warwick, victorious, and sets the king free. EDWARD OF YORK comes to London and is DECLARED KING. Victorious at battles of Ferrybridge and Towton. Queen Margaret escapes with Henry and her son to Scotland.
- 1464. Battles of Hedgely Moor and Hexham. Margaret defeated in both.
Edward's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Grey, Lord Ferrers.
- 1465. Henry captured and imprisoned in the Tower.
- 1469. Released, after five years' captivity, and a reconciliation effected.
- 1470. Warwick and Clarence fly to France, and are reconciled to the late queen, Margaret, by Louis XI. They land at Dartmouth. EDWARD FLIES TO FLANDERS, with his brother Gloster, his queen taking refuge at Westminster, and HENRY VI. IS RESTORED.
- 1471. Edward, by the assistance of the Duke of Burgundy, his brother-in-law, lands at Ravenspur, is joined by Clarence, and advances to London. BATTLE OF BARNET. Edward victorious and WARWICK KILLED. Margaret lands at Weymouth. BATTLE OF TEWKESBURY. Mar-

garet defeated, and her son killed. DEATH OF HENRY IN THE TOWER.¹

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—Both Parts first printed in the folio of 1623 ; and both are there divided into acts and scenes ; but without lists of persons represented, which Rowe first supplied.

The number of lines in the *Second Part*, according to my reckoning, is 3094 ; and nothing is omitted in this edition except the few lines expunged on the score of coarseness and irreverence.

The number of lines in the *Third Part*, according to my reckoning, is 2921 ; and only one is omitted in this edition, except those which have been expunged on the score of indelicacy.

¹ I am indebted for the substance of the above summary to a very useful manual, recently published, 'A Handbook of English Political History, by Messrs Arthur H. D. Acland and Cyril Ransome—1882.' Malone, after Ritson, has given a list of sixteen encounters fought in the wars of York and Lancaster, with the numbers of the slain in each, amounting in all to 91,026, from the first battle of St Albans, 1455, to the battle of Bosworth, 1485, inclusive. See *Variorum edit.*, vol. xviii. pp. 546-548.

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Those marked * appeared in *First Part*.

KING HENRY the Sixth.*
 HUMPHREY,* Duke of Gloster, his uncle.
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT,* Bishop of Winchester, great-uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET,* Duke of YORK.
 EDWARD and RICHARD, his sons.
 DUKE OF SOMERSET (Edmund ¹ Beaufort).
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK * (William de la Pole).
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (Humphrey Stafford).
 LORD CLIFFORD.
 Young CLIFFORD, his son.
 EARL OF SALISBURY (Richard Neville).
 EARL OF WARWICK,* his son.
 LORD SCALES.
 LORD SAY.
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his brother.
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.
 VAUX.
 MATTHEW GOUGH.
 A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and WALTER WHITMORE.
 Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
 ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.
 JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, two priests.
 ROGER BOLINGBROKE, a conjurer.
 THOMAS HORNER, an armorer. PETER, his man.
 Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of Saint Alban's.
 SAUNDER SIMPCOX, an impostor.
 JACK CADE, a rebel.
 GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the butcher, SMITH the weaver,
 MICHAEL, &c., his followers.
 Two Murderers.
 MARGARET (of Anjou), Queen to King Henry.
 ELEANOR (Cobham), Duchess of Gloster.
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, a witch.
 Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants, Petitioners, Aldermen, a Herald, a Beadle,
 Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers,
 Messengers, &c.

A Spirit.

SCENE—*In various parts of England.*

¹ See i. 2. 29. His brother John, first Duke of Somerset (the Earl of S. of the First Part) died in 1444, the year after he had received the title.

THE SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

(*France lost to England. Intrigues of Suffolk and Queen Margaret.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A room of state in the palace.*

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As from your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my ¹depart for France,
As ²procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and ³Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now, upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hands, ⁴that are the substance

1. *Departure.*

2. *Acting in your behalf.*

3. Her father, Reignier, Duke of Anjou, was titular king of Sicily, see 45.

IO

4. *Who*—as relative to pers. pronoun in 'your': see K. Rich. 2. iii. 3. 91.

Of that great shadow I did represent ;
The happiest gift that ever marquis gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret :
I can express no kinder sign of love

Than this kind kiss.—O Lord, that lends me life,

Lend ⁵ me a heart replete with thankfulness !

20

For thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,

If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord.—

The mutual conference that my mind hath had,

By day, by night, waking and in my dreams,

In courtly company, or at my ⁶ beads,

With you, mine ⁷ alder-lieftest sovereign,

Makes me the bolder to salute my king

With ruder terms, such as my wit affords

30

And overjoy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish : but her grace in speech,

Her words ⁸ cyclad with wisdom's majesty,

Make me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. [*kneeling*] Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness !

[*Flourish.*]

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

Suf. My lord ⁹ protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace

40

Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*reads*] “Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Pole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, King of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reigner King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem ; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing. Item, that the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father*”—

50

K. Hen. Uncle, how now !

Glo.

Pardon me, gracious lord ;

5. See R. and Sh.,
p. 170.

6. Prayers, said on
rosary.

7. Dearest of all :
corruption of
Germ., *aller-liebste*.
'Ruder' = less re-
fined, less courtly.

8. Abb., 345.

9. He speaks to
Gloster. : see 143.

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. ¹⁰Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Car. [reads] "*Item, It is further agreed between them, that the Duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*"

10. Card. Beaufort,
Bp. of Winchester,
great-uncle to the
king.

60

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord ¹¹marquess, kneel
down:

11. Trisyll.: see
Abb., 480.

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, (*a*)
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,
We here discharge your grace from being regent
I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,

^{*11}Gloucester, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick;

* 11. Trisyll.: see
Pt. 1, l. 3. 63.

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen.

70

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,—
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
Did hé so often lodge in open field

In winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?

80

And did my brother Bedford ¹²toil his wits,
To keep by policy what Henry got?

12. *Strain.*

Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learnèd council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

90

13. *Ætat.* 9: see
Pt. 1, iv. 1. 1.

And was his highness in his ¹³infancy
Crownèd in Paris in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
O peers of England, shameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as ¹⁴all had never been!

100

14. *As though:*
Abb., 107.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,
This peroration with such circumstance?
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

15. *Sits at the head
of the table, domi-
neers over all.*

16. *Long list of
titles:* see 45.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;
But now it is impossible we should:
Suffolk, the new-made duke that ¹⁵rules the roast,
Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose ¹⁶large style
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

110

17. See B. and Sh.,
p. 132.

Sal. Now, ¹⁷by the death of Him that died for all,
These counties were the keys of Normandy:—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery:
For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?

120

18. *Play on the
name.*

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be ¹⁸suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold and dowries with their wives;
And our King Henry gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

19. *I.e., of each
subject's property:*
see below, iv. 7. 19.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole ¹⁹fifteenth

130

For costs and charges in transporting her!
 She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,
 Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot:
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind;
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye.

Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury: if I longer stay,

We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

²⁰Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.

'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;

And no great friend, ²¹I fear me, to the king.

Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,

And heir-apparent to the English crown:

Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,

And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,

There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.

Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words

Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,

Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloster;"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice,

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!"

With "God preserve the good Duke ²²Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering ²³gloss,

He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,

We'll quickly ²⁴hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently.

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's pride
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,

140

[*Exit.*

20. *Lords*: prop.
little lords—
lordings.

21. See K. Rich. 2.
 II. 2. 155; and be-
 low, 159.

150

160

22. *Trisyll.*: see
 above, 61.
 23. *Lustre of sur-
 face, specious ap-
 pearance.*

24. *Carry off, heave
 away; now hoist.*

171

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal :
His insolence is more intolerable
Than all the princes in the land beside :
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou or I, Somerset, will be protector,
Despite Duke Humphrey or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
While these do labour for their own preferment,
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

180

I never saw but Humphrey Duke of Gloster
Did bear ²⁵him like a noble gentleman.

25. *Himself.*

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
As stout and proud ²⁶as he were lord of all—
Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
Unlike the ruler of a commonweal.—

26. See above, 101.

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy ^{*26}plainness, and thy ²⁷housekeeping,
Have won the greatest favour of the commons, (*b*)

190

*26. *Frankness,*
*sincerity.*27. *Hospitality.*28. *The greatest, ex-*
cepting only—
Humphrey, trisyll. :
see above, 160.

Excepting ²⁸none but good Duke Humphrey :—

And ²⁹brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing ³⁰them to civil discipline ;

Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,

29. Here associate,
brother peer.

30. The Irish.

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people :—

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk and the cardinal,

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition ;

200

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's deeds,

While they do ³¹tend the profit of the land.

31. *Attend, wait on,*
take care of : see K.
John, v. 6. 38.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his ³²country !

32. Trisyll. : see
above, 191.

York. [*aside*] And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause.

Sal. Let's haste away, and look unto the ³³main.

33. *Principal point,*
summa regni salus :
see 211.

War. Unto the main ! O father, Maine is lost,—
That Maine which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept so long as breath did last !

210

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine,—
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK and SALISBURY.

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a ³⁴tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk ³⁵concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis mine they give away, and not their own. 220
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;
³⁶While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his helpless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for and sold. 230
Methinks the realms of England, France, and Ireland
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd
Unto the ³⁷prince's heart of ³⁸Calydon.
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
A day will come when York shall claim his own;
And therefore I will take the ³⁹Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke Humphrey, 240
And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud ⁴⁰Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his ⁴¹childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose ⁴²church-like humour fits not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve:
Watch thou and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

34. *Unstable,*
ticklish.

35. *Finally ar-*
ranged: see Pt. 1,
v. 1. 5.

36. Abb., 287.

37. Meleager, her
son, whose life de-
pended upon the
brand being un-
burnt: see 2 K.
Henr. 4. ii. 2.

38. Town of Ætolla,
in Greece.

39. Salisbury and
Warwick.

40. Somerset.

41. See Pt. 1, ii. 4.
77.

42. *More like an*
ecclesiastic's than a
layman's

With his new bride and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars :
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd ;
 And in my standard bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster ;
 And, ⁴³force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down. [*Erit.*]

43. See 2 K. Henr.
 4, iv. 1. 120.

SCENE II.—*The same. A room in the Duke of GLOSTER's house.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load ?
 Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world ?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight ?
 What seest thou there ? King Henry's diadem,
¹Enchas'd with all the honours of the world ?
 If so, gaze on, and ²grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold :—
 What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine ;
 And, having both together heav'd ³it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,
 And never more abase our sight so low
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

1. *Studded,*
adorned : fr. en-
chasser, O.F., set
in gold.

2. *Lie prostrate.*

3. *I.e., the golden*
diadem.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts !
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry, 20
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world !
 My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord ? tell me, and I'll requite it
 With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office' badge in court,
 Was broke in twain : by whom I have forgot,

But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Pole, first Duke of Suffolk.
 This was my dream: what it doth ⁴bode, God knows.

30

4. *Portend.*

Duch. ⁵Tut, this was nothing but an argument
 That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
 Methought I sat in seat of majesty
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
 There Henry and Dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.

40

5. See K. Rich. 2,
ii. 3. 88.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous dame, ⁶ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!
 Art thou not second woman in the realm,
 And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?
 Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To tumble down thy husband and thyself
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more!

50

6. *Ill-bred, rude,*
unkind.

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
 With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
 Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure
 You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
⁷Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

7. I. q., where:
Abb., 58.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell,—thou'lt ride with us, I'm
 sure.

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently. 60

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*

Follow I must; I cannot go before,
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks;
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in Fortune's ⁸pageant.—
 Where are you there, ⁹Sir John? nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone; here's none but ¹⁰thee and I.

Enter JOHN HUME (a Priest).

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty! 70

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
 Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet conferr'd
 With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch,
 With Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promis'd,—to show your highness
 A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
 That shall make answer to such questions 80
 As by your grace shall be ¹¹propounded him.

Duch. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
 When from Saint Alban's we do make return,
 We'll see these things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, ¹²take this reward; make merry, man,
 With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [*Exit.*

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold;
 Marry, and shall. But, how now, Sir John Hume!
 Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum:
 The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.
 Yet have I gold ¹³flies from another coast:—
 I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolk;
 Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They ¹⁴knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 Have hir'd me to undermine the duchess,
 And buzz these conjurations in her brain.

They say,—¹⁵A crafty knave does need no ¹⁶broker; 100

8. Trisyll: see
 Walker, Sh. Vers.,
 p. 182.
 9. Title commonly
 given to priests.
 10. For 'thou:.'
 see Abb., 212.

11. Proposed to,
 asked.

12. Giving him
 money.

13. Which comes:
 Abb., 244.

14. As monosyll: see
 Walker, Sh. Vers.,
 p. 124; Abb., 470.
 15. Proverb.
 16. Agent,
 negotiator.

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck,
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
¹⁷Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.* 17 *Fall out*

SCENE III.—*The same. An outer room in the palace.*

Enter PETER, *and other* Petitioners.

First Petit. My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications ¹in the quill.

Sec. Petit. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

First Petit. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

1. *All together:*
 'quille' = *heap*;
 prop. provincial
 for 'haycock.'
 O.F., cuillir = *to*
gather; collect.

Enter SUFFOLK *and* Queen MARGARET.

Sec. Petit. Come back, fool; this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow! wouldst anything with me? 10

First Petit. I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. For my lord protector! Are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them:—what is thine?

First Petit. Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that's some wrong, indeed.—What's yours?—What's here! [*Reads.*] "*Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*"—How now, sir knave! 21

Sec. Petit. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner ²of our whole township.

2. *Out of, the only one from—*

Peter. [*presenting his petition*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth: my master said that he was; and that the king was an usurper. 30

Suf. Who is there? [*Enter Servants.*]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a ³pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [*Tears the petitions.*]
Away, base ⁴cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

4 Ital. coglione, stupid fellow, scoundrel.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England? 40

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Pole, when in the city Tours

Thou rann'st a ⁵tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee 50

In courage, ⁶courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his ⁷beads:

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images o' canóniz'd saints.

I would the college of the cardinals

Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:— 60

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be pátiént: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the ⁸haughty protector, have we Beaufort

8. *Haughty*: see K. Rich. 2, iv. 1. 257.

Th' imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,
And grumbling York; and not the least of these
But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all
Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

70

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

She sweeps ⁹it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife:
Strangers in court do take her for the queen:

9. Abb., 226.

She bears a duke's revénues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?

Contemptuous base-born ¹⁰callet as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

80 10. *Worthless woman, scold.*

Suf. Madam, myself have ¹¹lim'd a bush for her,
And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to their lays, (*a*)
And never mount to trouble you again.

11. *Smeared with bird-lime.*

So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.

90

Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in disgrace.
As for the Duke of York,—¹²this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit.

12. See above, 25,
and below, 176.

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.

Enter King HENRY, Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SOMERSET, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not ^{*12}which;
Or Somerset or York, all's one to me.

*12. I.e., shall be regent in France: see below, 158.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France, 100
Then let him be ¹³denay'd the regentship.

13. I.q., *denied*.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this. 111

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his ¹⁴censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what ¹⁵needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king,—as who is king but thou?— 120
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou ¹⁶rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public ¹⁷treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law, 130
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in France—
If they were known, as the ¹⁸suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head. (*b*)

[*Exit GLOSTER.* *The Queen drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: 'what, minion! can ye not?

[*Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Duch. Was't I! yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ¹⁹ten commandments in your face. 139

14. *Judgment.*

15. *Abb.*, 297.

16. *Harassed*—by
exaction.

17. *Treasure*: see
K. Henr. 5, l. 2.
167.

18. *Suspicion.*

19. See *B. & Sh.*,
p. 350.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas ²⁰against her will.

20. She did not know she was striking you.

Duch. Against her will! good king, look to't in time;
She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

Though in this place ²¹most master wear no breeches,

21. The greatest.

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after ²²Humphrey, how he proceeds:

22. On extra syll.

She's ²³tickled now; her fury needs no spurs,

see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 101.

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit.*]

23. Nettled, vexed.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,

150

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country!

But, to the matter that we have in hand:—

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,

160

That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet:

First, ²⁴for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

24. Because: Abb., 151.

Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My Lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without ²⁵discharge, money, or furniture,

25. Payment.

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands:

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact

170

Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:

Pray God the Duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these,—that Richard, Duke of York, 180
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely
accused by the villain.

26. Comp. above,
139; and *K. Henr.* 5,
ii. 1. 28.

Pet. [*holding up his hands*] By these ²⁶ten bones, my
lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as
we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

27. Here a subs.:
see *Mids.*, iii. 2. 9;
J. Cæs., i. 1. 3.

York. Base dunghill villain and ²⁷mechanical, 190
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my 'prentice; and when I did correct him
for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he
would be even with me: I have good witness of this;
therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an
honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law? 200

28. *The sentence I
give.*

Glo. This is ²⁸my doom, my lord, if I may judge:
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspiciõn;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,
Since he hath ²⁹witness of his servant's malice: (*c*)
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom.

29. See 197.

K. Hen. Then be it so.—My Lord of Somerset,
We make your grace regent over the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty. 210

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake, pity
my case! The spite of man prevaieth against me. O
Lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight
a blow: O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
O' combat shall be the last of the next month.—

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.* *The Duke of GLOSTER's garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, *and*
BOLINGBROKE.

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are ¹therefore provided: will 1. *For that purpose.*
her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay, what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*]
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth;—John Southwell, read you;—and let us to our work. I I

Enter Duchess above; and presently HUME.

Duch. ²Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To 2. *Well done*: see 1
K. Henr. 4, v. 4. 77.
3. *Affair, business.*
this ³gear,—the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times: 4. *Subs. stillness.*
Deep night, dark night, the ⁴silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ⁵ban-dogs howl, 5. *Prop. band-
dogs—i.e., dogs
bound, chained.*
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,—
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise, 20
We will make fast within a hallow'd ⁶verge.

6. *Compass, circle*:
see K. Rich. 2, ii. 1.
102.
[*Here they perform the ceremonies, and make the
circle; BOLINGBROKE or SOUTHWELL reads,
Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens
terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*]

Spir. ^{*6}Adsum.

M. Jour. ⁷Asmath,

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer ^{*7}that I shall ask;

^{*6.} Lat., *I am present.*

^{7.} Name of the spirit.

^{*7.} *That which*:
Abb., 214.

For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

8. *Of that.*

Spir. Ask what thou wilt :—⁸that I had said and done !

9. See above, 2. 82.

Boling. [*reading out of* ⁹*a paper*] “*First of the king : what shall of him become ?*”

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death. 30

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL writes the answers.*

Boling. “*Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk.*”

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. “*What shall befall the Duke of Somerset ?*”

Spir. Let him shun castles ; safer shall he be

Upon the sandy plains than where high castles stand.—
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the burning lake !

10. See Ant., v. 2.
289.

Foul fiend, ¹⁰avoid !

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, breaking in with their Guards.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors and their trash.—

11. See 1 K. Henr.
4, iii. l. 34.
12. The nicest
point of time.

¹¹Beldam, I think we watch'd you at ¹²an inch.— 41

What, madam, are you there ? the king and commonweal
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains :

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

13. *Rewarded.*

See you well ¹³guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

14. *Insulting* : see
Cor., iii. 3. 87.

¹⁴Injurious duke, that threatest where's no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all :—what call you this ?—

[*Showing her the papers.*

15. Southwell,
Bolingbroke, &c.

Away with ¹⁵them ! let them be clapp'd up close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with us.— 50

Stafford, take her to thee.

16. Brought before
the Judge : see
below, ii. 2. 179.

We'll see your trinkets here all ¹⁶forthcoming.—

[*Exeunt, above, Duchess and HUME, guarded.*

[*Exeunt, below, SOUTHWELL, BOLINGBROKE, &c., guarded.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well :

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon !

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here ?

[*Reads.*

“*The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose ;
But him outlive, and die a violent death.*”

Why, this is just

¹⁷*Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles; safer shall he be

Upon the sandy plains than where high castles stand."

Come, come, my lord; we'll keep these oracles, (a)

Hardly attained, and hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,

With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry 'em,—

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of ¹⁸his reward.

York. ¹⁹At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick

To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

60 17. Ambiguous oracle given by the Pythian Apollo to Pyrrhus, descendant of Æacus: see Cic. De Div., ii. 56.

70

18. I.e., the post's, messenger's: see K. Henr. 5, iii. 5. 154.

19. 'At your' as if monosyll. = at y'r.

ACT II.

(*The claims of the Duke of York recognised by Salisbury and Warwick. Queen Margaret's enmity to the Duchess of Gloster.*

SCENE I.—*Saint Alban's.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, *with Falconers hallooing.*

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for ¹flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' ²day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And ³ten to one old ⁴Joan has not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, ⁵my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!

1. *Hawking at water-fowl.*
2. *Time.*

3. I.e., it is ten to one that —
4. Name of a hawk.
5. To Gloster.

6. *Fond of*: see
B. & Sh., p. 104.

Yea, man and birds are ⁶fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,

10

7. See Pt. 1, ff. 4, 11.

And bears his thoughts above his falcon's ⁷pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much: he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal,—how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

8. *Hammer, work*
=*ponder*.

³Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

20

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That ⁹smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

9. *Actest the*
flatterer: Abb., 226.

10. See 1 K. Henr.
4, l. 3. 18.

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown ¹⁰peremp-
tory?

11. Virg. *Æn.*, i. 11.
Is there wrath so
great in heavenly
minds?

¹¹*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
For with such holiness well can you do it.

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf.

Why, faith, as you, my lord, ³⁰
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen.

Prithee, peace,

12. See K. John, iii.
4. 183.

13. See B. & Sh.,
p. 215.

Good queen, and ¹²whet not on these furious peers;
For ¹³blessèd are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessèd for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Faith, holy uncle, would 'twere
come to that!

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Marry, when thou dar'st. (a) ⁴⁰

14. *Company*.
'Abuse' = *offence*,
insult.

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Make up no factious ¹⁴numbers for
the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

15. *Appear, be seen*.
16. See B. and Sh.,
p. 27.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not ¹⁵peep:
¹⁶an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.—[*Aside to Glo.*] Come with thy
two-hand sword

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] Are you ¹⁷advis'd?—the east side
of the grove? 50

Glo. [*aside to Car.*] Cardinal, I ¹⁸am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

[*Aside to Car.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave
your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*aside to Glo.*] ¹⁹*Medice, teipsum;*

Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your ^{*19}stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony? 60

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter a Townsman of Saint Alban's, crying "A miracle!"

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Towns. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell'm what miracle.

Towns. ²⁰Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,
Within this half-hour, hath receiv'd his sight; 20. See Ant., v. 2.
325.

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives ²¹light in darkness, comfort in despair! 70

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's and his brethren; and
SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair, his Wife
and a multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,

²²For to present your highness with the man. (*b*)

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight ²³his sin be multiplied.

17. Do you hear?
do you under-
stand?

18. You may
depend on my
coming.

19. See Luke iv. 23.
Vulgate has
'cura.' B. and Sh.,
p. 378.

*19. See Pt. 1, i. 3.
89. 'Music,' here
discord.

20. See Ant., v. 2.
325.

21. See B. & Sh.,
p. 110.

22. Abb., 152: Bib.
Word-book, s. v.

23. See B. & Sh.,
p. 89.

Glo. Stand by, my masters :—bring him near the king ;
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd ?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace. 80

Wife. Ay, indeed was he.

Suf. What woman's this ?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst been his mother, thou'd have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born ?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul, God's goodness hath been great to
thee :

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still ²⁴remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, can'st thou here by
chance, 90

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine ?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd
A hundred times and oftener, in my sleep,
By good Saint Alban ; who said, " Simpcox, come,—
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will heal thee."

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and ²⁵many time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How can'st thou so ? 100

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind ?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and wouldst climb a tree ?

Simp. ²⁶But that in all my life, when ²⁷I was a youth.

Wife. Too true ; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Faith, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst ven-
ture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life. 110

Glo. A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve.—

24. See B. & Sh.,
p. 170.

25. See J. Cæs., i.
l. 38 : on omission
of 'a,' Abb., 86 ;
and comp. Ps. lll. 2.
P.B.

26. Only that one.
27. 'I was' as
monosyll. : see
Walker, ii. 204.

Let me see thine eyes :—wink now ;—now open them :—
In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day, I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou ²⁸me so? What colour is this cloak of?

28. *To me*,—a *Dativus ethicus*, Schm. 'Lex.:' comp. K. Rich. 3, iii. l. 120.

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see. 120

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, ²⁹a many.

29. See B. and Sh., p. 12.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name? 129

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, ³⁰an if it please you, master.

30. See above, 43.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beadles in your town, and things called whips? 141

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither ³¹by and by. [*A stool brought out.*] Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap ³²me over this stool and run away.

31. See B. and Sh., p. 27.

32. See *ibid.*, p. 15.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone :
You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—
Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah ; off with your
doublet quickly. 152

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do ? I am not able to
stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps
over the stool and runs away ; and the people
follow and cry, "A miracle !"*]

K. Hen. O God, ³³seest thou this, and bear'st so long ?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave ; and take this ³⁴drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it only for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipped through every market-town
Till they be come to Berwick, whence they came. 160

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True ; made the lame to leap and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I ;

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to ³⁴fly.

33. See Ps. xxxv.
17, 22.

34. *Strumpet.*

*34. I.e., out of our
possession : see
above, l. 1. 107-110.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham ?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, ³⁵lewdly bent,—

Under the countenance and confederacy

Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches and with conjurers :

Whom we have apprehended in the fact ;

Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

Demanding ³⁵of King Henry's life and death,

And other of your highness' privy-council,

As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

35. *Wickedly* : see
K. Rich. 2, l. 1. 90.

*35. I.e., to know.

Your lady ³⁶is forthcoming yet at London.

[*Aside to Gloster*] This news, I think, hath turn'd your
weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not ³⁷keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, ³⁸leave t' afflict my heart:

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest ³⁹groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping ⁴⁰confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the ⁴¹tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, ⁴²thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal, 190

How I have lov'd my king and commonweal:

And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

Noble she is; but if she have forgot

Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like ⁴³to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company,

And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night we will repose us here:

To-morrow toward London back again, 201

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their ⁴⁴answers;

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

⁴⁵Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish. Excunt.*]

36. *Is in custody, and will appear on her trial:* see above, i. 4. 52.

37. See above, i. 51.

38. *Leave off, cease.*

39. *Mental, servant.*

40. See B. and Sh., p. 157.

41. *Defilement.*

'Look' = *take heed*.

42. See J. Cæs., iii. 3. 12.

43. See 1 K. Henr. 4, ii. 4. 390.

44. See K. Henr. 5, ii. 2. 144.

45. *I.e., of Justice, who judges rightly, and gains her end.*

SCENE II.—*London. The Duke of York's garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple ¹supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is ²infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

1. See above, i. 4. 80.

2. *Indubitable.*

'Heür,' dissyll.: see Abb., 484.

3. See above, 1. 130.

War. Sweet York, begin : ³an if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus :—

4. See K. Rich. 2,
i. 2. 11; and Pt. 1,
ii. 5. 63, *sqq.*

Edward the Third, my lords, had ⁴seven sons : 10
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales ;
The second, William of Hatfield ; and the third,
Lionel Duke of Clarence ; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster ;
The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York ;
The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh and last.
Edward the Black Prince died before his father ;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as king ; 20
Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of ⁵Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm, depos'd the rightful king,
Sent his poor ⁶queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret,—where, as all you know,
Harmless Richàrd was murder'd traitorously.

5. Trisyll. : see Pt.
1. ii. 5. 82.

6. Isabella.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the very truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead, 31
The issue of the next son should have reign'd ;
But William of Hatfield died without an heir.
The third son, Duke of Clarence,—from whose line
I claim the crown,—had issue, Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March :
Edmund had issue, Roger Earl of March ;
Roger had issue, Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ; 40
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But, to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Ànne,
My mother, being ⁷heir unto the crown,

7. Heiress : and so
48.

Married Richard Earl of Cambridge; who was son
 To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.
 By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
 To Roger Earl of March; who was the son
 Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
 Sole daughter unto Lionel Duke of Clarence:
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am king.

50

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
 Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
 The fourth son; while York claims it from the third.
 Till Lionel's issue fails, ⁸his should not reign:
 It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
 Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
 And, in this private plot, be we the first
 That shall salute our rightful sovereign
 With honour of his birthright to the crown.

60

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
 Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd
 With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster;
 And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
 But with advice and silent secrecy.

Do you as I do in these dangerous days:
 Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence,
 At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
 At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
 Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
 That virtuous prince, the good Duke ⁹Humphrey:
 'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
 Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

70

Sal. My lord, break off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me that the Earl of Warwick
 Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

80

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself,—
 Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick
 The greatest man in England ¹⁰but the king.

[*Exeunt.* 10. *Except.*8. *I.e.*, Henry's.9. *Trisyll.*: see l. 1
189.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY; the Duchess of Gloster, MARGERY JOUENAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame ¹Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife:

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as ²by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—
[*To Jermyn, &c.*] You four, from hence to prison back
again;

From thence unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes.
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, 10
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment: welcome were death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—
[*Exeunt the Duchess and the other prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
³Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground:—
⁴Beseech your majesty, give me leave to go: 20
Sorrow ⁵would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey Duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up ⁶thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and ⁷God shall be my hope.
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:
And go in peace, Humphrey.—no less belov'd
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry ⁸govern England's helm:— 30

1. Pronouncee
'*Eleanor*;' and the
same below, 15.

2. LEVII. XX.

3. See B. and Sh.

p. 67. sq.

4. Abb. 441.

5. *Would have
repairs.*

6. See i. 2. 25.

7. See B. and Sh.
p. 68.

8. Here = *steer*,
plut. 1700. mean-
ing of word; Gr.,
κυβερνῶ;
Lat., *gubernare*.

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff! here, noble Henry, is my staff:

As willingly do I the same resign

As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it

As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne! [*Exit.*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;

And Humphrey Duke of Gloster scarce himself, 40

That bears so ⁹shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off:

This staff of honour ¹⁰raught, there let it stand

Where it best fits to be,—in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's ¹¹pride dies in its youngest days.

9. *Evil*: see K.
Rich. 2, iii. 2. 60.

10. *Reached, attained*: see K.
Henr. 5, iv. 6. 21.

11. *Grandeur*.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;

And ready are th' appellant and defendant,

The armourer and his man, t' enter the lists,

So please your highness to behold the fight. 50

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things fit:

Here let them ¹²end't; and God defend the right!

12. *Decide the matter*.

13. *In a worse plight*: fr. stead = to help.

York. I never saw a fellow ¹³worse bested,

Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant,

The servant of this armorer, my lords.

Enter, on one side, HORNER, bearing ¹⁴his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it, and a drum before him; and accompanied by his Neighbours, who drink to him so much that he becomes drunk: enter, on the other side, PETER, with a similar staff and a drum; and accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

14. According to the old law of duels, only knights fought with the lance and sword.

First Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack: and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough. 61

Sec. Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of ¹⁵charneco.

15. Kind of sweet wine.

Third Neigh. And here's a pot of good double-beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter!

First Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee: and be not afraid.

Sec. Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master: fight for credit of the prentices. 71

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin,¹⁶ and if I die, I give thee my apron:—and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name? 80

Peter. Peter,¹⁷ forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will¹⁸ take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter,¹⁹ have at thee with a downright blow! 90

York. Dispatch:—this²⁰ knave's tongue begins to double.—

Sound, trumpets, 'larum to the combatants!

[*Alurum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down HORNER.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence? O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Hen. Go and take hence that traitor from our sight; For by his death we do perceive his guilt:

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

100

16. See above, 1.
120.

17. See above, 1. 66.

18. For 'take it on my death': see 1 K. Henr. 4, v. 4. 152; K. John, 1. 1. 111.

19. I shall hit thee, take care; prop., my aim is at you.

20. As dissyll., 'double' = to speak brokenly: see Ant., II. 7. 141.

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

²¹ Which he had thought t' have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow, ²² follow us for thy reward. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

21. *Whom*: Abb.,

265.

22. See 1 K. Henr.

4, v. 4. 164.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud ;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Bare winter, with his wrathful-nipping cold :
So cares and joys abound, as seasons ¹ fleet.
Sirs, what's o'clock ?

1. *Pass, change* :

see *Ant.*, v. 2. 286.

Serv. 'Tis almost ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess :
² Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind ³ abrook
The abject people gazing on thy face
With envious looks, still laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

2. *Not easily,*
scarcely : eath =
ease.

IO

3. *Brook, endure.*

*Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER in a white sheet, with papers
pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning
in her hand ; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.*

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives ; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ? 20
Now thou dost penance too. Look how they gaze !
See how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !
Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their ⁴ hateful looks,
And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ⁵ ban thine enemies, both mine and thine !

4. *Expressing hate.*
see *K. Rich.* 2, ii. 2.
142.

5. *Curse.*

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell ; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself!

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,

And thou a prince, protector of this land,

Methinks I should not thus be led along,

⁶Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,

And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice

To see my tears and hear my ⁷deep-fet groans.

The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;

And when I start, the envious people laugh,

And bid me be advisèd how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

⁸Trow'st thou that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;

To think upon my pomp shall be my hell.

Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,

⁹As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou ¹⁰mild, and blush not at my shame;

Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;

For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all ¹¹lin'd bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

But ¹²fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,

Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear! thou aimest all awry;

I must offend before I be attainted:

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any ¹³scathe,

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.

Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,

But I in danger for the breach of law.

6. *Wrapped up:*
prop. *in armour*;
here, *sheet of*
penance.

7. *Fet = fetched:*
see K. Henr. 5, iii.
1. 18.

8. *Deemest:* see B.
and Sh., p. 41.

9. *That:* Abb., 109.

10. *Gentle, uncon-*
cerned.

11. See above, 1. 3.
85.

12. *Ironical.*

13. *Harm.*

30

40

50

60

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell :
 I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience ;
 These ¹⁴few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

70 14. See above, 3. 11.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
 holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before !
 This is ¹⁵close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

15. *Secret.*

[*Exit Herald.*

My Nell, I take my leave :—and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission
¹⁶stays ;

16. *Ends.*

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
 To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady ¹⁷there ? 80 17. *Thither.*

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well : the world may ¹⁸laugh again ;
 And I may live to do you kindness, if
 You do it her : and so, Sir John, farewell.

18. *Smile, look favourably on me.*

Duch. What, gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell !

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.*

Duch. Art thou gone too ? all comfort go with thee !

For none abides with me : my joy is death,—

Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,

90

Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—

Stanley, I prithee, go, and take me hence ;

I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man ;
 There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach,—
 And shall I, then, be us'd reproachfully ?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady ;
 According to that state you shall be us'd.

100

Duch. Sheriff, fare-well, and better than I fare,—
 Although thou hast been ¹⁹conduct of my shame.

19. *Conductor* : see
 K. Rich. 2, iv. 1.
 160.

20. As monosyll. :
see Ant., iii. 3. 49.

Sher. It is my office ; and, ²⁰madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.—
Come, Stanley, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way ; I long to see my prison.

110

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

(*Murder of Gloster. Banishment of Suffolk. Death of Cardinal Beaufort.*)

SCENE I.—*The Abbey at Bury St Edmund's.*

Enter, to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

1. See 2 K. Henr. 4,
iv. 1. 171.

K. Hen. I ¹muse my Lord of Gloster is not come :
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see ? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance ?
With what a majesty he bears himself ;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself ?
We know the time since he was mild and affable ;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission :
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will ²give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbow'd knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin ;

10

2. *San,* 'good
morning.'

But great men tremble when the lion roars,—
 And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 First note, that he is near you in descent;
 And, should you fall, he is the ³next will mount.

⁴Me seemeth, then, it is no policy,—

⁵Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease,—
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your highness' council.

By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
 And when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.

Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.

The reverent care I bear unto my lord
 Made me ⁶collect these dangers in the duke.

If it be ⁷fond, call it a woman's fear;

Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will ⁸subscribe, and say I wrong'd the duke.

My Lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can;

Or else conclude my words ⁸effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;

And, had I first been put to speak my mind,

I think I should have told your grace's tale.

The duchess, by his ⁹subornation,

¹⁰Upon my life, began her devilish practices:

Or, if he were not privy to those faults,

Yet, by ¹¹reputing of his high descent,—

As, next the king, he was successive heir,

And such high vaunts of his nobility,—

Did instigate the ¹²bedlam brain-sick duchess

By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;

And in his simple ¹³show he harbours treason.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.

No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man

¹⁴Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,

20

3. See i. 1. 149.

4. Abb., 297.

5. *When we consider.*

30

6. *Gather, infer.*7. *Foolish.*8. *Confess, yield.*

40

*8. *Full of import, grave, decisive.*

9. See 1 K. Henr. 4,

i. 3. 167.

10. Form of assertion.

11. *Thinking much.*

50

12. See K. Henr. 5,
v. 1. 17. 'Frame,'
= *devise, plan.*13. *Appearance.*14. *Unfathomed.*

Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship, 60
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereof the towns each day revolted.

Buck. ¹⁵Tut, these are petty faults ¹⁶to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, ¹⁷at once (*a*), the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but—shall I speak my conscience?—
Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person 70
As is the sucking lamb or harmless dove:
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well ¹⁸given
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affi-
ance!
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposèd as the hateful raven:
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What news from
France?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
Is utterly ¹⁹bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset: but God's will be
done!

York. [*aside*] Cold news for me; for I had hope ^{*19}of
France

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away: 90
But I will remedy this ²⁰gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

15. See above, i. 2.
32.

16. Compared with.

17. Without doubt,
I freely own, let me
say at once.

18. Disposed: see
J. Cæs., i. 2. 204.

19. Taken from.

*19. I.e., to obtain
possession of—by
succeeding to the
English throne.

20. See above, i. 4.
13.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, well, thou shalt not see me blush
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:

A ²¹heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

100 21. See B. and Sh.,
p. 154.

The purest spring is not so free from mud

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:

Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? what are they that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,

Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.

So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—

110

Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

That ²²doit that e'er I wrested from the king,

22. See Cor., i. 5. 6.

Or any groat I hoarded to my use,

Be ²³brought against me at my trial-day!

23. *May it be*

No; many a pound of mine own proper store,

Because I would not tax the needy commons,

Have I dispurs'd to the garrisons,

And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God! 120

York. In your protectorship you did devise

Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,

²³That England was defam'd by tyranny.

*23. *So that*: Abb.,
283. 'Defamed' =
disreputed, infamous.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me;

For I ²⁴should melt at an offender's tears,

24. *Was fain to*:
Abb., 326.

And lowly words were ransom for their fault.

25. See 1 K. Henr.
4, ii. 2. 81.

Unless it were a bloody murderer,

26. See K. Rich. 2,
v. 3. 9.

Or foul felonious thief that ²⁵flec'd poor ²⁶passengers

27. *Well deserved* :
Lat., *condignus*. I never gave them ²⁷condign punishment : 130
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon or ²⁸what trespass else.
28. *Any other tr.* :
Abb., 255. *Suf.* My lord, these faults are quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.
29. See above, i. 3.
133. *K. Hen.* My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
That you will clear yourself from all ²⁹suspect : 140
My conscience tells me you are innocent.
- Glo.* Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !
Virtue is chok'd ³⁰with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;
Foul ³¹subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
32. *Concerted plan,*
plot. I know their ³²complot is to have my life ;
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the ³³period of their tyranny,
33. *Termination.*
34. *Life* : see 147. I would expend ³⁴it with all willingness : 150
But I am made the prologue to their play ;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not ³⁵conclude their plotted tragedy.
35. *Bring to an*
end, finish. Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart ;
And ³⁶doggèd York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose ³⁷overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false ³⁸accuse doth ³⁹level at my life :— 160
36. See K. John, iv.
1. 139.
37. See K. Rich. 2,
i. 1. 148.
38. *Accusation* :
see Walker, II. 313.
39. *Take aim.* And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My ⁴⁰liefeſt liege to be mine enemy :—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together—
Myself had ⁴¹note of your conventicles—(b)
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt ;
40. *Dearest* : see
above, i. 1. 26.
41. See K. Henr. 5,
ii. 2. 6.

The ancient proverb will be well ^{*41}effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

170 <sup>*41. Brought about
verified.</sup>

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitors' rage
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not ⁴²twit our sovereign lady here
With ignominious words, though ⁴³clerkly couch'd,
As if she had suborn'd some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state ?

180 <sup>42. Twitted, re-
proached sneer-
ingly : Abb., 342 ;
Walker, ii. 327.
43. Like a scholar,
adroitly.</sup>

Q. Mar. But I can give ⁴⁴the loser leave to chide.

<sup>44. Proverb : see
Walker, ii. 169.</sup>

Glo. Far truer spoke than meant : I lose, indeed ;—
⁴⁵Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false !
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

<sup>45. See K. John, v.
5. 15.</sup>

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day :—
Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body !

190

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are ⁴⁶gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.

<sup>46. Growling : see
K. Rich. 2, i. 3. 292.</sup>

Ah, that my fear were false ! ah, that it were !

For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER in their custody.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,
Do or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament ?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret ; my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes ;

My body round engirt with misery,—

200

For what's more miserable than discontent ?—

Ah, uncle Humphrey, in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty !

And ⁴⁷yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come

<sup>47. I.e., it has not
yet arrived.</sup>

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What loursing star now envies thy estate,

That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life ?

Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong :
 And as the butcher takes away the calf,
 And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
 Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house ;
 Even so, remorseless have they borne him hence :
 And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
 Looking the way her harmless young one went,
 And can do naught but wail her darling's loss ;
 Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
 With sad unhelpful tears ; and with dimm'd eyes
 Look after him, and cannot do him good,—
 So mighty are his vow'd enemies.

210

220

His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
 Say, ⁴⁸“ Who's a traitor, Gloster he is none.”

[Exit.

48. *Whoever is.*

49. See K. Rich. 2,
 iii. 3. 192. Comp.
 Cor., iii. 1. 68.

Q. Mar. ⁴⁹Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot
 beams.

50. See above, 54.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
 Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's ⁵⁰show
 Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

51. *By its tears :*
 see above, 143.

⁵¹With sorrow snares relenting passengers ;
 Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
 With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
 That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

230

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I,—
 And yet herein I judge mine own wit good,—
 This Gloster should be quickly ⁵²rid the world,
 To rid us from the fear we have of him.

52. *For rid of.*

Car. That he should die is worthy policy ;
 But yet we want a ⁵²colour for his death ;
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

⁵². *Specious pre-*
tence : see Ant., i.
 3. 40.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy :
 The king will labour still to save his life ;
 The commons haply rise to save his life ;
 And yet we have but trivial argument,

240

More than mistrust, that shows him ⁵³worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I !

York. [*aside*] 'Tis York that hath more reason for his
 death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,—

53. See Cor., iii. 1.
 368.

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—
 Were't not all one, an ⁵⁴empty eagle were set
 To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
 As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and were't not madness, then,
 To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
 His guilt ⁵⁵should be but ⁵⁶idly posted over,
 Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
 By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
 Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
 As Humphrey's prov'd by treason to my liege. (c) 260
 And do not stand on ⁵⁷quilllets how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtlety,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit

Which ⁵⁸mates him first that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:

But, ⁵⁸that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious,

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but a word, and I will be ⁵⁹his priest.

Cur. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due ⁶⁰orders for a priest:

Say you consent, and ⁶¹censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner,—

I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is ⁶²worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoken it, 280

It ⁶³skills not greatly who impugns our ⁶⁴doom.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come ⁶⁵amain,

To signify that rebels there are up,

And put the Englishmen unto the sword:

54. *Unfed.*

55. *Abb.*, 324.
 56. *Carelessly hur-*
ried over, dis-
regarded.

57. See Pt. 1, ii. 4.
 17.

58. *Disables: Fr.*
matir, subdue;
comp. 'check-
mate.'

*58. *To show that.*

59. *Be with him at*
the last, see the
end of him, i.e., of
D. Humphrey.

60. *Measures to pro-*
vide: see below,
320.

61. *Approve.*

62. See above, 242.

63. *Matters not.*

64. *The judgment*
given by us: see
above, l. 3. 201.

65. *With all speed;*
main = strength:
comp. 'a-foot:' see
B. and Sh., p. 25.

Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 Before the wound do grow uncurable ;
 For, being green, there is great hope of help.

65. *Expeditious* :
 see K. John, II. 60.

Car. A breach that craves a quick-⁶⁶expedient stop !
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause ?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither : 290
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd ;
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

67. See above, II. 4.
 34.

Som. If York, with all his far-⁶⁷fet policy,
 Had been the regent there instead of me,
 He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done :
 I rather would have lost my life betimes
 Than bring a burden of dishonour home
 By staying there so long till all were lost.

68. *Marked* : Gr.,
 χαράσσω.
 69. Irregular con-
 struction for 'men
 whose fl. is,' &c.

Show me one scar ⁶⁸charáctér'd on thy skin : 300
⁶⁹Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mur. Nay, then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
 If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
 No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still :—
 Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
 Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then, a shame
 take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame !

Car. My Lord of York, try what your fortune is.

70. See K. Rich. 2,
 II. 1. 158.
 71. *Mix, moisten.*

Th' uncivil ⁷⁰kerns of Ireland are in arms, 310
 And ⁷¹temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
 To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
 Collected choicely, from each county some,
 And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
 And what we do establish, he confirms :
 Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : provide me soldiers, lords,

72. See above, 275.

Whiles I ⁷²take order for mine own affairs. 320

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see perform'd.
 But now return we to the false Duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more.
 And so break off; the day is almost spent :
 You and I, Lord Suffolk, must talk of that event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days
 At Bristol I expect my soldièrs ;
 For there I'll ship them all for Irèland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of York. 330

[*Exeunt all except YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
 And change ⁷³misdoubt to resolution :
 Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
 Resign to death,—it is not worth th' enjoying :
 Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
 And find no harbour in a royal heart.
 Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought ;
 And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

73. *Diffidence.*

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
 Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies. 340

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,
 To send me ⁷⁴packing with an host of men :
 I ⁷⁵fear me you but warm the starvèd snake,
 Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me :

74. See 1 K. Henr. 4.

ii. 4. 281.

75. See above, i. 1.

148.

I take it kindly ; yet be well assur'd
 You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
 Whiles I in Ireland ⁷⁶nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in England some black storm,
⁷⁷Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell ;

350

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
 Until the golden ⁷⁸circuit on my head,
 Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
 Do calm the fury of this mad-bred ⁷⁹flaw.
 And for a minister of my intent

76. As monosyll. :

see Walker, p. 65 ;

but Dyce suggests

'march.'

77. 'Which' omitted : see below, 377.

78. *Crown.*

79. *Gust of wind :*

see Cor., v. 3. 82.

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,
 John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
 Oppose himself against a troop of ⁸⁰kerns,
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts

360

80. See above, 310.

81. Former name
of porcupine.

82. *Morris-dancer* :
see K. Henr. 5, ii. 4.
26.

83. *In England,
while I am in
Ireland.* 'For
that:' see Abb.,
287.

84. *Very likely* : see
K. John, iii. 4. 50.

85. *What follows* :
see K. John, v. 2.
70.

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd ⁸¹porpentine ;
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
Him caper upright like a wild ⁸²Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversèd with the enemy,
And, undiscover'd, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.

370

This devil ⁸³here shall be my substitute ;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know no pain they can inflict upon him
Will make him say I mov'd him to those arms.

Say that he thrive,—as 'tis ⁸⁴great like he will,—
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, the ⁸⁵next for me.

380

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Bury St Edmunds. A room of state.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

First Mur. Run to my Lord of Suffolk ; let him know
We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded. (*a*)

1. I.e., not done.

Sec. Mur. O, that it were ¹to do !—What have we done?
Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

First Mur. Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

First Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house ;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand :—
Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
According as I gave directions ?

10

First Mur. ²Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away ! be gone.

[Exeunt Murderers.

2. See K. Rich. 3,
iii. 4. 5.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight ;
Say we intend to try his grace to-day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis publishèd.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places ; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster 20
Than from true evidence of good esteem
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
That may condemn a faultless nobleman !
Pray God he may ³acquit him of suspicion !

3. Clear himself.

K. Hen. I thank thee, ⁴Meg ; these words content me 4. Margaret.
much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ! why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our uncle ? what's the matter, Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. ⁵Marry, God forfend !

30

5. See K. Rich. 2, iv. 1. 116: 'forefend' = *cert*, *forbid*: see K. Rich. 2, iv. 1. 131.

Car. God's secret judgment :—I did dream to-night
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ?—Help, lords ! the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body ; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. ⁶Run, go, help, help !—O Henry, ope thine eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again :—madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious Henry, comfort !

K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me ? 40

Came he ⁷right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune ⁸bereft my vital powers ;

7. Just now : see above, 29.

And thinks he that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceivèd sound ?

8. Took away.

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words :
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 Upon thy eyeballs murderous tyranny
 Sits in grim majesty, to fright the world.
 Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—
 Yet do not go away:—come, ⁹basilisk,
 And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
 For in the shade of death I shall find joy,—
 In life but double death, now Gloster's dead.

9. See K. Henr. 5,
 v. 2. 17.

50

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolk thus?
 Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
 And for myself,—foe as he was to me,—
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.

60

10. As to what?
 wherein? see Abb.,
 253.

¹⁰ What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known we were but hollow friends:
 It may be judg'd I made the duke away;
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: ¹¹ay me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

70

11. See K. John, v.
 3. 14.

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper,—look on me.

12. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 52.

What, art thou, ¹²like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy fórlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then, Dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:

80

13. See J. Cæs., iii.
 2. 192.

Erect his ¹³statua, and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.
 Was I for this nigh wreck'd upon the sea,
 And twice by awkward winds from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-forewarning winds
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,

Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then but curs'd the ¹⁴gentle gusts,
 And ¹⁵him that loos'd them ¹⁶forth their brazen caves; 90
 And bid them blow towards England's blessèd shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The ¹⁷pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
 With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they, 100
 Might in thy palace ¹⁸perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the ¹⁹hatches in the storm;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 And threw it towards thy land:—the sea receiv'd it;
 And so I wish'd thy body might my heart:
 And ²⁰even with this I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be ²¹packing with my heart,
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wishèd coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue—
 The agent of thy foul inconstancy—
 To sit and ²²witch me, as ²³Ascanius did
 When he to madding Dido would unfold
 His father's acts commenc'd in burning Troy!
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him? 120
²⁴Ay me, I can no more! die, Margarèt!
 For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

14. *Meaning well to me*: see above, 86.

15. Æolus: Edd., 'he.'

16. *From*: Abb., 156.

17. *Bounding, leaping prettily with its waves.*

18. Here used intrans. = *kill*: comp. 'ruo' in Lat.

19. *Ship's deck*: always plur.

20. *In like manner.*

21. *Going away*: see above, l. 342.

22. *Bewitch*: see 1 K. Henr. 4. iv. l. 115.

23. See Virg. *Æn.*, l. 659, sqq.: 'madding' here being *mad*, elsewhere transitive.

24. See above, 71.

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY. The Commons press to the door. (b)

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.

The commons, like an angry hive of bees

That want their leader, scatter up and down,

And care not ²⁵who they sting in his revenge.

Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,

Until they hear the ²⁶order of his death.

130

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;

But how he died God knows, not ²⁷Henry :

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,

And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That shall I do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude till I return.

[*WARWICK goes into an inner chamber.—SALISBURY retires to the Commons at the door.*]

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things, ²⁸stay my
thoughts,—

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !

If my ²⁹suspect be false, forgive me, God ;

140

For judgment only doth belong to thee.

Fain would I go to chafe his ³⁰paly lips

With twenty thousand kisses, and to rain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,

To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling :

But all in vain are these mean obsequies ;

And to survey his dead and earthy image,

What were it but to make my sorrow greater ?

[*The folding-doors of an inner chamber
are thrown open, and GLOSTER is dis-
covered dead in his bed ; WARWICK
and others standing by it.*]

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made ; 151
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
And seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that ³¹dread King that took our state upon him
To free us from his Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid

25. For 'whom':
see Cor., ii. 1. 6.

26. Manner, how it
happened.

27. Trisyll. : see
above, ii. 2. 23.

28. See B. and Sh.,
p. 109.

29. See above, i. 3.
133.

30. Pale : see K.
Henr. 5, Chor. (4),
8.

31. See B. and Sh.,
p. 130.

Upon the life of this thrice-famèd duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue !
What ³²instance gives Lord Warwick for his vow ?

160 32. *Argument, proof.*

War. See how the blood is settled in his face !
Oft have I seen a ³³timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being ³⁴all descended to the labouring heart ;
³⁵Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ³⁶same for aidance 'gainst the enemy ;
Which, with the heart, there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush, and beautify the cheek again.

33. *Departed by a natural death : see below, 188.*

34. *I.e., the blood : as if 'without blood' had gone before.*

35. *Who—i.e., 'ghost : here = dead body, man.*

36. *Blood.*

But see, his face is black and full of blood ;
His eyeballs further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man ;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling ;
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd :
Look, on the sheets his hair, you see, is sticking ;
His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest ³⁷lodg'd.

170

It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were ³⁸probable.

37. *Beaten down : see K. Rich. 2, iii. 3. 164.*

38. *Sufficient to make it likely.*

39. *See below, 245.*

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should ³⁹do the duke to death ?

180

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection ;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's
foes ;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
³⁹'Tis like you would not feast him like a friend ;
And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

*39. *See above, 1. 378.*

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of Duke Humphrey's ⁴⁰timeless death.

40. *Untimely : see K. Rich. 2, iv. 1. 5.*

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the partridge in the ⁴¹puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

190

41. *Kite's.*

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk?—where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite?—where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men;
 But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ⁴²ease,
 That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart 200
 That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
 That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt* CARDINAL, SOMERSET, and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant ⁴³controller,
 Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

43. Censurer,
detractor.

War. Madam, be still,—with reverence may I say;
 For every word you speak in his behalf
 Is slander to your royal dignity. 210

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
 If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
 Thy mother took into her blameful bed
 Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
 Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,
 And never of the Nevils' noble race.

44. Shields, de-
fends.

45. Executioner.

War. But that the guilt of murder ⁴⁴bucklers thee,
 And I should rob the ⁴⁵deathsmen of his fee,
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
 And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild, 220
 I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
 Make thee beg pardon for thy ⁴⁶passèd speech,
 And say it was thy mother that thou meant'st,—
 That thou thyself wast born in bastardy;
 And, after all this ⁴⁷fearful homage done,
 Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

46. Uttered: see K.
Henr. 5, v. 2. 83.

47. Cowardly.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,
 If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence: 230
 Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
 And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt* SUFFOLK and WARWICK.]

K. Hen. What ⁴⁸stronger breastplate than a heart untainted!

^{48.} See E. and Sh., p. 153.

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords! your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here? 240

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Sal. [*to the Commons at the door*] Sirs, stand apart;
the king shall know your mind.—

[*He comes forward.*

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be ⁴⁹done to death,
Or banish'd fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,
And torture him with grievous lingering death.
They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died;
They say, in him they fear your highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty—

^{49.} See above, 180.

Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As ⁵⁰being thought to contradict your liking—
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal person,
That if your highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
On pain of your dislike, or punishment; (*c*)
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with fork'd tongue,
That slyly glided towards your majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being ⁵¹suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The ⁵²mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

250

260

^{50.} As though they could be suspected of disaffection.

^{51.} Allowed to remain.

^{52.} Deadly: see Ant., v. 2. 293.

53. *Whether.*
Abb., 463.

That they will guard you, ⁵³whêr you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomèd and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life. 270

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, my Lord
of Salisbury!

54. See above, 185.
55. *Boors, peasants.*

Suf. 'Tis ⁵⁴like the commons, rude unpolish'd ⁵⁵hinds,
Could send such message to their sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how ⁵⁶quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won
Is, that he was the lord ambassador
Sent from ⁵⁷a sort of tinkers to the king.

56. *Fine, pretty.*

57. See K. Rich. 2,
iv. 1. 249.

Commons. [*within*] An answer from the king, or we'll
break in!

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me, 280
I thank them for their tender loving care;

58. *Called upon,*
urged.

And had I not been ⁵⁸cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore,—by His majesty I swear,
Whose ⁵⁹far unworthy ⁶⁰deputy I am,—
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

59. *Much, very.*
60. See B. and Sh.,
p. 284.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.]

Q. Mar. O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk! 290

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—
If after three days' space thou here be'st found [To *Suf.*
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—
Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee: 300

[*Exeunt all except* Queen MARGARET *and* SUFFOLK.]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

Heart's discontent and sour affliction
 Be playfellows to keep you company!
 There's two of you; the devil make a third!
 And threefold vengeance ⁶¹tend upon your steps!

Suf. ⁶²Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
 And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!
 Hast thou not ⁶³spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse
 them?

Would curses kill, as doth the ⁶⁴mandrake's groan,
 I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
 As ^{*64}curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixèd teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

Mine hair be fix'd on end, as ⁶⁵one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress-trees!

Their chiefest prospect murdering ⁶⁶basilisks!

Their softest touch as ⁶⁷smart as lizards' stings!

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boding screech-owls make the ⁶⁸consort full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thy-
 self;

And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an overchargèd gun—recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me ⁶⁹leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain-top,

Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

61. *Attend, wait.*

62. See K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 337.

63. As monosyll.: see Abb., 463.

310

64. A herb supposed to groan when pulled up, and to be fatal to those who uproot it.

*64. Adj., *peevish, malignant*: see 1 K. Henr. 4, ii. 3. 43.

320

65. 'One' agrees with 'me,' understood in mine: see Ant., ii. 2. 66; and comp. below, 383.

66. See above, 53.

67. *Painful*: (but lizards have no stings).

68. *Company, band of musicians.*

330

69. *Cease*: see 1 K. Henr. 4, v. 5. 43.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy
hand, (*d*) 340

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,

70. *Memorials.*

To wash away my woful ⁷⁰monuments.

71. *I.e., Ups (by
the impression they
make) through
which.*

O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand, [*Kisses his hand.*

That thou mightst think upon ⁷¹these, by the seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;

'Tis but surmis'd whiles thou art standing by,

As one that surfeits thinking on a want.

72. *Recall from
exile.*

I will ⁷²repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

350

Adventure to be banishèd myself:

73. *Only parted.*

And banishèd I am, if ⁷³but from thee.

Go; speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends condemn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,

74. *More loath,
unwilling.*

⁷⁴Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banishèd,—

Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence;

360

A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:

For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world;

And where thou art not, desolation.

75. *Enjoy.*

I can no more:—live thou to ⁷⁵joy thy life;

76. *Rejoice.*

Myself to ⁷⁶joy in naught but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I
prithee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty

That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;

370

For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,

That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost

Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
 And whispers to the pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his overchargèd soul :
 And I am sent to tell his majesty
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the king. 380

[*Exit V* AUX.

⁷⁷ Ay me ! what is this world ! what news are these !

77. See above, 71.

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,

⁷⁸ Omitting Suffolk's exile, ⁷⁹ my soul's treasure ?

78. Leaving unregarded.

Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,

79. The exile of S., who is—

And with the southern clouds contend in tears,—

Theirs ⁸⁰ for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?

80. Being shed.

Now get thee hence : the king, thou know'st, is coming ;—

If thou be found ⁸¹ by me, thou art but dead.

81. In my company.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;

And in thy sight to die, what were it else

390

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,

As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe

Dying with mother's dug between its lips :

⁸² Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

82. Whereas : see Cor., i. 1. 96.

And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,

To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth ;

So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,

Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then ⁸³ it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

400 83. Would live : see K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 135.

To die by thee were but to die in jest ;

From thee to die were torture more than death :

O, let me stay, befall what may befall !

Q. Mar. Away ! Though parting be a fretful ⁸⁴ corsive,

84. Corrosive (an application giving pain) was formerly so spelt : Abb., 497.

It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from thee ;

For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,

I'll have an ⁸⁵ Iris that shall find thee out.

85. Messenger of Juno.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart along with thee. 410

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st ⁸⁶ cask

86. Here = casket.

That ever did contain a thing of worth.

or *the ship* v.
the ship
 38. *the ship* v. 1.

Even as a splitted ⁸ bark, so ⁸ sunder we :
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar.

This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally*].

SCENE III.—*London. Cardinal BEAUFORT's bedchamber.*
Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others.
The Cardinal is bed: Attendants enter him.

1. See R. and Sh.
 2. 28.

K. Hen. 'How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Chc. If thou be'st Death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island.
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Chc. Bring me unto my trial when you will,
 Died he not in his bed? where should he lie?

1. See above. 1. act.

Can I make men live, 'what they will or no?

10

O, torture me no more! I will confess.—

Alive again? then show me where he is:

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair: look, look! it stands upright,

2. See above. 2.
 272. and 274. 35.

Like 'hurd-twigs set to teach my winged soul!—

Give me some drink; and bid th' apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mower of the heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

20

O, beat away the busy-meditating fiend

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

30

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

(*Murder of Suffolk. Insurrection and death of Jack Cade.*)

SCENE I.—*Kent. The seashore near Dover.*

Firing heard at sea. Then enter, from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK disguised, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

Cap. The gaudy, ¹blabbing,^(a) and ²remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the ³jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who, with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
⁴Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air. (*b*)
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this ⁵discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other [*pointing to Suffolk*], Walter Whitmore, is thy
share.

First Gent. What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall ⁶you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,
And bear the name and ⁷port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains' throats;—for die you shall:—

The lives of those we've lost in fight can not

Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum.

1. *Tell-tale.*2. *Pitiful.*

3. Here flying dragons, supposed to draw the chariot of Night.

4. *Embrace*: see *Cor.*, i. 6. 37.

10

5. *As it will then be*: see *K. John*, ii. 1. 313.

6. He is speaking to the second prisoner, his own 'boot.'

7. See *Ant.*, iv. 14. 61.

First Gent. I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

Sec. Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
[*To Suf.*] And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die;
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my ⁷George,—I am a gentleman:
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. 30

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now! why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that ⁹by *water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot; 40
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

[*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Pole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke:
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly ¹⁰swain, King Henry's blood, (*c*)
The honourable blood of Lancaster, 51
Must not be shed by such a ¹¹jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?
Bare-headed plodded by my ¹²foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n,

Ay, and allay this thy ¹³abortive pride: 60
How in our ¹⁴voiding-lobby hast thou stood,

8. The figure of S.
George on horse-
back, worn by
Knights of the
Garter.

9. See above, l. 4.
32.

10. Here term of
contempt.

11. *Despised, ill-
treated menial*: see
above, ll. 1. 186.

12. *Ornamented
with a foot-cloth—
i.e., coming down
to the rider's feet*:
see below, 7. 41;

and Nares's Gloss.,
p. 323. Comp. Gr.,
ποδῆρης πέπλος.

13. *Monstrous, un-
natural.*

14. *Receiving those
voided from the
house—i.e., not
admitted.*

And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn ¹⁵swain? 15. See above, 50.

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
 Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not, for thy own. 70

Cap. Yes, ¹⁶Pole.

Suf. Pole!

Cap. Pole! Sir Pole! Lord Pole!

16. To be pronounced as *Pool*: see what follows.

Ay, ¹⁷kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

17. *Gutter.*

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth

For swallowing the treasure of the realm:

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;

And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain, 80

Who, in contempt, again shall hiss at thee:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to ¹⁸affy a mighty lord

18. *Betroth in marriage.*

Unto the daughter of a ¹⁹worthless king,

19. See i. l. 108.

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd

With ²⁰gobbets of thy ¹¹mother's bleeding heart.

20. *Mouthfuls.*

By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to France;

21. I.e., *thy country's.*

The false revolting Normans ²²thorough thee

90 22. See *Cor.*, v. 3.

Disdain to call us lord; and ²³Picardy

126.

Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,

23. I.e., *the people of P.*: comp. *Gen.* xix. 13.

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown (*d*)

By shameful murder of a guiltless king

And lofty proud-encroaching tyranny—

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

100 24. A description of the device of K. Edward III.

Advance our ²⁴half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,

26. *The clouds
being warbling.*

Under the which is writ ²⁴*Jeune's maddness*.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms :

And, to confute, reproach and beggary

Are crept into the palace of our king.

And all by thee.—Away ! convey him hence.

Saj. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, scurvy, obsequious drudges !

Small things make base men proud : this villain here,

Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more

Than ²⁵Burginus, the strong Illyrian pirate.

Thou'st suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives :

It is impossible that I should die

By such a lowly vassal as thyself.

Thy words move more rage and more ²⁶remorse in me :

I go ²⁷of message from the queen to France :

I charge thee wait me safely 'till the channel

Canst. Waiter.—

What. Come, Suffolk, I must wait thee to thy death.

Saj. ²⁸Thou'st power enough to do : 'tis thou I fear.

What. Thou shalt have notice to that before I leave thee.

What. are ye bound now ? now will ye stay !

First. That. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him,
fair.

Saj. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough.

'Tis to command, untaught to plead for favour.

For he it we should honour such as these

With humble suit : no, rather let my head

Sting to the block than these knees bow to any.

Save to the God of heaven and to my king :

And swear down upon a bloody pile

That stand unsway'd to this vulgar ²⁹groom :

For true nobility's revenge from fear.—

More can I bear than you dare excuse.

Can. Hold him even, and let him talk no more.

Saj. Come, soldiers, show what country ye can.

That this my death may never be forgot.—

Goat torn off the by vile ³⁰basilians :

A Roman ³¹sworder and ³²handker slave

Murder'd sweet Tully : Brutus' bastard hand (f)

Stab'd Julius Caesar : savage islanders (g)

26. See above, 26.
27. On: ANH, 175.
28. See above, 28.
29. On: ANH, 175.
30. See above, 30.
31. On: ANH, 175.
32. On: ANH, 175.

26. See above, 26.
27. On: ANH, 175.
28. See above, 28.
29. On: ANH, 175.
30. See above, 30.
31. On: ANH, 175.
32. On: ANH, 175.

26. See above, 26.
27. On: ANH, 175.
28. See above, 28.
29. On: ANH, 175.
30. See above, 30.
31. On: ANH, 175.
32. On: ANH, 175.

26. See above, 26.

26. See above, 26.
27. On: ANH, 175.
28. See above, 28.
29. On: ANH, 175.
30. See above, 30.
31. On: ANH, 175.
32. On: ANH, 175.

130

130

130

130

Pompey the Great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exeunt* WHITMORE and others with SUFFOLK.

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have ³³set,

33. *Settled, fixed.*

It is our pleasure one of them ³⁴depart:—

34. I.e., in order to bring the ransom for both.

Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all except the First Gentleman.*

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's body. (*h*)

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,

Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[*Exit.*

First Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!

His body will I bear unto the king:

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;

So will the queen, that living held him dear.

150

[*Exit with the body.*

SCENE II.—*Blackheath.* (*a*)

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath: they have been up these two days.

John. They have the more need to ¹sleep now, then.

1. Punning on the senses of 'up' = out of bed, or in arms: see below, 166.

Geo. I tell thee, ²Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well, I say it was never merry world in England since gentlemen came up.

2. See above, iii. 1. 356.

Geo. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

10

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—labour in thy vocation; which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's-leather of.

21

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. ³*Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

3. *Therefore*: for
Lat., 'ergo.'

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver,
and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,
—or rather—

4. Lat., 'cadus' =
a cask.

5. *Because*: Abb.,
151.

6. In ref. to Lat.,
'cado' = to fall.

Dick. [*aside*] Of stealing a ⁴cade of herrings. 30

Cade. ⁵For our enemies shall ⁶fall before us,—inspired
with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—[*Inter-*
ruption] Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

7. As if mortarer.

Dick. [*aside*] He was an honest man, and a good ⁷brick-
layer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*aside*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,— 40

Dick. [*aside*] She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and
sold many laces.

Smith. [*aside*] But now of late, not able to travel with
her ⁸furred pack, she washes ⁹bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. [*aside*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
and there was he born, under a hedge,—for his father had
never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*aside*] 'A must needs; for ¹⁰beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much. 51

Dick. [*aside*] No question of that; for I have seen him
whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. [*aside*] He need not fear the sword; for his
coat is ¹¹of proof.

Dick. [*aside*] But methinks he should stand in fear of
fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

8. Knapsack of
skin, with the hair
outward.

9. Linen in wash,
= she is a laundress.

10. See Juvenal,
Sat., x. 22.

11. (1) *Impenetrable*: see K. Rich.
2, i. 3. 73; (2) *well-*
tried, long worn.

Cade. Be brave, then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common; and in Cheapside shall my palfry go to grass: and when I am king,—as king I will be,—

65

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

70

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since.—How now! who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

80

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. ¹²'Has a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

12. *He has:* Abb., 400.

Cade. Nay, then, he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make ¹³obligations, and write ¹⁴court-hand.

13. *Written bonds.*
14. *Writing used in judicial proceedings.*

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a ¹⁵proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

15. *See J. Cæs., i. 1.*
25.

Clerk. Emmanuel.

90

Dick. They use to write it on the top of ¹⁶letters:—'twill go hard with you.

16. *Letters-patent, by which certain rights are granted:* see *K. Rich. 2, ii. 3.*
132.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd : away with him ! he's a villain and a traitor.

Cude. Away with him, I say ! hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general ? 101

Cude. Here I am, thou ¹⁷particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cude. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down. He shall be encountered ¹⁸with a man as good as himself : he is but a knight, is 'a ?

Mich. No.

Cude. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [*Knells.*] Rise up Sir John Mortimer. [*Rises.*] Now ¹⁹have at him ! 111

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM his brother, with drum and Forces.

Staff. Rebellious ²⁰hinds, the filth and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down ;

Home to your cottages, forsake this ²¹groom :—

The king is merciful, if you ²²revolt.

W. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward ; therefore yield, or die.

Cude. As for these silken-coated slaves, I ²³pass not :

It is to you, good people, that I speak,

O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign ;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown. 120

Staff. Villain, thy father was a plasterer ;

And thou thyself a ²⁴shearman,—art thou not ?

Cude. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staff. What of that ?

Cude. Marry, this :—²⁵Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter,—did he not ?

Staff. Ay, sir.

Cude. By her he had two children at one birth.

W. Staff. That's false.

Cude. Ay, there's the question ; but I say 'tis true : 130

¹⁷ Who makes a special demand : see Sh. Key, p. 26.

¹⁸ By : Abb., 193.

¹⁹ See above, II. 3. 85.

²⁰ See II. 1. 172.

²¹ See above, I. 52.

²² Fall off from him.

²³ Come not, let them pass ('not' a vulgar error : see Schm. 'Lex.,' 10).

²⁴ Cloth-worcker, clothier : see above, 4.

²⁵ See above, II. 2. 5.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age :
His son am I ; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true ; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it ; therefore
deny it not. 140

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what ?

All. Ay, marry, will we ; therefore get ye gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York hath taught you
this.

Cade. [*aside*] He lies, for I invented it myself.

Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that, for his father's
sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to ²⁶span-
counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign ; but
I'll be protector over him.

26. A game like
pitch-penny : see
Todd's John., and
Nares's Gloss.

Dick. And furthermore, we'll have the Lord Say's head
for selling the dukedom of Maine. 151

Cade. And good ²⁷reason ; for thereby is England
²⁸mained, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance
holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that Lord Say
hath ²⁹hoxed the commonwealth ; and more than that, he
can speak French ; and therefore he is a traitor.

27. See K. John, v.
2. 131.
28. For *mained* =
lamed, crippled.

29. *Houghed, ham-
strung* : see Wint.
Tale, i. 2. 244.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance !

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can :—the Frenchmen are our
enemies ; ³⁰go to, then, I ask but this,—can he that speaks
with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no ?

30. See K. John, iv.
1. 105.

All. No, no ; and therefore we'll have his head. 162

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,
Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away ; and throughout every town
Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade ;
That those which fly before the battle ends
May, even in their wives' and children's sight,
Be hang'd up for example at their doors :—
And you that be the king's friends, follow me. 170

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me.
Now show yourselves men; 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none but such as go in ³¹clouted ³²shoon;

For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would—but that they dare not—take our parts.

Dick. They're all in order, and ³³march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are most ³⁴out
of order. Come, march forward! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. *The two parties enter and fight, and both the
STAFFORDS are slain.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
slaughter-house: therefore thus will I reward thee,—the
Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a
license to kill for ¹a hundred lacking one a week.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This
²monument of the victory will I bear [*putting on part of
Sir H. Stafford's armour*]; and the bodies shall be dragged
at my horse' heels till I do come to London, where we will
have the mayor's sword borne before us. 13

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee.—Come, let's march
towards London. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication; the Duke of
BUCKINGHAM and Lord SAY with him: at some
distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's
head.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,
And makes it fearful and degenerate;

31. *Coarse-nailed.*

32. Vulgar plur. of shoe.

33. Dissyll.: see Abb., 485.

34. I.e., as rebels.

1. *Customers:* butchers were forbidden to sell flesh-meat during Lent, except by special license.

2. *Memorial.*

Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
 But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
 Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
 But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels'
 supplication?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to ¹entreat;
 For God forbid so many simple souls
 Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
 Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
 Will parley with Jack Cade their general:—
 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

1. *Treat with them.*

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
 Rul'd, like a wandering ²planet, over me,
 And could it not enforce them to relent,
 That were unworthy to behold the same?

2. Planets supposed
 to rule the lives of
 those born under
 their influence.

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy
 head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam!

20

Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
 I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
 Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why com'st thou in
 such haste?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!

Jack Cade proclaims himself ³Lord Mortimer,
 Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house;
 And calls your grace usurper openly,
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

3. See above, 2. 125.

His army is a ragged multitude
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
 They call false ⁴cáterpillars, and intend their death.

30

4. As dissyll.

K. Hen. O graceless men! ⁵they know not what they do.

5. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 89.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,
Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah, were the Duke of Suffolk now alive, 40
These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd!

K. Hen. Lord Say, thou know'st the traitor hateth thee;
Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger;
The sight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My Lord, Jack Cade hath gotten London-
bridge;
The citizens fly and forsake their houses:
The rascal people, thirsting after prey, 50
Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear
To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. [*to Lord Say*] Farewell, my lord: trust not
the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is ⁶in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

6. See B. and Sh.,
p. 154.

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

*Enter Lord SCALES, and others, on the walls. Then enter
certain Citizens, below.*

Scales. How now! is Jack Cade slain?

First Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they
have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them:
the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower,
to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command;
But I am troubled here with them myself,—
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and ¹gather head,
 And thither I will send you Matthew Gough :
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
 And so, farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

10 ^{1. Assemble your forces.}

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon-street.*

Enter CADE and his followers. He strikes his staff on
¹*London-stone.*

Cade. Now is ²Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the public-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now henceforward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

¹ ^{1. Probably a monument so called : Schm. 'Lex.' Perhaps a central milestone from which distances were reckoned.}

² ^{2. See above, 2. 110.}

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call ye Jack Cade more : I think he hath a very fair warning. 10

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then, let's go fight with them : but first, go and set London-bridge on fire ; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—*The same. Smithfield.*

Alarums. Enter, on one side, CADE and his company ; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs :—now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court ; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

1. *By the mass.*

John. [*aside*] ¹Mass, 'twill be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm: my mouth shall be the parliament of England. 13

John. [*aside*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France; he that made us pay one-and-twenty ²fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy. 20

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou ³say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within ⁴point-blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur the Dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these ⁵presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the ⁶score and the tally, thou hast caused ⁷printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a ⁸foot-cloth, dost thou not? 42

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a

2. See above, l. 1.
131.

3. A kind of silk: mark the descent from silk to buckram.

4. *Sure aim.*

5. For '*presents*' = *præsentes literæ*.

6. Notch made on a tally = *stick for scoring*.

7. *Anachronism*: p. not then invented.

8. See above, l. 54.

cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

50

Say. Nothing but this,—'tis ^{*8}*bona terra, mala gens.*

*8. *A good land, an evil race.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,

Is term'd the ⁹civill'st place of all this isle:

Sweet is the country, beauteous, full of riches;

The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;

Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;

Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.

60

Justice with favour have I always done;

Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,

But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?

Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,

Because my ¹⁰book preferr'd me to the king:

And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God,

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,

You cannot but forbear to murder me:

70

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings

For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut, when struckest thou one blow in the field?

Say. ¹¹Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' th' ear, and that will make 'em
red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

80

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen ¹²caudle, then, and the
help ¹³of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

9. "*Longè humanitissimi qui Cantium incolunt.*"
—Cæs. Com., v. 14.

10. *Learning recommended me:*
see K. Henr. 8, i. 1.
144.

11. See Ovid, Ep. xvii. 166; and Gr. Prov., μακραὶ τυράννων χεῖρες.

12. *Warm drink, cordial:* here, *death by the rope:*
see Sh. Key, p. 38, and 505.
13. *I.e., after being hung, be drawn and quartered.*

Say. It is the palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be even with you: I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say: Tell me wherein have I offended most?

Have I affected wealth or honour,—speak?

90

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gifts?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from ¹⁴guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

14. I.e., *shedding*
innocent blood.

15. Abb., 193.

Cade. [*aside*] I feel remorse in myself ¹⁵with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a ¹⁶familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

104

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him! and do as I command ye. 110

[*Exeunt some with Lord SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our ¹⁷bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

120

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving-up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of

17. Play on word:
(1) *pikes, halberts;*
(2) *drafts for pay-*
ment of money.

the city until night: for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Southwark.*

Alarums. Enter CADE and all his rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus'-corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all That will forsake thee and go home in peace. 10

O. Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye ¹relent, And yield to mercy whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rebel lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say, "God save his majesty!" Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king! 19

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe them? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the ²White Hart in Southwark? I thought ye would never have ³given out these arms till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, ⁴take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and

1. Give way.

2. Play on words (heart). *Desert me like cowards*: see *K. Henr. 5.* iii. 1. 64.
3. *Surrendered*: Walker conj. 'given over.'
4. Perhaps 'pull down.'—Lettsom.

5. Devise some
expedient.

daughters before your faces : for me, I will ⁵make shift for
one ; and so, God's curse light upon you all ! 31

All. We'll follow Cade ! we'll follow Cade !

6. Trisyll. : see
above, ii. 2. 23.

O. Clif. Is Cade the son of ⁶Henry the Fifth,
That thus you do exclaim you'll go with him ?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes ?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to ;

7. The plunder he
may seize.

Nor knows he how to live but by ⁷the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquishèd,
Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you ?
Methinks already in this civil broil

40

8. Ital., *vigliacco* =
base coward.

I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying ⁸"Viliáco !" unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you have lost ;
Spare England, for it is your native coast :
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly ;
God on our side, doubt not of victory. 50

All. A Clifford ! a Clifford ! we'll follow the king and
Clifford.

Cade. [*aside*] Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
fro as this multitude ? the name of Henry the Fifth hales
them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me
desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise
me : my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.
—In despite of the devils and hell, ⁹have through the very
middest of you ! and heavens and honour be witness, that
no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base
and ignominious treason, makes me betake me to my heels.

[*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled ? Go some, and follow him ; 63
And he that brings his head unto the king
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers : we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

9. Take my way :
comp. 'have at,'
see above, 2. 111.

SCENE IX.—*Killingworth Castle.*

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that ¹joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was ²never subject long'd to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

1. *Enjoyed*: see *K. Rich.* 2, v. 6. 27.

2. *Never was there*
3. *who.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM and old CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade ³surpris'd?

3. *Seized*: see *1 K. Henr.* 4, i. 1. 93.

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter, below, a number of CADE'S followers, with halters about their necks.

O. Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks, I I
Expect your highness' ⁴doom, of life or death.

4. See iii. 1. 281.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And show'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be ⁵advertised
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland;
And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of savage ⁶gallowglasses and stout ⁷kerns
Is marching hitherward in proud array;

5. *Informed.*

6. *Heavy-armed*
foot-soldiers.

7. See iii. 1. 360.

And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
 His arms are only to remove from thee
 The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor. (a) 30
K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York
 distress'd;

Like to a ship that, having scap'd a tempest,
 Is straightway calm'd, and boarded ⁸with a pirate:
⁹But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
 And now is York in arms to second him.—
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go thou and meet him;
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him I'll send ¹⁰Duke Edmund to the Tower;—
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither
 Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

Som. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. [to *Buck.*] In any case, be not too rough in
 terms;

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal

¹¹As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Kent.* IDEN'S garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that have a sword,
 and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid
 me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the
 country is ¹laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I
 might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could
 stay no longer. Wherefore, o'er a brick-wall have I climbed
 into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a ²sallet
 another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach
 this hot weather. And I think this word "sallet" was
 born to do me good: for many a time, but for a ³sallet, my
 brain-pan had been cleft with ⁴a brown bill; and many a

8. *By*: see above,
 2. 106; *K. John*, ii.
 1. 577.
 9. *Only just now.*

10. Somerset: see
 above, i. 2. 29.

11. *That*: *Abb.*, 109.

1. *Beset*, filled with
 traps.

2. *I. q.*, salad.

3. Close-fitting
 head-piece.

4. Kind of halbert.

time, when I have been dry, and bravely (*a*) marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word "sallet" must serve me to feed on.

14

Enter IDEN, with Servants behind.

Iden. O! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance my father left me
Contents me, and is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning;
Or gather wealth, not caring with what envy:
Sufficeth that ⁵I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleasèd from my gate.

20

5. 'Which,' rel.
omitted: Abb., 244.

Cade. [*aside*] Here's the lord of the soil come to seize
me for a ⁶stray, for entering his ⁷fee-simple without leave.
[*addressing Iden*—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and
get a thousand crowns of the king by carrying my head to
him! but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swal-
low my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

6. *Vagabond*: see
K. Henr. 5, 1. 2. 162.
7. *Hereditary and
unconditional
property.*

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why, then, should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

30

Cade. Brave thee! ay, by the best blood that ever was
broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as ⁸a door-nail,
I pray God I may never eat grass more.

8. See 2 K. Henr. 4,
v. 3. 123.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, 'squire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick comparèd with this truncheon;
My ⁹foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heavèd in the air,

41

9. *Is a match for.*

Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth. 50

10. *Amounts to no more than answering: comp. Gr. μεγαλόγλωσσος.*

But as for words, whose greatness ¹⁰answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard!—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned clown in chimes of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God, on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight. Cade falls.*] O, I am slain! famine and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and ¹¹give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled. 62

11. *Let there be given me.*

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as ¹²a herald's coat,
T' emblaze the honour that thy master got.

12. See 1 K. Henr. 4, iv. 2. 41.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all the world to be cowards,—for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.* 72

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge. Die, thou vile wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell. (b)
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king, 80
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exeunt, IDEN dragging out the body, and Servants.*

ACT V.

(*York's victory in the first battle of St Albans. Flight of the King to London.*)

SCENE I.—*Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours; his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right, (a)
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head :
Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and bright ;
To entertain great England's lawful king.
Ah, ¹majesty ! who would not buy thee dear ?
Let them obey that know not how to rule ;
This hand was made to handle naught but gold.
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword or sceptre balance it :
A sceptre shall it have,—have I a soul,—
On which I'll toss the ²flower-de-luce of France.

1. The common text has '*sancta majestas.*'

10

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

[*Aside*] Whom have we here ? Buckingham, to disturb me ?
The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
Or why thou, being a subject as I am,
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

20

York. [*aside*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great :
O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
I am so angry with these abject terms ;
And now, like Ajax ^{*2}Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury !
I am far better born than is the king ;

2. See K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 206. 'Have I' = *as sure as I have.* For 'soul,' Johnson would read 'sword.'

*2. *Son of Telamon:* see the 'Ajax' of Sophocles, 53. sqq.

More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
 But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
 O Buckingham, I prithee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while ;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither
 Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace and to the state.

30

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand ;
 The Duke of Somerset ³is in the Tower.

40

3. See iv. 9. 39.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
 Soldiers, I thank you all ; disperse yourselves ;
 Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,
 You shall have pay and every thing you wish.—

4. Trisyll. : see
above, ii. 2. 23.

And let my sovereign, virtuous ⁴Henry,
 Command my eldest son, nay, all my sons,
 As pledges of my fealty and love ;

50

5. *Willingly,*
gladly : see K.
Rich. 2. iii. 3. 208.

I'll send them all as ⁵willing as I live :
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have,
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission :
 We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm to us,
 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm ?

York. In all submission and humility
 York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring ?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence ;
 And fight against that monstrous rebel Cade,
 Who ⁶since I hear to be discomfited.

61

6. I.e., since I
brought them.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

Iden. If one so rude and of so mean condition
 May press into the presence of a king,

Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God, how just art thou!—

O, let me view his visage, being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.— 70
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name,

A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for this good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*] Iden, rise up
a knight. [*He rises.*]

We give thee for reward a thousand ⁷marks;
And will that thou henceforth attend on us. 80

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the
queen:

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?— 90

False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brook ⁸abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown;

Thy hand is made to grasp a ⁹palmer's staff,

And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

Whose smile and frown, ¹⁰like to Achilles' spear, 100

7. See *K. John*, ii.
1. 539: 'will' =
command.

8. *Ill usage*: here,
to be imposed upon.

9. *Pilgrim's*:
prop., one who
bore a palm-branch,
in memory of
having been in the
Holy Land.

10. See *Propert.*
Eleg., ii. 1. 63.

11. *See above, Scene 1.* Is able with the ¹¹change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
12. *See above, Scene 1.* And with the same to ¹²act controlling laws.
Give place : by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.
Sum. O monstrous traitor !—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown :
Obey, audacious traitor : kneel for grace.
13. *His attendants.* York. Wouldst have me kneel ? first let me ask of ¹³these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.— III I
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail : [*Exit an Attendant.*]
14. *Custody.* I know, ere they will have me go to ¹⁴ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.
15. *See above, III.* *Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford : bid him come ¹⁵again,
16. *See above, III.* To say if that the bastard boys of York (*b*)
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]
17. *See I. I. 47.* York. O blood-bespotted ¹⁶Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge !
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth, 120
Shall be their father's bail : and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys !
18. *As above, III.* *See above, III.* See where they come : I'll ¹⁷warrant they'll make it good.
Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their bail.
- Enter, on one side, EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, (c)
with Forces ; on the other, old CLIFFORD and his Son,
with Forces also.*
- O. *Cliff.* Health and all happiness to my lord the king !
[*Kneels.*]
York. I thank thee, Clifford : say, what news with thee ?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look :
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again ;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.
- O. *Cliff.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake ; 130
But thou mistak'st me much to think I do :—
To ¹⁸Bedlam with him ! is the man grown mad ?
K. *Hen.* Ay, Clifford ; a ¹⁹bedlam and ambitious humour
Makes him oppose himself against his king.
O. *Cliff.* He is a traitor ; ²⁰let him to the Tower,

13. *Asylum for*
Invitations: from
Bedlam, name
of the mad
14. *Sumner: see*
K. Hen. 3. v. 1. 17.
15. *See above, III.*
see K. Hen. 3.
v. 1. 17.

And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve. 140

Rich. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

O. Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the ²¹stake my two brave ²²bears,

That with the very shaking of their chains

They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY, with Forces.

O. Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,

And ²³manacle the bear-herd in their chains,

If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being ²⁴suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourselves to match Lord Warwick.

O. Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,

As crookèd in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon. 160

O. Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to bow?—

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the ^{*24}frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And stain thine honourable age with blood?

21. See *J. Cæs.*, *lv.*

1. 52.

22. See below, 204.

150 23. *Bind*—prop.,
by the hands: *Lat.*,
manus. 'Bear-
herd:' see 2 *K.*
Henr. 4, i. 2. 162;
and *Sch.* 'Lex.'

24. *Allowed to come*
in contact: see 2 *K.*
Henr. 4, ii. 3. 59;
and above, *iii.* 2.
263.

*24. *Grey, hoary.*

25. *Simple* 700.

Why art thou old, and ²⁵want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me.

26. See K. Henr. 5
iv. 1. 465.

That bows unto the grave with ²⁶mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renown'd duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henr. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me? 180

Sal. I have.

K. Henr. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such an
oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;

But ²⁷greater sin to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right:

And have no other reason for this wrong.

190

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mur. A subtle traitor needs no ²⁸sophister.

K. Henr. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

O. Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. ²⁹You were best to go to bed and dream again,
To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

O. Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

200

And that I'll write upon thy ³⁰burgonet.

Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's ³¹badge, old Nevil's crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,—

As on a mountain-top the cedar ³²shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.—
Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

O. Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,

210

27. See R. and Sh.,
Eps. 75, 385.28. *Simple* 700.29. *Simple* 700.
30. *Simple* 700.
31. *Simple* 700.32. Close-fitting
helmet: see Anti., I.
5, 23.

31. See above, 145.

32. *Appears*.

Despite the ³³bear-herd that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious ³⁴fathër,
To quell the rebels and their complices. (*d*)

[*Exeunt severally.*]

33. See above, 150.

34. Trisyll.: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 210; Abb., 478.

SCENE II.—*Saint Alban's.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!

¹An if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,—
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

1. See above, li. 1. 43.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord! what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

10

Enter old CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other ²chase,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

2. *Game.*

War. Then, ³nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.—

3. I.e., *acquit thyself*: comp. Cor., iv. 1. 59.

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit.*]

O. Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so ⁴fast mine enemy.

4. See Cor., ii. 3. 190: comp. '*fast friend*.'

O. Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shown ignobly and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right ⁵express it!

5. *Make it appear.*

O. Clif. My soul and body on the action both !

York. A dreadful ⁶lay !—⁷address thee instantly. (*u*)

[*They fight, and O. CLIFFORD falls and dies.*

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.
Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will ! [*Exit.* 30

Enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on the rout :

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our ⁸part

Hot coals of vengeance !—Let no soldier fly :

He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself

Hath not essentially, but by ⁹circumstance,

The name of valour.—¹⁰O, let the vile world end, 40

[*Seeing his father's body.*

And the ¹¹premisèd flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together !

Now let the ¹²general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To ¹³cease !—Wast thou ordain'd, dear ¹⁴father

To ¹⁵lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of ¹⁶advisèd age,

And, in thy ¹⁷reverence and thy chair-days, thus

To die in ruffian battle ?—Even at this sight

My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 'tis mine, 50

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares ;

No more will I their babes : tears ¹⁸virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft ¹⁹reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many ²⁰gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young ²¹Absyrtus did :

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.— 60

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :

[*Taking up the body.*

6. *Wager.*

7. *Make thyself ready.*

8. *Party.*

9. *Accident.*

10. See B. and Sh., p. 304.

11. *Sent before their time.*

12. See above, iv. 2. 102.

13. *Put an end to :* see above, iii. 2. 306.

14. See above, 1 212.

15. *Waste.*

16. *Cautious.*

17. *Venerable time of life.* 'Chair-days,' see Pt. 1, iv. 5. 5.

18. *Maidenly.*

19. *Subdues, tames.*

20. See iv. 1. 88.

21. Her brother, to prevent her father from pursuing her : see Ov. Trist., iii. 9. 27.

As did ²²Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

22. See J. Cæs., i.
 2. 120.

[*Exit.*

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET *and* SOMERSET *fighting, and*
 SOMERSET *is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there;—
 For underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
 The ²³Castle in Saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, ²⁴hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests ²⁵pray for enemies, but princes kill.

23. See above, i. 4.
 34.

70 24. *Retain thy*
quality of hard-
ness.
 25. See above, i,
 note (d).

[*Exit.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MAR-
 GARET, *and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you're slow; for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we ²⁶outrun the heavens? good Margaret,
 stay.

26. So as to escape
 their decrees.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll nor fight nor fly:
 Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
 To give the enemy way; and to secure us
 By what we can, ²⁷which can no more but fly.

27. Who can do.

[*Alarum afar off.*

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
 Of all our fortunes: but if we haply 'scape,—
 As well we may, if not through your neglect,— 80
 We shall to London get: where you are lov'd;
 And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
 May readily be stopp'd.

Re-enter young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
 I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly:
 But fly you must; uncurable ²⁸discomfit
 Reigns in the hearts of all our present ²⁹part.
 Away, for your relief! and we will live
 To see their ³⁰day, and them our fortune give:
 Away, my lord, away!

28. *Discomfiture,*
discouragement.

29. See above, 35.

30. I.e., of defeat.

[*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Albans.*

Alarbus: retreat. Flourish: then enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with drums and colours.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him,—
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all ¹brush of time,
And, like a gallant in the ²brow of youth,
Repairs him with ³occasion? This happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

Rich. My noble father,—

Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times ⁴bestrid him, thrice I led him off.
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body:—
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, we'll hast thou fought to-day:
⁵By the mass, so did we all—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him that ⁶three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
Well, lords, we have not ⁷got that which we have:
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being ⁸opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them:
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
What says Lord Warwick? shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day: (u)
Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—

Sound drums and trumpets:—and to London all:
And more such days as this to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

1. Injury

2. Brow

3. Whichever
3. Whichever

4. See Act II. 2.
101. 1 K. Henr. 4.
v. 1. 101.

5. See iv. 7. 7.

6. See above, 10.

7. Secured, got full
possession of.

8. Enemies who
will be apt to rally:
see 2 K. Henr. 4.
iv. 1. 17.

NOTES ON KING HENRY VI.

PART II.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "Suffolk's elevation to the rank of duke did not take place till three years afterwards."—COURTENAY, p. 261.

(b) "There is sad confusion here as to Warwick. The Warwick of the play is clearly intended to be the younger Neville, son of Salisbury ; but *he* did not attain the title until 1449 ; Beauchamp, his brother-in-law and predecessor, died in the year of the present scene, 1445 ; but *he* it was who had distinguished himself in France, though it was Neville himself who acquired popularity."—COURTENAY, p. 269.

Scene 3.

(a) This refers to the next scene. "Whatever part Beaufort may have had in that affair, Queen Margaret certainly had none. Though Suffolk announces it to the queen, as a contrivance to get the duchess out of her way, it really occurred three years before she came to England [see Holinshed, p. 204]."—COURTENAY, p. 272.

(b) "The scene of the dropped fan, and the box of the ear, and the descriptive tirade [see above, 72-84, commended by Mrs Jameson as 'a burst of female spite which is admirable'] are imaginary."—COURTENAY, p. 272.

(c) "For," at the beginning of the line above, may have so easily led to its repetition by a careless copyist at the beginning of this, that I have ventured to substitute "since."

Scene 4.

(a) Dyce remarks that the text in that place is “manifestly corrupted and mutilated.” As commonly received, it stands thus:—

“Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain’d
And hardly understood.”

Theobald proposed to read “hardily” in the second line, for the sake of the metre; and this was accepted by Dyce in his first edition: but in his second he rejected it, thinking, with Collier, that “the poet would scarcely have written ‘hardily’ in one line and ‘hardly’ in the next.” I have ventured upon a correction, which, while it meets that objection, remedies the metre, and affords a suitable meaning.

ACT II.—*Scene 1.*

(a) “The second act exhibits the court hawking at St Albans, renews the quarrel between Gloucester and the Cardinal, and exhibits the Queen taking a decided part against the Lord Protector. The Cardinal, churchman as he is, agrees to fight a duel with Gloster; indeed makes the first overture towards this method of settling the dispute, for which there is no known authority. The Queen’s part is taken from Holinshed.”—COURTENAY, p. 275.

(b) Dyce remarks: “I know not how to treat this line, which is unmetrical, and hardly gives the sense required by the context. The earlier editors altered it in two ways, and very violently: Pope reading—

‘Before your highness to present the man;’

And Capell—

*‘Here are the townsmen on procession
Come to present,’ &c.”*

I have ventured to insert “For” before “to,” as a simpler remedy. [I see Keightley has made the same suggestion.]

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) Dyce, Variorum, Globe, Leopold, &c., all following the folio, print “My lords, at once:” with a colon; and Knight has even a full stop. But is this right? Even if it were allowable and Shakspearian English, it is not in keeping with the king’s character to be so peremptory. A comma, which I find only in Schmidt’s Lexicon, gives, I think, the true construction. See note in margin.

(b) I have not scrupled to make that line metrical by printing "note" for "notice." Besides the reference given in the margin, see *King Henry VIII.*, i. 2. 52, and other examples of "note = *intelligence, information, knowledge*," in Schmidt's 'Lex.,' 9.

(c) The reading of that line, as it commonly stands—

"As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege"—

is complained of by Johnson as "very much perplexed," and by M. Mason as "absolutely nonsense." Hanmer proposed "Humphrey's" (*i.e.*, is), which I have followed; and I have also adopted "treason," which occurred to Johnson, but was rejected by him, without, I think, sufficient cause, for "reasons."

Scene 2.

(a) "The obscure story of the arrest and death of Gloucester will, it may be safely assumed, never be cleared up; and the depth of the darkness that covers it has inevitably been made the occasion of broadcast accusations and suspicions of every sort. . . . On the whole, the evidence, both of direct statement and of silence among contemporary writers, tends to the belief that Gloucester's death was owing to natural causes, probably to a stroke of paralysis; his arrest, to some design in which all the leading lords were partakers."—STUBBS, p. 135, and p. 137. Shakspeare has followed Holinshed, who, quoting Hall, says, that "all indifferent persons might well understand that he died some violent death."—P. 211.

(b) "I have already shown [see i. 1, note (b)] that there was no Earl of Warwick in 1447. And I find neither in Holinshed nor in more authentic records any popular commotion or interference on the part of the Commons at this time; I say the Commons, because I think it clear that, though in one place 'the men of Bury' are spoken of [below, in this scene, 241], those who threaten to break into the king's presence are intended to be 'the Commons in Parliament assembled.' . . . Therefore, the language in which Suffolk speaks of the representatives of the people, below, at v. 272, 'Tis like the Commons,' &c., is a gratuitous interpolation by the dramatist. Three years afterwards, it is true, Suffolk was impeached; but no one of the charges against him—which, being in Holinshed, were before Shakspeare—mentions the death of Gloucester."—COURTENAY, p. 283, *sq.* The sentence of Suffolk's banishment, though antedated in the play, *was* passed by the king, or at least pronounced by his immediate command.—See below, act iv. 1, note (h).

(c) Former editors give this line, according to the folio—

“ In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ; ”

and Dyce allows it to remain ; though he mentions Walker's objection to it [‘ Crit. Exam.,’ vol. i. p. 282], “ as containing an erroneous repetition of the word *pain*.” Guided by *Ant. and Cleop.*, i. 1. 41, “ On pain of punishment,” I have changed “ In ” to “ On,” and substituted “ punishment,” for “ pain of death.”

(d) Mrs Jameson, having first satisfied herself that the queen's “ criminal love for Suffolk is a dramatic incident, and not a historical fact,” calls this “ a beautiful parting scene,” p. 370 ; and Mr Courtenay so far concurs as to admit that she is justified in her charitable judgment upon the fact, “ by the silence of Fabyan and others, which the few words of Holinshed, though perhaps founded upon an inveterate tradition, are not sufficient to countervail.” At the same time, he is inclined to challenge the favourable criticism of the scene, not without reason, upon the ground “ that, although there are some beautiful lines in the dialogue, the beauty is not sufficient to overcome the disgust excited by a recollection of the guilt of the parties ” [as represented in the play].—P. 287, *sq.*

Scene 3.

(a) “ This scene has stamped the name of Beaufort with the character of profligate and murderer ; and as if the poet's art were not sufficient, the sister art has been called in aid. [Sir Joshua] Reynolds has done almost as much as Shakspeare to immortalise the dying agonies of the cardinal. But when they portray historical subjects, the poet and the painter must submit to historical criticism.” —COURTENAY, p. 290, *sq.* “ On the 11th April, six weeks after the death of Gloster, the Cardinal of England passed away ; not, as the great poet has described him, in the pangs of a melodramatic despair, but with the same business-like dignity in which for so long he had lived and ruled. As he lay dying in the Wolvesey Palace, at Winchester, he had the funeral-service and the mass of *requiem* solemnised in his presence ; in the evening of the same day he had his will read, in the presence of his household, and the following morning confirmed it in an audible voice ; after which he bade farewell to all, and so died.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 138. On his general character, see Introduction to this play, p. 6.

Of the poetical merits of the scene, Johnson speaks in these glowing terms : “ This is one of the scenes which have been admired by the critics, and which will continue to be admired when prejudices

shall cease, and bigotry give way to impartial examination. These are beauties that arise out of nature and of truth; the superficial reader cannot miss them, the profound can image nothing beyond them."

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "The epithet 'blabbing,' applied to the day by a man about to commit murder, is exquisitely beautiful. Guilt is afraid of light, considers darkness as a natural shelter, and makes the night the confidante of those actions which cannot be trusted to the *tell-tale* day."—JOHNSON.

(b) Dr Schmidt ('Lex.,' s. v. "clip," 2) speaks of that as a dubious passage, which certainly it is. I should be inclined to think that a line has been omitted, and to read—

"Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
O'erspread the graves that in their noisome arms
Clip dead men's bones," &c.

Compare *Ant. and Cleop.*, v. 2. 421—

"No grave upon the earth shall *clip* in it
A pair so famous."

And *Troilus and Cress.*, v. 8. 17—

"The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth."

Dyce, in his note upon line 22, remarks that it is "*certain* that something has dropped out from the text with respect to two other passages of this scene"—viz., at v. 48 and v. 73.

(c) "How had Suffolk any of this blood? If Shakspeare had been well acquainted with this duke's pedigree, I think he would not have failed to make some of his adversaries reproach him with his low extraction. His great-grandfather was a merchant at Hull."—BLAKEWAY.

(d) How can it be said that "the House of York" was "thrust from the Crown" by the murder of King Richard II., who, moreover, certainly was not "a guiltless king"? The claims in the line of York, the fifth son of Edward III., did not arise till his second son, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, became connected with the line of Clarence, the third son of Edward III., through his marriage with Anne, great-granddaughter of Clarence, and daughter of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March. It was the Mortimers, the representa-

tives of the Clarence branch, who were thrust aside by Bolingbroke, when he dethroned Richard II.

(e) This line, in the folio, begins with "Pine," of which nothing can be made. Malone, for want of a better word, suggested "Pæne," which is objectionable, both on other accounts, and because the second syllable is short. "Jam" would give better sense, as referring to the captain's call for Whitmore; and a transcriber who did not understand Latin might easily write it so as to look like "Pine."

(f) "Brutus was the son of Servilia, a Roman lady, who had been concubine to Julius Cæsar."—STEEVENS. There is more reason to believe that Brutus was the son of Sempronia, a licentious woman who carried on an intrigue with Catiline. See Sall., *Bell. Cat.*, cap. 24, 25, 40.

(g) It was not by "savage islanders," but by Pothinus, Theodotus, and Achilles, courtiers of Ptolemy, the young Egyptian king, who were afraid of giving offence to Cæsar if they harboured Pompey after his defeat at Pharsalia, that Pompey was put to death, just as he was landing upon the coast of Egypt; the first blow being struck by Septimius, who had formerly been one of his centurions. See Plutarch, '*Life of Pompey*,' ch. 77, 78.

(h) "The murder of Suffolk seems to have been one of those deeds which are perpetrated by lawlessness usurping the place of law—the wild spirit of revenge claiming the power of justice. We know just enough of it to regard it as one of the ominous signs of perturbed times. It is a symptom of misgovernment and of domestic discord."—Professor REED, p. 164. "The history of the trial and fall of Suffolk . . . is scarcely less obscure, in its deeper and more secret connection with the politics of the time, than is that of the arrest and death of Gloster."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 144. That the king himself ordered him to go into banishment for five years, from May 1, 1450, is certain. "He had six weeks given him to prepare for his departure. After settling his affairs, and writing a beautiful letter of farewell to his infant son, he sailed on April 30. On May 2 he was beheaded, by the crew of a ship that had been waiting to intercept him. There is no evidence whether the act was prompted by the vindictiveness of political rivalry, or by the desire of vengeance for the death of Gloster, or was the mere result of the hatred felt by the sailors of the fleet, . . . or was part of a concerted attempt against the dynasty. . . . Immediately after the death of the Duke of Suffolk, the rebellion of Cade and the Kentish men broke out."—*Ibid.*, vol. iii. p. 149, sq.

Scene 2.

(a) "Wat Tyler's rebellion, some 70 years before, seems to me to have been a much more reputable insurrection than Cade's. Then the populace rose because the power of Government was oppressive upon them; and now, because they felt that the authority of law was too feeble to preserve subordination."—Professor REED, p. 165. "Although, if Holinshed be correct, Cade or his people, when in possession of London, committed disorders of all sorts, incompatible with regular government, their demands, as presented to the king in Council, were not the demands of ignorant levellers. . . . It has been suggested to me by Sir Francis Palgrave, and it seems quite clear, that Shakspeare borrowed his account of Jack Cade's insurrection from that which is given of the rising of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, in the reign of Richard II. [1381]. See Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 737. . . . The connection between the rising of Cade in Kent and the designs of the Duke of York is equally obscure, whether we take the play or the histories. . . . Fabyan and Holinshed (who closely follows him) are pretty nearly adhered to in the narrative of Cade's prowess, the defeat of the Staffords and of Matthew Gough, and the committal [? capture] and murder of Lord Say. . . . About the termination of the rebellion there is some doubt. The Chroniclers say that Cade, as well as his people, accepted the king's pardon (sent, not by Buckingham and Clifford, but by two bishops—see 4. 9), and that he afterwards resumed his arms. All agree that he was slain by Iden, in a garden in Sussex, into which he had, as sheriff, pursued him."—COURTENAY, pp. 301-306.

Scene 9.

(a) "Of Somerset we really know nothing, but that he was an unfortunate commander, and so he is represented."—COURTENAY, p. 314.

Scene 10.

(a) I have allowed "bravely" to stand; though I concur with Walker in asking, "What has it to do here?" Mr Lettsom suggests "toil'd." I would rather conjecture "dry as hay by marching." Compare *Macbeth*, i. 3. 18—"I will drain him dry as hay."

(b) I had marked that and the foregoing line for omission, on account of the shocking sentiments which they express; but, on reconsideration, I allow them to remain, because if *anything could* justify them, it is inexpiable crime, such as that of which Cade had been guilty, involving so large an amount of misery and violent

death as is inseparable from rebellion and civil war. And the little that we see of Iden is scarcely such as to lead us to expect in him the true type of Christian character.

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "It is now [1450] that Richard, Duke of York [son of Richard Earl of Cambridge, who married Anne Mortimer], first comes prominently on the stage. He was about 40 years of age, and had been for 15 years in public employments, as Regent of France or Lieutenant of Ireland. In both capacities he had shown good ability; and in France especially his administration, which came to an end shortly after Henry's marriage, and before the loss of Normandy, had been fairly successful. Whatever credit it really deserved, it shone conspicuously in contrast with the luckless administration of Somerset; and York's popularity was in some measure the result of the mistrust inspired by his rival. For the two dukes were rivals in more ways than one. They were the nearest kinsmen of the king; the male line of Edward III. had run into two branches: of the posterity of John of Gaunt, Somerset [as a Beaufort], after the king himself, was the male representative; the Duke of York represented the descendants of Edmund of Langley [Duke of York, 5th son of Edward III.]. It is true that York, as representing the Mortimers, and through them the line of Lionel of Clarence [3d son of Edward III.], had a prior claim to the crown; and in case of the king dying childless, the question of the rights of that line would have to be decided. . . . Now that Henry had been married for five years without issue, the question of the succession could not fail to be constantly before the minds of both competitors. With Somerset it was more than a question of succession,—it was a question of existence: the House of York would not be likely to tolerate the continued influence of the bastard line [the Beauforts being the natural, but afterwards legitimatised, sons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford]. . . . York was tired of Ireland, where his friends thought him an exile: Somerset had let France slip out of his hands. It was a race who should come home first, and take the kingdom in hand. York seems to have reached England before his rival; but Somerset had a strong ally in the queen, and he was not far behind. . . . York's chief allies were the Nevilles—the Earl of Salisbury, his brother-in-law; and the Earl of Warwick, his nephew. The Duke of Norfolk also was inclined to support him."—STUBBS, vol. iii. pp. 153-157. The following events

require to be mentioned here. Henry falls ill, and becomes unable to govern, 1453. In October of that year the queen gives birth to her only child—the unfortunate Prince Edward. In 1454, the Duke of York is appointed to a limited protectorate of the realm. The next year Henry recovers. York is dismissed, and Somerset, who had been imprisoned in December 1453, is released, and returns to power. York, Salisbury, and his son, Warwick, take up arms to protect the king, but really against Somerset. First battle of St Albans was fought on May 22, 1455.

(b) There was nothing, I believe, to justify the epithet which the queen here applies to York's issue; and it shows a licentious imagination (in keeping with the character which Shakspeare has assigned to her) to give vent to such reproaches, with or without a cause. The Duke of York had married Cicely, daughter of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, by whom, besides *Edward*, Edmund, George, and *Richard*, who appear in the next part of this play, he had 4 other sons, and 4 daughters, most of whom died young. See Pt. 3, iii. 2. 131, and Ritson's note, Var. edit., xviii, 410.

(c) "For the arrival of Edward and Richard Plantagenet at this critical moment there is no sufficient foundation. . . . Edward was at this time only 14 years old at the most, and Richard not 4."—COURTENAY, vol. i. p. 310.

(d) On the lines there omitted, see B. and Sh., p. 351. They are as follows:—

Rich. Fie! charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.
Y. Clif. Foul 'stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.
Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell."

From these flippant and profane words which the poet here puts into Richard's mouth, as well as from line 71 of the next scene, it would seem as if he desired thus early to foreshadow his wicked and godless disposition; as he also announces here, and above, in line 158, his misshapen body.

Scene 2.

(a) The common text has there the French words, "*La fin couronne les œuvres*," put into the mouth of O. Clifford, which have an effect bordering on the ludicrous. Comp. Pt. 3, i. 3. 48.

"The events of dramatic battles are generally fanciful. Clifford

¹ I.e., *branded by nature with deformity*. See above, 158, and Pt. 3, ii. 2. 96, and 136.

and Somerset, however, are correctly named among the slain; though there is as little ground for ascribing Clifford's death to York [see Pt. 3, i. 1. 9] as there is for attributing that of Somerset to his infant son Richard."—COURTENAY, p. 313.

Scene 3.

(a) "Although in itself little more than a skirmish which lasted half an hour, and cost comparatively little bloodshed, the first battle of St Albans sealed the fate of the kingdom; the Duke of York was completely victorious; the king remained a prisoner in his hands, and he recovered at once all the power that he had lost."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 171. This battle, fought in 1455, is regarded as the beginning of the civil war, which, taken in its full extent, down to the battle of Bosworth Field, 1485, occupied a period of 30 years.

THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Those marked * appeared in *Second Part*.

KING HENRY the Sixth.*

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his son.

LOUIS XI., King of France.

DUKE OF SOMERSET. (See iv. i. 123, note.)

DUKE OF EXETER.

EARL OF OXFORD.

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

LORD CLIFFORD.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET,* Duke of York.

EDWARD,* Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.,

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

GEORGE, afterwards Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD,* afterwards Duke of Gloster,

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF WARWICK.*

MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE, his younger brother.

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

LORD HASTINGS, brother-in-law of Warwick.

LORD STAFFORD.

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } uncles to the Duke of York.

SIR HUGH MORTIMER, }

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, a youth.

LORD RIVERS [Antony Woodville], brother to Lord Grey.

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland. Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower. A nobleman.

Two Keepers. A huntsman.

A Son that has killed his father.

A Father that has killed his son.

QUEEN MARGARET.*

LADY GREY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

BONA, sister to the French Queen.

Soldiers, Attendants, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.

SCENE—*During part of the third act in France; during the rest of the play in England.*

THE THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.

(*War continued between the two factions. Battle of Wakefield, where York loses his son Rutland, and himself is captured and put to death.*)

SCENE I.—*London. The Parliament-house.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break in. Then enter the Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,

He slily stole away, and left his men :

Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,

¹Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all a-breast,

Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of Buckingham, 10

Is either slain or wounded dangerous ;

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow :

1. See Pt. 2, v. 2.
28, note (a), and
comp. below, 55.

That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody sword.*]

2. *Brother-in-law.*
'Battles' = *armies*.
see K. Henr. 5.
Chor. (4) 9.

Mont. [*to York, showing his*] And, ²brother, here's the
Earl of Wiltshire's blood,

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[*Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's head.*]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—

Is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norfolk. Such hap have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head. 20

War. And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,

Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven these eyes shall never close.

3. *Cowardly.*

This is the palace of the ³fearful king,

And this the regal seat: possess it, York;

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.

York. Assist me, then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

For hither we have broken in by force.

Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die. 30

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk:—stay by me, my lords;—

And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.

[*The Soldiers retire.*]

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words or blows here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,

Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,

40

And bashful ⁴Henry depos'd, whose cowardice

Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

The proudest ⁵he that holds up Lancaster,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake ⁶his bells.

I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—

5. *Man*: see below,
ii. 2. 97.

6. *Like a hawk.*
'Plant Pl.': play
on words, and
reference to origin
of name: see Stu-
dent's Hume, p. 107.

Resolve thee, Richard ; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits, 50
Even in the chair of state ! belike he means—
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer—
T' aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father ;
And thine, ⁷Lord Clifford ; and you both have vow'd
Revenge on him, his sons, and favourites.

7. See above, 7.

North. If I be not, heaven be reveng'd on me !

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford ⁸mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this ? let's pluck him down :
My heart for anger burns ; I cannot brook it. 60

8. I.e., for his father—in armour = ready to fight.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. ⁹Patiënce is for ¹⁰póltroons, such as he :
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

9. Trisyll. : see Walker, ii. 25.
10. Cowards.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin : be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck ?

Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a ¹¹shambles of the parliament-house ! 71
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

11. Used as sing. though really plur. of shamble = butcher's bench or stall.

[*They advance to the Duke.*

Thou factious Duke of York, ¹²descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet ;
I am thy sovereign.

12. Used here trans. like 'ascend.'

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd ; I'm thine.

Exe. For shame, come down : he made thee Duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the ¹³earldom was.

Exe. Thy ¹⁴father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou'rt a traitor to the crown

13. Of March, from his mother, Anne Mortimer.

14. Earl of Cambridge : see K. Henr. 5, ii. 2. 146.

15. Trisyll. : see Ft.
2, v. 1. 48.

In following this usurping ¹⁵Henrÿ.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard Duke of York.

K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so: content thyself.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster; let him be king.

West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget 90
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace-gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember't to my grief;
And, by ¹⁶his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge ¹⁷it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger 100
As shall revenge ¹⁸his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you ^{*18}we show our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March:
I am the son of ¹⁹Henrÿ the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces. 110

War. Talk not of France, ²⁰sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The ²¹lord protector lost it, and not I:
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You're old enough now, yet, methinks, you ²²lose.—
Tear the crown, father, from th' usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. [to York] Good ²³brother, as thou lov'st and hon-
our'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace! 120

16. I.e., my
father's.

17. To Warwick:
see 90.

18. My father's.

*18 Ellipse of *that*.

19. See above, 82.

20. Old form of
since: Abb., 132.

21. Somerset: see
1st. 2, iii. 1. 85.

22. Have the worst:
see K. Rich. 2, ii.
84.

23. See above, 14.

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: ²⁴hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

24. Dissyll.: see Abb., 480.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly throne,
Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?
No; first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords? 130
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellìon against his king.

K. Hen. [*aside*] I know not what to say; my title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. ²⁵An if he may, then am I lawful king;
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to ²⁶Henry the Fourth,
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

25. See Pt. 2, ii. 1. 130.

140 26. See above, 108.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. ²⁷Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you 'twere prejudicial to the throne? (*a*)

27. Even suppose he did it freely, it was *ultra vires* to prejudice the right succession to the throne.

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not? 150

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. [*aside*] All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, ²⁸for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so depos'd.

28. *Notwithstanding*: see Abb., 154.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern power,
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong, 160
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armèd men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with ²⁹usurping blood. 170

[*He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me but one word :—
Let me for this my lifetime reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content : Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease. (b)

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son !

War. What good is this to England and himself !

West. Base, ³⁰fearful, and despairing ³¹Henry !

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us ! 180

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands, for this unmanly deed !

Clif. In dreadful war mayst thou be overcome,
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despis'd !

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not. 190

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter !

War. Why should you sigh, my Lord ?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick, but my son,

29. *The blood of
those who have
usurped it.*

30. See above, 25.
31. See 140.

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But, be it as it may :—I here entail

The crown ³²to thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

And ³³neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I ³⁴willingly take, and will perform.

[*Coming from the throne.*

War. Long live King Henry !—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons !

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make them foes !

[*The Lords come forward.*

York. Farewell, my gracious lord ; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiërs.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks ³⁵bewray her anger :

I'll steal away.

[*Going.*

K. Hen. So, Exeter, will I.

[*Going.*

Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of Wales.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be ³⁶patient in such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had died a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father !

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus ?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have ³⁷left thy dearest heart-blood (c),

32. Addressing York.

200

33. As monosyll. : see Abb., 466.

34. As dissyll. : see below, 2. 41.

210

35. Discover : see Cor., v. 3. 106.

220

36. On scansion see above, 62.

37. Parted with : see Cor., ii. 3. 178. On 'dear,' Abb., 480.

38. As monosyll.:
see Abb., 466.

³⁸ Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :

If you be king, why should not I succeed ? 230

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me, sweet son :—
The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd ?
I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of York such ³⁹head,

As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

T' ⁴⁰entail him and his heirs unto the crown,

What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,

And creep into it far before thy time ? 240

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;

Stern ⁴¹Falconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ;

And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds

The trembling lamb environèd with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes

Before I would have ⁴²granted to that act.

But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour :

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself 250

Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,

Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords that have forsworn thy colours

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;

And spread they shall be,—to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away ;

Our army's ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak, 260

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee
gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll see your grace : till then I'll follow her.

39. *Liberty of
motion* : met. from
horsemanship.

40. *Appoint as
hereditary pos-
sessor.*

41. Thomas Nevil,
natural son of
Lord F.

42. *Said 'yes' to* : a
singular use.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt* Queen MARGARET and the Prince.]

K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,

Whose haughty spirit, wingèd with desire,

270

Will ⁴³cost my crown, and like an empty eagle

⁴⁴Tire on the flesh of me and of my son!

The loss of those ⁴⁵three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and ⁴⁶entreat them fair:—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

43. *Accost* = make up to: see Spenser, *F. Q.*, vi. 2. 32: Dyce, conj. 'souse.' see *K. John*, v. 2, 151.
44. *Seize and feed on*: comp. *tear*.
45. *West., North., and Cliff.*: see 181-3.
46. *Bespeak them kindly*.

SCENE II.—*A room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.*

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and ¹brother! at a strife?

1. *Mont.*: see 1. 14.

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace and us,—
The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy? not till King ²Henry be dead.

10 2. See above, i. 140.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But, for a kingdom, an oath ³may be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

3. See B. and Sh., p. 363: *Edw.* was now 18, but *Rich.* only 8 years old.

York. Thou canst not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority o'er him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to ⁴depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown ;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest
Until the white rose that I wear be dy'd
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

30

York. Richard, enough ; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And ⁵whet-on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt unto the Duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord of Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will ⁶willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldièrs,
⁷Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king ⁸not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

40

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay : what news ?—Why com'st thou in such ⁹post ?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and lords

¹⁰Intend here to besiege you in your castle :

50

She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;

And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What ! think'st thou that
we fear them ?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—

My brother Montague shall post to London :

Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,

Whom we have left protectors of the king,

4. *Swear.*

5. *Excite* : see Pt.
2, ii. 1. 35.

6. See i. 203.

7. *Knowing,*
sagacious.

8. *Be not* : see
K. Rich. 2, iv. 1.
131 ; Abb., 95 and
377.

9. *Haste* : see K.
Rich. 2, ii. 1. 299.

10. Comp. K. John,
iii. 1. 301 ; and see
vol. i., p. xxxii.

With ¹¹powerful policy strengthèn themselves,
And trust not simple Henry nor his ¹²oaths. (*a*)

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

11. 'Powerful' and
'policy,' both as
dissyll.

12. See i. 175; ii.
1. 119.

60
[*Exit.*

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
You're come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need:
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

70

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncles, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

¹³Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success? [*Exeunt.*

13. See Abb., 116;
B. and Sh., p. 21.

SCENE III.—*Plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor. (*a*)

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor, look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursèd duke,
Whose father slew my father,—he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him!

Tut. Ah, Clifford, murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man!

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is't fear 10
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

1. Comp. Milton's
Lycidas, 128.

That trembles under his ¹devouring paws ;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look !
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die !—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath :
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

20

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy ; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again :
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not revenge sufficient for me ;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul ;
And till I root out their accurs'd line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—

30

[*Lifting his hand.*]

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death !—
To thee I pray ; sweet Clifford, pity me !

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm : why wilt thou slay me ?

Clif. Thy father ²hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born. 40

Thou hast one son,—for his sake pity me ;
Lest in revenge thereof,—³sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days ;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause !

Clif. No cause !

Thy father slew my father ; therefore, die. (*b*) [*Stabs him.*
Plantagenet ! I come, Plantagenet !

50

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade
Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*]

2. I.e., *done me*
harm.

3. See above, 1. 1.
111.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the plains near Sandal Castle.*

Alarums. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field :
 My ¹uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starvèd wolves.
 My sons,—God knows what hath bechancèd them :
 But this I know, they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown by life or death.
 Three times did Richard make ²a lane to me,
 And thrice cried, "Courage, father! fight it out!"
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cried, "Charge! and give no foot of ground!"
 Edward, "A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
 A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!"
 With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!
 We ³bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

1. See above, i. 2.
68.

2. A way through
the enemy.
10

3. I.e., budged, re-
treated: see Cor.,
i. 6. 54.
20

[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury:
 And were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 The sands are number'd that make up my life;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage:
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

30

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, show'd unto my father.
 Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,

4. Point of the dial.

And made an evening at the noontide ⁴prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix', may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can fly no further; 40
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this!

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word, 49
But ⁵buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*

5. Join in close fight: see Pt. 1, i. 2, 95.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf:—speak thou, Northumberland.

6. To erect, point.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To ⁶prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin. 60

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'ermatch'd.

7. Reproach.

And ten to one is no ⁷impeach of valour. (a)

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,
Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That ⁸raught at mountains with outstretchèd arms,

Yet ⁹parted but the shadow with his hand.—

What! was it you that would be England's king? (b) 70

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,

8. See K. Henr. 5, iv. 6. 21.

9. Cut in two by extending his hand.

And made a preachment of your high descent?
 Where are your ¹⁰mess of sons to back you now?
 The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
 And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
 Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
 Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York: I stain'd this ¹¹napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I prithee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 What! hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldst be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:
 York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
 A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him:—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sirs, now looks he like a king!
 Ay, this is he that took King Henry's ¹²chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—
 But how is it that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king
 Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you ¹³pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 'tis a fault too-too unpardonable!—
 Off with the crown, and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to ¹⁴do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes. 110

10. *Prop. portion of food*: see Gen. xxxlii. 44; thence party at table (espec. of four, in ref. to York's four sons); see K. John, i. i. 191.

11. *Handkerchief*.

80

90

100

12. *Throne*: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 4. 234.

13. *Enclose*: see K. Henr. 5, Chor. (5), 10.

14. *Kill*: comp. Pt. 2, iii. 2. 180.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !
How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex

15. See *Aut.*, iii. 6.
109.

To triumph, like an Amazonian ¹⁵trull,

16. *Like a mask.*

Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !

17. *Habitual practice.*

But that thy face is, ¹⁶visard-like, unchanging,

Made impudent with ¹⁷use of evil deeds,

I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

18. 'Thou' omitted : see Walker,
iii. 165.

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert ¹⁸not shameless.

19. *Distinguishing mark = crown :*
see *Pt.* 2, i. 1. 45.

Thy father bears the ¹⁹type of King of Naples,

121

Of both the Sicils and Jerusalem ;

Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;

Unless the adage must be verified,—

That beggars mounted run their horse' to death.

'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;

*19. See *K. John*, v.
7. 63.

But, God *¹⁹he knows, thy share thereof is small :

'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;

130

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :

20. *Self-control :*
see 1 *K. Henr.* 4, iii.
1. 187.

'Tis ²⁰government that makes them seem divine ;

The want thereof makes thee abominable :

Thou art as opposite to every good

As the Antipodes are unto us,

21. *North : Lat.,*
'septentrio.'

Or as the south to the ²¹septentrion.

O tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide ! (c)

How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,

And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?

140

Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;

Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

Bidd'st thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish ;

Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will :

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,

And when the rage allays, the rain begins.

These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;

And every drop cries vengeance for his death,

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false Frenchwoman.

North. ²²Beshrew me, but his ²³passions move me so 150
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of ²⁴his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—

O, ten times more,—than ²⁵tigers of Hyrcania.

See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :

This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.

Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

[*Giving back the handkerchief.*

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right, 160

Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears ;

Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,

And say, "Alas, it was a piteous deed!"—

There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse ;

[*Giving back the paper crown.*

And in thy need such comfort come to thee

As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—

Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world :

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him, 170

To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, ²⁶weeping-ripe, my Lord Northumber-
land ? 26. *Ready to weep.*

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,

And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for ²⁷my oath, here's for my father's death. 27. See Pt. 2, v. 2.
49, *sqq.*

[*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy ²⁸gate of mercy, gracious God !

My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

28. See K. Henr. 5,
iii. 2. 10.

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

ACT II.

(Victory of Yorkists in the battle of Towton. Yorkshire makes Edward king.)

SCENE I. *A plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire. (a)*

Drums. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with their Forces, marching.

Edw. I wonder how our princely father 'scap'd,
Or whether he be 'scap'd away or no
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit:
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be ¹resolv'd
²Where our right valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him how he singled Clifford forth.
Methought he ³bore him in the thickest troop
As doth a lion in a herd of ⁴neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,—
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So far'd our father with his enemies;
So fled his enemies my warlike father:
Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.—

See how the ⁵Morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious Sun!
How well resembles ⁶it the prime of youth,
⁷Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love!

Edw. ⁸Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns? (b)

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
Not separated ⁹with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:

1. Satisfied, freed from doubt.

2. See below, iv. 4. 25.

3. Behaved.

4. Horned cattle: see J. Cus., i. 1. 27.

5. Aurora.

6. I.e., the sun.

7. Arrayed. 'Younker' = stripping. see 1 K.

Heur. 4, iii. 3. 75.

8. Are m. e. become dim-sighted?

9. By: Abb., 193. 'Racking' = fleet-ing.

10

20

30

Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun :—
In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
I think it cites us, brother, to the field,—
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our ¹⁰meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

10. *Mérit.*

40

Enter a Messenger.

Rich. Say what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker-on
¹¹Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
Your princely father and my loving lord!

11. See above, i. 2.
74.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

Mess. Environèd he was with many foes;
And stood against them as the ¹²hope of Troy
Against the Greeks that would have enter'd Troy.

50

12. *Hector.*

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.

By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ¹³ireful arm

13. *Angry.*

Of unrelenting Clifford and the queen,
Who ¹⁴crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;

14. See i. 4. 94.

Laugh'd in his face; and when with grief he wept,

60

The ruthless queen gave him to dry his cheeks
A napkin steepèd in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:

And after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They ¹⁵took his head, and on the gates of York

15. *Took off.*

They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York, our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
O Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain

70

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 For hand to hand he would have vanquish'd thee !—
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, ¹⁶would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closèd up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again.

16. *How I wish
she would.*

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart : 80
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden ;
 For selfsame wind that I should speak withal
 Is kindling coals that ¹⁷fire all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
 To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge for me !—
 Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll 'venge thy death,
 Or die renownèd by attempting it.

17. *Dissyll. : see
Abb., 480.*

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee ;
 His dukedom and his ¹⁸chair with me is left. 90

18. *Throne.*

19. *Young off-
spring : see 1 K.
Henr. 4, v. 1. 61.*

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's ¹⁹bird,
 Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say, (c)
 Either ²⁰that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

20. *All that those
words convey.*

March. Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE, with Forces.

21. *See Pt. 2, iii. 1.
223.*

War. How now, ²¹fair lords ! What fare ? what news
 abroad ?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance
 Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant lord, the Duke of York is slain ! 100

22. *Esteemed.*

23. *See above, l. 4.
108.*

Edw. O Warwick, Warwick ! that Plantagenet,
 Which ²²held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord Clifford ²³done to death.

24. *Since.*

25. *December 1460.*

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears ;
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things ²⁴sith then befall'n.
 After the ²⁵bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
 Were brought me of your loss and his ²⁶depart.
 I, then in London, keeper of the king,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
 And very ²⁷well appointed, as I thought,
 March'd toward Saint Alban's t' intercept the queen,
 Bearing the king in my ²⁸behalf along;
 For by my scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming with a full intent
 To ²⁹dash our late decree in parliament
 Touching King Henry's ³⁰oath and your succession.
 Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met, (*d*)
 Our ^{*30}battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives, "Blood and death,"
 I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thrasher with a flail—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, ³¹in them, no hope to win the day;
 So that we fled; the king unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the ³²marches here we heard you were
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with his power;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy, (*e*)
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:

I 10 26. *Departure, death.*

27. See 2 K. Henr. 4, 1. 1. 201.

28. *Interest.*

29. *Destroy, frustrate.*

I 20 30. See i. 1. 196;
2. 59.

*30. See above, 1. 1. 15.

I 30

31. *By their means.*

I 40 32. *Borders:* see K. Henr. 5, 1. 2. 142.

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er till now his scandal of retire. 150

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous and as bold in war
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick; blame me not:
'Tis love I bear thy glories makes me speak.

But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, 160

And wrap our bodies in black mourning-gowns,
Numbering our ³³ Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
³⁴ Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say "Ay," and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.

³⁵ Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds, 170
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,
His ³⁶ oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure, 180

Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,
Why, ³⁷ *Via!* to London will we march ³⁸ again;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, "Charge! upon our foes!"
But never once again turn back and fly.

Rich. Ay, now methinks I hear great Warwick speak:
Ne'er may he live to see a ³⁹ sunshine day,
That cries, "Retire," if Warwick bid him stay.

33. See Pt. 2, l. 3.
53.

34. *Count, reckon;*
wp.

35. *Listen to.*
'Haught' =
haughty: see Pt.
2, l. 3.

36. See above, 119.

37. *On!* Ital. cry
of encouragement.
38. See Pt. 2, ill. 1.
282.

39. See K. Rich. 2,
iv. 1. 223.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st,—as God forbid the hour!— 190
Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke of York:
Thy next degree is England's royal throne;
For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that ⁴⁰throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

40. See Pt. 2, iv. 8.
15; Cor., i. 1. 218;
ii. 1. 96.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and ⁴¹about our task. 200

41. Set about.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,—
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,—
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up drums:—God and Saint George
for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now! what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you word by me
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why, then it ⁴²sorts, brave warriors: let's away.

42. It fits = things
are as they should
be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Flourish. *Enter* King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince
of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear ¹their
wreck:—

1. The destruction
they inflict.

To see this sight, it ²irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Nor willingly have I infring'd my vow.

2. Grieves.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

10

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
 Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
 Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
 Not his that spoils her young before her face.
 Who escapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
 Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
 The smallest worm will turn being trodden on,
 And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

3. *Aim at.*

Ambitious York did ³level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows:
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
 Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

20

4. *Irrational.*

⁴Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
 Which ⁵sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
 For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
 Were it not pity that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
 And long hereafter say unto his child,

30

5. *At other times.*

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got
 My careless father fondly gave away"?
 Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

40

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear
 That things ill-got had ever bad success?
 And happy always was it for that son
 Whose father for his hoarding lost his soul?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;
 And would my father had left me no more!

50

For all the rest is held at such a rate
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
 Ah, cousin York! would thy best friends did know
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your ⁶spirits: our foes are ⁶. As monosyll.
 nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
 Unsheathe your sword, and dub him presently.—
 Edward, kneel down.

60

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight; (*a*)
 And learn this lesson,—draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
 I'll draw it as ⁷apparent to the crown,
 And in that quarrel use it ⁸to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a ⁹toward prince.

7. *Heir-ap.*: see

Pt. 2, i. l. 150.

8. See *K. John*, i. l.

153.

9. *Forward*, bold.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness:

For with a band of thirty thousand men
 Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York;

And in the towns, as they do march along,

70

Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:

¹⁰Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would ¹¹depart the field:

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution, then, to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And ¹²hearten those that fight in your defence:

79

Unsheathe your sword, good father; cry, "Saint George!"

10. *Range*, set out.

'Battle:' see

above, l. 121.

11. *Leave*: see 2 *K.**Henr.* 4, iv. 4. 230.12. *Encourage*.

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, WARWICK,
 NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
 And set thy diadem upon my head;
 Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy!

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent:

13. *Which time.*

Since ¹³when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, 90
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament, (*b*)
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And ¹⁴reason, too:

14. See Pt. 2, iv. 2.
152.

Who should succeed the father but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak!

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,

15. See above, i. 1.
46.

Or any ¹⁵he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight. 100

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare
you speak?

16. See i. 120.

When you and I ¹⁶met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.

17. See i. 102.

Rich. Northumberland, I ¹⁷hold thee reverently.—

Break off the parle; for scarce I can refrain 110

The execution of my big-swoln heart

Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father,—call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;

But ere sun set I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me
speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy lips.

18. *Impose no l. on,
do not dictate to me
what I am to say.*

K. Hen. I prithee, ¹⁸give no limits to my tongue:

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. 120

Clif. My liege, the wounds that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy sword :
By Him that made us all, I am ¹⁹resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood ²⁰lies upon his tongue.

19. *No longer in doubt* : see 1. 9.
20. *Consists merely in words.*

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my rights, or no ?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day
That ne'er shall dine unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head ;
For York in justice puts his armour on.

130

Prince. If that be right which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands ;
For, well I ²¹wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

21. See B. and Sh.,
p. 44.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam ;
But like a foul mis-shapen ²²stigmatic,
Mark'd by the Destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful ²³stings.

22. See Pt. 2, v. 1.
216 ; in note.

23. See Pt. 2, iii. 2.
326.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,—

140

As if a channel should be call'd the sea,—
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art ²⁴extraught,
To let thy tongue ²⁵detect thy base-born heart ?

24. *Derived* : part
of 'extract.'

25. *Disclose, show.*

Edw. A ²⁶wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless ²⁷callet know herself.—

26. *Small twist, for correction* : see
Nares's Gloss., s. v.
27. See Pt. 2, i. 3.
80.

Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman as this king by thee.

His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop ;
And had ²⁸he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day ;

150

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And ²⁹grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine ³⁰brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

28. I.e., '*this king*'
married.

29. *Honoured—by marrying his daughter.*

30. *Fig., contrived, prepared.* 'Forth :'
see K. Rich. 2,
iii. 2. 205, sq.

For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride ?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept ;

160

And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had ³¹slipp'd our claim until another age.

31. *Neglected, allowed to pass unnoticed.*

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root;
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never ³²leave till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

32. *Leave off, cease:*
see K. Rich. 2, v. 2.
4.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou ³³deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or else a grave.

170

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, we'll no longer stay:
These words will cost ten thousand lives this day. [*Exeunt.*]

33. *Forbiddest:*
see above, 119.

SCENE III.—*A field of battle between Towton and Saxton,
in Yorkshire. (a)*

Alarums: excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. ¹Forspent with toil, as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, ²spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

1. See 2 K. Henr. 4,
i. 1. 43.

2. See K. John, v.
4. 5.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

10

Edw. Bootless is flight,—they follow us with wings;
And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy ³brother's blood the thirsty ⁴earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;

3. A natural son of
Salisbury, not men-
tioned elsewhere.
4. See B. and Sh.,
p. 316.

And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,
Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,
“Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!”

So, underneath the belly of ⁵their steeds,
That stain’d their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:

I’ll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

And ⁶look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play’d in jest by counterfeiting actors?

Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I’ll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos’d these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

And in this vow do chain my soul to ⁷thine!—

And, ere my knee rise from the earth’s cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,

Thou ⁸setter-up and plucker-down of kings,—

Beseeching Thee, if with Thy will it stands

That to my foes this body must be prey,

Yet that the brazen gates of heaven may ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,

Where’er it be, in heaven or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:

I, that did never weep, now melt with woe

That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Geo. ⁹Yet let us all together to our troops,

And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

And call them ¹⁰pillars that will stand to us;

And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

As victors wore at the Olympian games:

This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory.—

¹¹Forslow no longer, ¹²make we hence amain.

20 5. *The enemies’.*

6. See K. Rich. 2,
iv. 1. 240.

30

7. For similar re-
petition, see l. 52.

8. Applied to War-
wick, below, iii. 3.
159, but here ad-
dressed to God: see
B. and Sh., p. 181.

40

9. *Notwithstanding our defeat*: see
9.

10. See S. Paul in
Gal. ii. 9.

11. *Delay*: Abb.,
441.

12. *Remove quickly*:
see l. 182.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the field.**Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.*

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
 Suppose this arm is for the Duke of York,
 And this for Rutland ; both bound to revenge,
 Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
 This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York ;
 And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland ;
 And here's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
 And ¹cheers these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
 To execute the like upon thyself ;
 And so, ²have at thee !

10

[*They fight. WARWICK enters ; CLIFFORD flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other ³chase ;
 For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the field.**Alarums. Enter King HENRY.*

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
 When dying clouds contend with growing light,
 What time the shepherd, ¹blowing of his nails,
 Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
 Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
 Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea
 Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind :
 Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind ;
 Now one the better, then another best ;
 Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
 Yet neither conqueror nor conquer'd :
 So is the equal poise of this fell war.
 Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
 To whom God will, there be the victory !
 For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

10

1. *Encourages.*2. See Pt. 2, ii. 3:
89.3. *Game*: see Pt. 2,
v. 2. 14.1. See Love's L.
Lost, v. 2. 922.

Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both
 They prosper best of all when I am thence.
 Would I were dead ! if God's good will were so ;
 For what is in this world but grief and woe ?
 O God ! methinks it were a happy life, (*a*)
 To be no better than a homely swain ;
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run,—
 How many make the ²hour full complete ;
 How many hours bring about the day ;
 How many days will finish up the year ;
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times,—
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;
 So many hours must I take my rest ;
 So many hours must I cóntemplate ;
 So many hours must I sport myself ;
 So many days my ewes have been with young ;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will ³yea ;
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece :
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
 Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !
 Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their ⁴silly sheep,
 Than dóth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery ?
 O, yes, it doth ; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His ⁵wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which ⁶secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couchèd in a ⁷curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

20

30

40

50

2. Here dissyll.,
and so in the fol-
lowing lines.

3. *Bring forth.*

4. *Harmless, in-
nocent.*

5. Comp. 2 K. Henr.
4, iii. 1. 9.
6. Adj. and adv.
combined : Abb., 1.

7. *Elegant.*

Alarums. Enter a Son that has killed his father, bringing in the dead body. (b)

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessèd with some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man to me.—
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict unawares I've kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereavèd him.—
Pardon me, God, I ⁸knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words till they have flow'd their fill.

60

70

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs ⁹abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father that has killed his son, bringing in the dead body.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see: is this a foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye! see, see what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and ¹⁰heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What ¹¹stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,

80

8. See Pt. 2, iv. 4.
37.

9. Bear the consequence of: 'Quicquid delirant reges,' &c.; Hor.,
1 Ep., ii. 14.

10. For similar repetition, see i. 52;
3. 34; 6. 25, and 70.

11. Dreadful deeds: comp. 2 K. Henr. 4,
i. 1. 11.

Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 90
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget! (c)

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!—

O, pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses:

The one his purple blood right well resembles;

The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth: 100

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish;

If you contend, a thousand lives must perish.

Son. How will my mother for a father's death

¹²Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

12. *Be enraged at.*

Fath. How will my wife for slaughter of my son

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country for these woful chances

¹³Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

13. *Misjudge: see*
Ant., v. 2. 207.

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son? 110

K. Hen. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,—

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go;

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;

And so ¹⁴obsequious will thy father be,

14. *Here, careful of*
thy obsequies.

E'en for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons. 120

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
of WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord; towards Berwick post
¹⁵amain:

15. See 3. 56.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

Having the fearful flying hare in sight, 130

With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,

16. See 1. 57.

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ¹⁶ireful hands,

Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:

Nay, stay not to expostulate,—make speed;

Or else come after: I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go

Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the field.*

A loud alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out,—ay, here it dies,
 Which, whiles it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster, I fear thy overthrow

More than my body's parting with my soul!

1. I.e., the love and
 fear of me: see Pt.
 2, iii. 1. 281.

¹My love and fear glu'd many friends to thee;

And, now I fall, that ²tough commixture melts.

2. I.e., the many
 friends joined to
 thee.

Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud York,

The common people swarm like summer flies;

And whither fly the gnats but to the sun?

And who shine now but Henry's enemies?

10

O Phoebus, hadst thou never given consent

That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,

Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth!

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father and his father did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York,

I and ten thousand in this luckless realm

Had left no widows mourning for our deaths;

And thou this day hadst kept thy ³chair in peace.

3. Throne: see
 above, i. 4. 97.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air?

And what makes robbers bold but lenity?—

20

Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no ⁴pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much ⁵effuse of blood doth make me faint.—
 Come, York and Richard, Warwick and the rest;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms,—split my breast. [*Faints.*

4. See above, 5. 87.

5. *Effusion, loss.*

*Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
 MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords: good fortune bids us pause,
 And smoothe the frowns of war with peaceful looks.— 31
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an ⁶argosy to stem the waves.
 But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

6. *Merchantman.*

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;
 For, though before his face I speak the words,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 40

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's ⁷departing.

7. *Separation.*

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 If friend or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
 Who ⁸not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
 But set his murdering knife unto the root
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,—
 I mean our princely father, Duke of York. 50

8. Supply 'was,' but text doubtful. 'Put forth' = *were bud-ding*: see Cor., 1. 2. 265.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
 Your father's head, which Clifford plac'd there;
 Instead whereof let his supply the room:
⁹Measure for measure must be answer'd.

9. See B. and Sh., p. 229.

Edw. Bring forth that ¹⁰fatal screech-owl to our house,
 That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
 Now death shall stop his dismal-threatening sound,

10. *Fatal—to*: on this construction see Walker, 'Crit. Exam.,' p. 161.

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Soldiers *bring the body forward.*]

11. *Taken away:*
see Pt. 2, iii. 2. 42.

War. I think his understanding is ¹¹bereft.—

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?— 60

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

12. See B. and Sh.,
p 19, Abb., 414.

And he nor sees nor hears ¹²us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults. 70

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland; I will pity thee.

13. The Queen.
14. *Defend.*

Geo. Where's ¹³Captain Margaret, to ¹⁴fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that he's dead; and, by my soul,

If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him, 80

I'd chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain whose unstanchèd thirst

York and Young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

15. Addressing
Edward.

¹⁵And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crownèd England's royal king. (*a*)

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen:

16. *Knit as by*
sincros.

So shalt thou ¹⁶sinew both these lands together; 90

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz t' offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation;

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
For on thy shoulder do I build my seat,
And never will I undertake the thing

100

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do and undo as him ¹⁷pleaseth best.

17. Abb., 297.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George, of Gloster;
For Gloster's dukedom is ¹⁸too ominous.

18. See Pt. 2, lii. 2.

War. ¹⁹Tut, that's a foolish observation:

19. See Pt. 2, i. 2.

Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,
To see those honours in possession.

32.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

(*Edward of York, now king, by his marriage with Lady Grey, alienates France and the Earl of Warwick.*)

SCENE I.—*A chase in the north of England. (a)*

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

First Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
ourselves;

For through this ¹laund anon the deer will come;
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

1. *Lawn, glade.*

Sec. Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

First Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, ²for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

2. *In order that:*
Abb., 151.

10

In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Sec. Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I ³stol'n, even of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

3. *Secretly come:*
see below, 3. 2d.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
 Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
 Thy ⁴balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
 No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,
 No humble suitors press to speak for right,
 No, not a man comes ⁵for redress of thee;
 For how can I help them, and not myself?

20

First Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's
 fee:

This is the ⁶*quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace thee, sour adversity;

For wise men say it is the wisest course.

Sec. Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

First Keep. Forbear awhile; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid;
 And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
 Is thither sailed, to ⁷crave the French king's sister
 To wife for Edward: if this news be true,
 Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
 For Warwick is a subtle orator,

30

And Louis a prince soon won with moving words.
 By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
 For she's a woman to be pitied much:
 Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;
 Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
 The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn;

A ⁸Nero will be tainted with remorse,
 To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

40

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;
 He, on his right, ⁹asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says her Henry is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says his Edward is ¹⁰install'd;

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Whiles Warwick tells ¹¹his title, ¹²smooths the wrong,
¹³Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,

And in conclusion wins the king from her,
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

50

O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

4. See K. Rich. 2.
 iii. 2. 55.

5. To seek.

6. See K. Henr. 5.
 ii. 1. 72.

7. See II. 6. 88.

8. Even the most
 cruel of kings.

9. Which here im-
 plies offering
 Edward in mar-
 riage.

10. Enthroned.

11. Edward's.

12. See K. Rich. 2.
 i. 3. 240.

13. See above, II. 2.
 44.

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn! (*b*)

Sec. Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

Sec. Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king. 59

K. Hen. Why, so I am—¹⁴in mind; and that's enough. 14. See B. and Sh.,

Sec. Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown? p. 243.

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd 'content,'—
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

Sec. Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown, content, and you must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king King Edward hath depos'd;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance, 70
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Sec. Keep. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell when I was king of Eng-
land?

Sec. Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king ¹⁵at nine months old;
My father and my grandfather were kings;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me:
And tell me, then, have you not broke your oaths? 15. See Pt. 2, iv. 9.

First Keep. ¹⁶No; for we were subjects but while you
were king. 80 16. *Extra metrum.*
'Subjects'—i. e., to
you.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear!

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men.

But do not break your oaths; for of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty. 90

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

First Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

17. See above, i. 2.
10.

K. Hen. So would you be again to ¹⁷Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.

First Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead ; your king's name be obey'd : 100

And what God will, that let your king perform ;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*London. A room in the palace.*

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's field
This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :
Her suit is now to repossess those lands ;
Which we in justice cannot well deny,
Because in quarrel of the house of York
The worthy gentleman did lose his life. (*a*)

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her suit ;
It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause. 10
Widow, we will consider of your suit ;
And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :
May't please your highness to ¹resolve me now.

1. Answer.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord. 29

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's lands.

2. I.e., my suit ;
see 11.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant ²it, then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire.*]

Now tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty. 41

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to ^{*2}my boon.

^{*2.} *The favour I have to b'g.*

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] He plies her hard; and ³much rain wears the marble. 50

3. *Comp. Ov. ii., Ex. Pont., 7. 40; Art. Am., l. 476.*

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why, then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The match is made; she seals it with a curt'sy.

K. Edw. But stay thee,—'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, ⁴I fear me, in another sense.

60 4. See *Cor., iv. 6.* 113.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands. 71

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

*4. *The loss of that*
—viz., 'honesty' =
here *chastity*.

For by ^{*4}that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit :

Please you dismiss me, either with "ay" or "no."

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say "ay" to my request ;

No, if thou dost say "no" to my demand. 80

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*aside to Clar.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*aside to Glo.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*aside*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty ;

Her words do show her wit incomparable ;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty :—

Say that King Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord :

I am a subject fit to jest withal, 91

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee I speak no more than what my soul intends.

L. Grey. I know I am too mean to be your queen, And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow : I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father. 100

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.—

5. See Pt. 2, III. 1. 1. Brothers, you ⁵muse what chat we two have had.

You'd think it strange if I should marry her. 111

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ⁶ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

6. A nine days' wonder was, and is, proverbial.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace-gate. 120

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower :—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along :—lords, use her honourably.

[Exeunt all except GLOSTER.]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.—

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !

And yet, between my soul's desire and me—

The lustful Edward's title ⁷buried—

130 7. *I.e., Being b.*

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward, (*b*)

And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :

A ⁸cold premeditation for my purpose !

8. *Comfortless,
discouraging.*

Why, then, I do but dream on sovereignty ;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying, he'll ⁹lade it dry to have his way :

140 9. *Drain.*

So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;

And so I chide the ¹⁰means that keeps me from it ;

10. See B. and Sh.,
p. 13.

And so I say, I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering ¹¹me with impossibilities.—

11. *Myself.*

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard ;

What other pleasure can the world afford ?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

And deck my body in gay ornaments,

150

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.

O miserable thought ! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :

And, ¹²for I should not deal in her soft laws,

12. See above, i. 9.

She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
 To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
 To make an ¹³envious mountain on my back,
 Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
 To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
 To disproportion me in every part,
 Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp (c)
 That carries no impression like the dam.
 And am I, then, a man to be belov'd ?
 O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
 As are of better ¹⁴person than myself, (d)
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown,
 And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
 Until my head, that this mis-shap'd trunk bears,
 Be round ¹⁵impaled with a glorious crown.
 And yet I know not how to get the crown,
 For many lives stand between me and ¹⁶home :
 And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
 That ¹⁷rents the thorns, and is rent ¹⁸with the thorns,
 Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
 Not knowing how to find the open air,
 But toiling desperately to find it out—
 Torment myself to catch the English crown :
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile ;
 And cry "Content" to that which grieves my heart ;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions :
 I'll drown more sailors than the ¹⁹mermaid shall ;
 I'll slay more gazers than the ²⁰basilisk ;
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor ;
 Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could ;
 And, like a ²¹Sinon, take another Troy :
 I can add colours to the chameleon ;
 Change shapes with ²²Proteus for advantages ;
 And ²³set the murderous ²⁴Machiavel to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a crown ?
 Tut, were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

13. *Malignant, spiteful.*

14. *Personal appearance.*

15. *Encircled.*

16. *My ultimate aim, that in which I can rest satisfied.*

17. *Rends, tears.*

18. *By: see Pt. 2, iv. 9. 33.*

19. *A stren.*

20. *See Pt. 2, iii. 2. 53.*

21. *See Virg. Æn., ii. 57-198.*

22. *See Virg. Georg., iv. 387-444.*

23. *'Set . . . to school' = teach.*

24. *Italian writer on politics, d. 1527.*

SCENE III.—*France. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter LOUIS the French king, and Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his ¹state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.

1. Chair of state:
see l. 1. 51.

K. Lou. [*rising*] Fair Queen of England, worthy Margaret,

Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand while ²Louis doth sit.

2. As monosyll.

Q. Mar. No, mighty King of France: now Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days: (*a*)
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble state conform myself.

10

K. Lou. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lou. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if ³France can yield relief.

20 3. The king of F.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Louis,

That Henry, sole possessor of my love,

Is, ⁴of a king, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in Scotland a ⁵forlorn;

While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of York,

Usurps the regal title and the seat

Of England's true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause that I, poor Margaret,—

With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's heir,—

30

4. Out of; from
being: Abb., 171.
5. Outcast.

4. *At ex. conf.*

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid :
 And if then fail us, all our hope is ⁶done :
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help :
 Our people and our peers are both misled,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. *Lou.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. *Mar.* The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. *Lou.* The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee. 41

Q. *Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :—
 And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow !

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. *Lou.* What's he approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Q. *Mar.* Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. *Lou.* Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee
 to France ?

[*Descending from his state.* Queen MARGARET rises.

Q. *Mar.* [*aside*] Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
 For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vow'd friend, 50
 I come, in kindness and unfeign'd love,—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And then to crave a league of amity ;
 And lastly, to confirm that amity
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous ⁷Lady Bona, thy fair sister, (*b*)
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

7. See II. 6. 99.

8. See above, 33.

Q. *Mar.* [*aside*] If that go forward, Henry's hope ⁸is done.

War. [*to Bona*] And, gracious madam, in our king's be-
 half,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour, 60
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
 To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
 Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
 Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Q. *Mar.* King Louis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me speak
 Before you answer Warwick. His demand

Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
 But from deceit bred by necessity ;
 For how can tyrants safely govern ⁹home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
 To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,—
 That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,
 Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's son.
 Look, therefore, ¹⁰Louis, that by this league and marriage
 Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour ;
 For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
 Yet heavens are just, and time ¹¹suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
 And thou no more art prince than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
 And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a ¹²mirror to the wisest ;
 And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
 Who by his prowess conquerèd all France :
 From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not how Henry the Sixth hath lost
 All that which ¹³Henry the Fifth had gotten ?
 Methinks these peers of France should smile at that.
 But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree
 Of threescore and two years ; ¹⁴a silly time
 To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,
 Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
 And not ¹⁵bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever ¹⁶fence the right,
 Now ¹⁷buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
 For shame ! leave Henry, and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,
 Was ¹⁸done to death ? and more than so, my father,
 Even in the downfall of his ¹⁹mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death ?

9. *At home* : see Walker, ii. 352.

70

10. See above, 3.

11. *Puts a stop to.*
 See B. and Sh., p.
 107, sq.

80

12. *Pattern* : see K.
 Henr. 5, Chor. (2), 6.

90

13. See above, 1. 96.

14. *Poor, petty.*

15. See above, i. 1.
 213.

16. *Defend* : see ii.
 6. 75.

100

17. See Pt. 2, iii. 2.
 217.

18. See above, ii. 1.
 103.
 19. *Ripened.*

No, Warwick, no ; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lou. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, and Lord
Oxford, 110

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,

While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant that Warwick's words bewitch
him not ! [*Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.*]

K. Lou. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy con-
science,

Is Edward your true king ? for I were loth

To link with him that were not ²⁰lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lou. But ²¹is he gracious in the people's eye ?

War. The more that Henry was ²²unfortunate.

K. Lou. Then further,—all dissembling set aside, 120

Tell me for truth the measure of his love

Unto our sister Bona.

War.

Such it seems

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say and swear

That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun ;

Exempt from ²³envy, but not from ²⁴disdain,

Unless the Lady Bona ²⁵quit his pain. 130

K. Lou. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine :—

[*To War.*] Yet I confess that often ere this day,

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lou. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Ed-
ward's ;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.—

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness 140

That Bona shall be wife to th' English king,

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

20. As adverb:
Abb. 1.

21. Does he find
favour.

22. Unsuccessful in
war.

23. Malice.

24. Contempt,
aversion.

25. Requite, re-
ward.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, ²⁶Louis was Henry's friend.

26. See above, 74.

K. Lou. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,—
As may appear by Edward's good success,—
Then 'tis but reason that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

150

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our ²⁷*quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere you troubled him than France.

27. See above, 1. 23.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick! peace,
²⁸Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!
I will not hence till, with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Louis behold
Thy sly ²⁹conveyance and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

28. See above, ii. 3.
37.

160

29. Juggling,
fraud.

[*A horn sounded within.*]

K. Lou. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. [*to War.*] My lord ambassador, these letters are
for you,

Sent from ³⁰your brother, Marquess Montague:—

[*To Louis*] These from our king unto your majesty:—

[*To Margaret*] And, madam, these for you; from whom I
know not.

[*They all read their letters.*]

Oxf. I like it well that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

170

Prince. Nay, mark how Louis stamps, as he were nettled:
I hope all's for the best.

K. Lou. Warwick, what are thy news?—and yours, fair
queen?

Q. Mar. Mine such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lou. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?

31. *Soften, allay
the ill effects of—*

And now, to ³¹soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this th' alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

180

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Louis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's,—
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

32. *I.e., by sup-
porting.*

33. Salisbury taken
at battle of Wake-
field: see ii. 1. 107.

34. See above, 2.
172.

35. See Pt. 2, i. 4.
45.

Did I forget that ³²by the house of York
My father came ³³untimely to his death?
Did I ³⁴impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I ³⁵guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour:

191

And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,
And réplant Henry in his former state.

200

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeignèd friend,
That, if King Louis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldièrs,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

210

He's very likely now to fall from him,
For ³⁶matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

36. *Marrying.*

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bonà be reveng'd
But by thy help to this distressèd queen?

Q. Mar. Renownèd prince, how shall poor Henry live

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lou. And mine with hers and thine and Margaret's:

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd 221

You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lou. Then, England's messenger, return ³⁷in post,

And tell false Edward, thy ³⁸supposèd king,

That Louis of France is sending over masquers

To ³⁹revel it with him and his new bride:

Thou seest what's past,—go ⁴⁰fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake. 230

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning-weeds are laid aside,
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

⁴¹There's thy reward [*Giving a purse*]: be gone. [*Exit Mess.*

K. Lou. But, Warwick, thou,

And Oxford, with five thousand warlike men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle;

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply. 240

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt,—

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,

I'll join my younger daughter and my joy (c)

To him forthwith in holy wedlock-bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.---

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous;

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable, 250

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*Gives his hand to* WARWICK.]

K. Lou. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be
levied;

37. *In haste*: see

K. Rich. 2, ii. 1. 299.

38. *Pretended*: see

2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 4.

335.

39. See Pt. 2, ii. 1.

22.

40. *Frighten there-*

with: see K. Henr.

5, i. 2. 157; and iii.

4. 2.

41. Comp. Pt. 2, i.

4. 76.

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I ⁴²long till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For ⁴³mocking marriage with a dame of France.

42. *An impatient.*

43. *Feigning de-*
lusively: see Ant.,
v. 1. 2.

[*Exeunt all except WARWICK.*

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

260

44. *Laughing-stock,*
a dupe.

Had he none else to make a ⁴⁴stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV.

(*Edward, supported by Gloster and Hastings, advances to London and takes Henry captive.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Glo. Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know 'tis far from hence to France;

¹How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended; Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our
choice,

1. *Ironical.*

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent? 10

Clar. As well as Louis of France or th' Earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our ²abuse.

2. *Ill-treatment of them.*

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Louis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. Ay, and shall have your will, because our king:
Yet ^{*2}hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

*2. See B. and Sh.,
p. 222, sq.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I: 20

No; God forbid that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 'twere pity
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey
Should not become my wife and England's queen:—
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Louis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him 30
About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonour'd by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both Louis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet, to have join'd with France in such alliance
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth
'Gainst foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague that of itself
England is safe, if ³true within itself? (a) 40

3. See K. John, v.
7. 122.

Mont. Yes; but the safer when 'tis back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France than trusting France:
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas (b)
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves
To have the ⁴heir of the Lord Hungerford. (c)

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

4. *Heiress*: and so
below, 51, 55; see
Pt. 2, ii. 2. 45.

And for this once my will shall stand for law. 50

Glou. And yet methinks your grace hath not done well,
To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clare. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the Lord Bouville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee. 60

Clare. In choosing for yourself, you show'd your judgment,

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the ⁵broker in mine own behalf;
And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent; 70
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,

So ⁵your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands; 80
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glou. [*aside*] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters or what news
From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

⁵ *Negotiator*: see
Pt. 2, i. 2, 100.
Mind = mean.
intend.

⁵ *I.e., the dislikes
of you, to whom—*

But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Louis unto our letters ?

90

Mess. At my ⁶depart, these were his very words :
“Go ⁷tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Louis of France is sending over masquers
To revel it with him and his new bride.”

8. See Pt. 2, i. 1. 2.

7. See iii. 3. 225.

K. Edw. Is Louis so brave ? belike he thinks me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain :
“Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow-garland for his sake.”

100

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen ?
For I have heard that she was there ⁸in place.

8. *Present* : Fr.,
en place.

Mess. “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning-weeds are
⁹done,

9. ‘*Laid aside* :’
see iii. 3. 231.

And I am ready to put armour on.”

K. Edw. Belike she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words :

“Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.”

110

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus ¹⁰forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

10. Proverb, ‘*fore-
warned, fore-
armed.*’

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they're so link'd in friend-
ship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike the ¹¹younger, ¹²Clarence will have the
elder.

11. See iii. 3. 245.

12. As monosyll. :

see Walker, Sh.

Vers., p. 64.

13. *Defend yourself
as you can.*

Now, brother king, farewell, and ¹³sit you fast,

120

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That, though I ¹⁴want a kingdom, yet in marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

14. *Am without.*

You that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET (d) follows.*]

Glo. [*aside*] Not I:

My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;

And haste is needful in this desperate case.—

Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf 130

15. *Preparation.*

Go levy men, and make ¹⁵prepare for war;

They are already, or quickly will be landed:

Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings and Montague,

Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

16. *As monosyll.*

Are near to ¹⁶Warwick by blood and by alliance:

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?

If it be so, then both depart to him;

I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:

17. *See above, 64.*

But if you ¹⁷mind to hold your true obedience, 140

Give me assurance with some friendly vow,

18. *See Pt. 2, i. 3.
133.*

That I may never have you in ¹⁸suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why, so! then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,

Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A plain in Warwickshire.*

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;

1. *As monosyll.*

The common ¹people by numbers swarm to us.—

But see where Somerset and Clarence come!

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

Speak suddenly, my lords,—are we all friends?

2. *As dissyll.: see
Abb., 480.*

Clar. ²Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick ;—
 And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice
 To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
 Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
 Else might I think that Clarence, Edward's brother, 10
 Were but a feignèd friend to our proceedings :
 But welcome, sweet Clarènce ; my daughter shall be thine.
 And now what rests but, in night's coverture,
 Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
 His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
 And but attended by a simple guard,
 We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
 Our scouts have ³found th' adventure very easy :
 That as Ulysses and stout Diomede
 With ⁴sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
 And brought from thence the Thracian ⁵fatal steeds ;
 So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
⁶At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
 And seize himself ; I say not, slaughter him,
 For I intend but only to surprise him.—
 You that will follow me to this attempt
⁷Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry* "Henry !"]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort :
 For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Edward's camp, near Warwick.*

Enter certain Watchmen, before the King's tent.

First Watch. Come on, my masters, each man take his stand :

The king ¹by this, is set him down to sleep.

Second Watch. What, will he not to bed ?

First Watch. Why, no ; for he hath made a solemn vow
 Never to lie and take his natural rest
 Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

Second Watch. To-morrow, then, belike shall be the day,
 If Warwick be so near as men report.

Third Watch. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that

3. *Ascertained that it will be.*

20 4. *Artifice* : see Hom. II., x. 435, sqq. : Virg. Æn., i. 469, sqq. 'Manhood' = *bravery*.
 5. An oracle had promised that if they drank of the Xanthus, Troy would be impregnable.
 6. See B. and Sh., p. 26.
 7. *Receive with acclamation.*

1. I.e., *time* : see J. Cæs., i. 3. 131.

That with the king here resteth in his tent? 10

First Watch. 'Tis the Lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

Third Watch. O, is it so? But why commands the king That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While he himself keeps here in the cold field?

Second Watch. 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

2. Dignity.

Third Watch. Ay, but give me ²worship and quietness; I like it better than a dangerous honour.

3. Condition the king now is.

If Warwick knew in what ³estate he stands, 'Tis to be ⁴doubted he would waken him.

4. Suspected: see K. John, v. 6. 50.

First Watch. Unless our ⁵halberds did shut up his passage. 20

5. Battle-axes fixed to a long pole.

Second Watch. Ay, wherefore else guard we his royal tent, But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see where stand his guard. Courage, my masters! honour now or never!

6. Only: Abb., 128.

⁶But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

First Watch. Who goes there?

Second Watch. Stay, or thou diest!

[WARWICK and the rest cry, "Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the guard, who fly, crying, "Arm! arm!" WARWICK and the rest following them.]

Drums beating and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK and the rest, bringing the King out in his gown, sitting in a chair. GLOSTER and HASTINGS are seen flying.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go; here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! Why, Warwick, when we parted last 30

Thou call'dst me king.

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd: When you disgrac'd me in my embassy, Then I degraded you from being king,

And come to new create you Duke of York.
 Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
 That know not how to use ambassadors;
 Nor how to be contented with one wife;
 Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
 Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
 Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies? 40

K. Edw. Brother of Clarence, and art thou here too?
 Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
 Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
 Of thee thyself and all thy complices,
 Edward will always bear himself as king:
 Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
 My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, ⁷for his mind, be Edward England's king: *7. As regards:
Abb., 149.*
 [Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown, 50
 And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
 My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
 See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
 Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
 When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
 I'll follow you, and tell him there what answer
 Louis and the Lady Bona send to him.—
 Now, for a while farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
 It boots not to resist both wind and tide. 60

[Exit, led out; SOMERSET with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do,
 But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
 To free King Henry from imprisonment,
 And see him seated in the regal throne. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*London. A room in the palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

Or by his foe surpris'd ¹at unawares:

And, as I further have to understand,

Is now committed to the Bishop of York,

Fell Warwick's brother, and ²by that, our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

Yet, gracious madam, bear ³it as you may:

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay.

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is't that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw-in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to th' English crown.

Riv. But, madam, ⁴where is Warwick, then, become?

Q. Eliz. I am informèd that he comes towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.

But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,—

For trust not him that hath once broken faith,—

I'll hence forthwith unto ⁵the sanctuary,

To save at least the heir of Edward's right:

There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly:

If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A park near Middleham Castle in Yorkshire.* (a)

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY,
and others.

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

1. See above, 2. 23.

2. Consequently.

3. See B. and Sh.,
p. 13.

4. See above, ii. 1.
10

5. Some known
place of asylum;
here the sanct. at
Westminster.

Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: you know our king, my brother,

Is prisoner to the ¹bishop here, at whose hands

1. As monosyll.

He hath good usage and great liberty;

And, often but attended with weak guard,

Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

I have advértis'd him by secret means,

That if about this hour he make this way,

10

Under the colour of his usual ²game,

2. Field sport. 7

He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see where the huntsmen stand.—

Now brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and the rest,

Stand you ³thus close, to steal the bishop's deer?

3. Are you here in ambush: see J. Cæs., 1. 3. 137.

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

Your horse stands ready at the ⁴park-corner.

4. As dissyll.: see Abb., 485.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

20

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders. (b)

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*London. A room in the Tower.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,—
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well-using me?
Nay, be thou sure I'll well requite thy kindness, 10
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by ¹notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou sett'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me, 20
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,—
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd ²for virtuous;
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying and avoiding fortune's malice,
For few men rightly ³temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace, 30
For choosing me when Clarence is ⁴in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjudg'd an olive-branch and laurel-crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence ⁵only for protector.

K. Hen. Warwick and Clarence, give me both your
hands:
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government: 40
I make you both protectors of this land;

1. I.e., their own
notes, which afford
harmony in the
house.

2. As being: Abb.,
148.

3. Act and think in
conformity with
their fortune.

4. See above, l. 103.

5. Alone.

While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To ⁶sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

6. Correction of my misdeeds.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For [to *War.*] on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why, then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

50

Clar. ⁷What else? and that succession be determin'd.

7. I.e., of course.

War. Ay, ⁸therein Clarence shall not want his part.

8. In determining that.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief affairs,
Let me entreat—for I command ⁹no more—
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed;
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

9. No longer.

60

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord ¹⁰of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

10. See above, l. 123, note (d).

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of Richmond. (*a*)

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope.—If secret powers
[*Lays his hand on his head.*

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

70

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escapèd from your ¹¹brother,

11. Archbp. Neville: see 5. 27.

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news ! but how made he escape ? 80

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke of Gloster,

12. *Watted for* : see

2 K. Henr. 4, i. 1. 5.

And the Lord Hastings, who ¹²attended him

In secret ambush on the forest-side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him ;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide

A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all except* SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.]

13. Abb., 177.

Som. My lord, I ¹³like not of this flight of Edward's ;

For doubtless Burgundy will yield him help, 90

And we shall have more wars before't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours :

Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the crown,

'Tis like that Richmond with the rest shall down. 100

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Before York.*

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, (a) HASTINGS,
and Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Hastings, and the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

And says, that once more I shall interchange

My wanèd state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd and now repass'd the seas,

And brought desired help from Burgundy :

What, then, remains, we being thus arriv'd

From Ravenspurgh before the gates of York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ; 10

For many men that stumble at the threshold
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man, ¹abodements must not now affright
us :

1. *Omens*, in a bad sense: comp. *forebodements*.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to summon them.

Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York and Aldermen.

May. My lords, we were forwarnèd of your coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king, 20
Yet Edward at the least is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, then I challenge nothing but my duke-
dom,

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*aside*] But when the fox hath once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates; we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.

[*Exit, with Aldermen, above.*

Glo. A wise stout ²captain, and soon persuaded! 30

2. To be pronounced as *Fr. capitaine*: Abb., 477, and 506.

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not ³'long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

3. *By the fault of, owing to*: see Cor., v. 4. 29.

Enter the Mayor and Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be shut
But in the night or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*

For Edward will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. *Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery, 40
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: but we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again:
I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away. 50

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll debate
By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words,—
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our
claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning. 60

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

4. Directly, at once.

Brother, we will proclaim you ⁴out of hand;
The ⁵bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

5. See B. and Sh.,
p. 32.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet; Edward shall be here pro-
claim'd:—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation. 70

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*reads*] "*Edward the Fourth, by the grace of God,
king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*"

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays King Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks to all :
 If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.
 Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York ;
 And when the morning sun shall raise his car
 Above the border of this horizon, 80
 We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates ;
 For well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
 Ah, froward ⁶Clarence ! how evil it beseems thee
 To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !
 Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
 Come on, brave soldiers : doubt not of the day ;
 And that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt.*]

6. As monosyll. :
 above, l. 118.

SCENE VIII.—*London. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
 MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords ? Edward from Belgia,
 With lusty Germans and blunt Hollanders,
 Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
 And with his troops doth march ¹amain to London ;
 And many giddy people flock to him.

1. *With all speed :*
 see Pt. 2, iii. 1. 282.

Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out ;
 Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war ;
 Those will I muster up :—and thou, ²son Clarence,
 Shalt ³stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
 The knights and gentlemen to come with thee :—
 Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
 Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
 Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st :—
 And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
 In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.
 My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
 Like to his island girt in with the ocean, 20
 Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,—
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.

10

2. Son-in-law : see
 1. 118, and 2. 12.
 3. *Stir up.*

4. See above, ii. 1.
95.

⁴Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so, I take my leave.

Oxf. [*kissing Henry's hand*] And thus I seal my truth,
and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, 30
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR., CLAR., OXF., and MONT.*]

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks the power that Edward hath in field
Should not be able to encounter mine.

5. *Apprehension.*

Exe. The ⁵doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

6. *Merit*: see
above, ii. 1. 36.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my ⁶meed hath got me
fame:

7. *Put off carelessly.*

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor ⁷posted off their suits with slow delays; 40

8. *Grievances.*

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling ⁸griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears;
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd:
Then why should they love Edward more than me?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him. 50

[*Shout within*, "A York! A York!"]

Exe. Hark, hark, my sovereign lord! what shouts are
these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence;

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,
 And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
 Hence with him to the Tower; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King* HENRY.

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
 Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
 The sun shines hot; and, if we use delay, 60
 Cold-biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
 And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
 Brave warriors, march ⁹amain towards Coventry. [*Exeunt.* 9. See above, 4.

ACT V.

(*Battles of Barnet, in which Warwick was killed, and of Tewksbury, in which Queen Margaret was taken prisoner, and Prince Edward, her son, killed. King Edward IV. restored to the throne, and King Henry murdered by Gloster in the Tower.*)

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?—
 How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

First Mess. ¹By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward. 1. See iv. 3. 2.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
 Where is the post that came from Montague?

Second Mess. By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my ²loving son?
 And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now? 2. See iv. 8. 11.

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
 And do expect him here some two hours hence. 10

[*Drum heard.*

War. Then Clarence is at hand; I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord ; here Southam lies :
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be ? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

[*Enters the city.*]

March : flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, ³trumpet, to the walls, and sound ⁴a parle.

Glo. See how the surly Warwick mans the wall !

War. O unbid spite ! is sportful Edward come ?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his ⁵repair ? 20

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,
Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy ?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent ?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king ;
Or did he make the jest against his will ? 30

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift ?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give :
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight :
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again ;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner :
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,— 40
What is the body when the head is off ?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,
But, whiles he thought to steal the ⁶single ten,
The king was slyly ⁷finger'd from the ⁸deck !
You left poor Henry at the ⁹bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower. (a)

K. Edw. 'Tis even so ; yet you are Warwick still.

3. See K. Henr. 5, iv. 2. 61.

4. See K. Rich. 2, i. 1. 194.

5. *Coming hither.*

6. *Weak, feeble ;*
i.e., in his estimation : see iv. 3. 51.

7. *Pilfered.*

8. Pack of cards,
formerly so called.

9. Of London.

Glo. Come, Warwick, *⁹take the time; kneel down, kneel down:

*9. *Seize on, do not neglect.*

Nay, ¹⁰when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow, 50

10. See K. Rich. 2, i. 1. 163.

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to ¹¹strike to thee.

11. Here, *sail*: see K. Rich. 2, ii. 1. 269.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

¹²“Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.”

12. *Inconstant as the wind.*

Enter OXFORD, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too. 60

K. Edw. ¹³So other foes may set upon our backs.

13. *If we do that.*

Stand we in good array; for they no doubt

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being of *¹³small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

*13. *Power to defend itself.*

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory: 70
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Forces, drum, and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his Forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of Somerset,
Have ¹⁴sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

14. See iv. 1, note (d).

Enter CLARENCE, with Forces, drum, and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails
More than the nature of a brother's love!—
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick call. 80

15. See iv. 8. 11.

Clar. ¹⁵Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*

16. Bring to ruin.

17. Cement.

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ¹⁶ruinate my father's house—
Who gave his blood to ¹⁷lime the stones together—
And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
To bend the fatal instruments of war
Against his brother and his lawful king?
Perhaps thou wilt object my holy oath:
To keep that oath, were more impiety 90
Than ¹⁸Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

18. See B. and Sh.,
p. 73, sq.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,
That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,—
As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,—
To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;— 100
And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more, belov'd
Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

19. Excessive.

War. O ¹⁹passing traitor, perjurd and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and
fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence!

I will away towards Barnet presently, 110
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way.—

Lords, to the field; Saint George and victory!

[*Exeunt King EDWARD and his Company, marching. WARWICK and his Company descend from the walls, and follow them.*]

SCENE II.—*A field of battle near Barnet. (a)*

Alarums and excursions. Enter King EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
For Warwick was a ¹bug that fear'd us all.—
Now, Montague, ²sit fast; I seek for thee,
That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*]

1. Bugbear that frightened: see above, iii. 3. 228.
2. See iv. 1. 119.

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, York or Warwick?
Why ask I that? my body ³mangled,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the ⁴cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top-branch ⁵overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, ⁶now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but ⁷my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

3. As trisyll.: see Abb., 487.

10

4. See B. and Sh., p. 327.

5. Overlooked the oak sacred to Jupiter.

20

6. See B. and Sh., p. 290.

7. See 1 K. Henr. 4, v. 4. 94.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again: 30
The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
Even now we heard the news: ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then, I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile!
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealèd blood,
That glues my lips and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick, 41
And said, "Commend me to my valiant brother."
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That ⁸mought not be distinguish'd; but at last
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,
"O, farewell, Warwick!"

8. I.e., *might*: fr.
may.

9. For *adv. gently*.

War. ⁹Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save your-
selves;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

[*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! 50
[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK'S body.*

SCENE III.—*Another part of the field.*

Flourish. *Enter* King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, *and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
I mean, my lords, those powers that the queen

Hath rais'd in ¹Gallia have ²arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came :
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her :
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends
That they do hold their course toward Tewkesbury :
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight, for willingness ³rids way ;
And, as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum ; cry, " Courage ! " and away. [*Exeunt.*]

1. France.
2. Reached : see J.
Cæs., i. 2. 115.

10

20

3. Gets rid of, annihilates : see K.
Rich. 2, v. 4. 12.

·SCENE IV.—*Plains near Tewkesbury.*

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ?
Yet lives our pilot still : is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much ;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd ?
Ah, what a shame ! ah, what a fault were this !
Say Warwick was our anchor ; what of that ?
And Montague our topmast ; what of him ?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles ; what of these ?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor ?

10

And Somerset another goodly mast ?

These friends of France our shrouds and ¹tacklings ?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I

For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge ?

20

We will not ²from the helm to sit and weep ;

But keep our course, though the rough wind say no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.

And what is Edward but a ruthless sea ?

What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit ?

And Richard but a ragged fatal rock ?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say you can swim,—alas, 'tis but awhile !

Tread on the sand,—why, there you quickly sink ;

30

Bestride the rock,—the tide will wash you off,

Or else you famish ; that's a threefold death.

This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

³If case some one of you would fly from us,

That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.

Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince. Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,

40

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,

And make him ⁴naked foil ⁵a man-at-arms.

I speak not this as doubting any here ;

For did I but suspect a ⁶fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes ;

Lest in our need he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here,—as God forbid !—

Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,

50

And warriors faint ! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—

O brave young prince ! thy famous grandfather

Doth live again in thee : long mayst thou live

To bear his image and renew his glories !

Som. And he that will not fight for such a hope,

1. As trisyll. : see above, 2. 7

2. *Withdraw from.*

3. I.e., *in case* (and so Var. and Leopold), *if it happen*.

4. *Unarmed*: see Cor., i. 10. 21.

5. *Armed knight*.

6. *Timorous*: see i. 1. 25.

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords; for Edward is at hand, 60
Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy
To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd; we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here ⁷pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

7. Set our army in
array.

*Flourish and march. Enter, at some distance, King
EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces. (a)*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire, 70

For well I wot ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say

My tears ⁸gainsay; for every word I speak,

Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil. 80

You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*]

8. Prevent my
uttering.

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same.*

Alarums: excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

1. Conclusion: see
2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 4.
379.

K. Edw. Now, here a ¹period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight:
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life? 10

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes!

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

2. Throne.

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy ²chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee, 20
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the ³breech from Lancaster.

3. Breeches (rare in
sing.)—i.e., usurped
the authority of
your husband.

4. He was a 'crook-
back,' hence the
name given to Glo.
5. Tell fictitious
tales.

Prince. Let ⁴Æsop ⁵fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heav'n, brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold. 29

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too ⁶malapert.

6. *Pert, saucy.*

Prince. I knew my duty; you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou, perjur'd George,—
And thou, misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine. (a)

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of ⁷this railer here.

7. *I.e., Q. Marg.*

[*Stabs him.*

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

[*Stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for ⁸twitting me with perjury.

40 8. See Pt. 2, iii. 1.
178.

[*Stabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[*Offers to kill her.*

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold; for we have done too
much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What, doth she swoon? use means for her
recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;

I'll hence to London on a serious matter:

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

[*Exit.* 50

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabb'd Caesar shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were ⁹not worthy blame,

9. Double neg.

If this foul deed were ¹⁰by to equal it:

10. *Present to
match that deed.*

He was a man; this, in ¹¹respect, a child,—

11. *Comparison.*

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, ¹²an if I speak:—

12. See above, i. 1.

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

60 138.

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You ¹³have no children, butchers! if you had,

13. Comp. K. John,
iii. 4. 93.

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off

14. See *Fr.* 2. III. 2.

238.

15. See *Henry*, 3. 21.

16. *In my sword.*

As, ¹⁴deathsmen, you have ¹⁵rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mur. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

¹⁶Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death: 70

What, wilt thou not!—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mur. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Q. Mur. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

17. *Who acts the part of it for the Lord.*

What, wilt thou not!—Where is that ¹⁷devil's butcher,

¹⁸Hard-favour'd Richard?—Richard, where art thou?

18. *At Jacking*: see B. and Sh., p. 34.

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back. 80

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge thee, bear her hence.

Q. Mur. ¹⁹So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

19. *May the same happen.*

Clar. To London, ²⁰all in post; and, as I guess,
To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

20. *In full speed.*

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares:—

21. See *iv.* 2. 2.

²¹By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. (*b*) [*Exeunt.* 90

SCENE VI.—*London. A room in the Tower.*

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand,
the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord:—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter; "good" was little better:

"Good Gloster" and "good devil" were alike,

And both preposterous; therefore, not "good lord."

Glo. ¹Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant.*]

1. As monosyll: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 187.

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,
And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What scene of death hath ²Roscius now to act?

Glo. ³Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings ⁴misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye
⁵Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a ⁶peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the ⁷office of a fowl!
And yet, for all his wings, the fowl was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that ⁸denied our course;
The sun, that ⁹sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst
¹⁰presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust ¹¹no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's ¹²water-standing eye—
Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' ¹³timeless death—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth,—an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, ¹⁴aboding luckless time;

10 2. Name of celebrated Roman actor.
3. See B. and Sh., p. 153.

4. See Ant., iii. 7. 77.

5. I.e., by whom.

6. Silly, childish: see Hor., iv. Od. ii. 2.

7. I.e., to fly—as applied to Prince E., to aim at the throne.

8. Tried to intercept. Minos, King of Crete, confined D. in the labyrinth he had made.

9. Burnt, scorched.

30

10. Take upon thee more than thou wast entitled to.

11. No part of what my fear presages.

40 12. Constantly filled with tears.

13. See Pt. 2, III. 2. 188.

14. Foreshowing, in a bad sense: see above, iv. 7. 13.

15. *Squitted,*
roosted.

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees ;
The raven ¹⁵rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,— 50
An indigested and deformèd lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
To signify thou cam'st to bite the world :
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou ¹⁶cam'st—

16. See below, 71.

Glo. I'll hear no more :—die, prophet, in thy speech : (a)
[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

17. See B. and Sh.,
p. 181.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O, God ¹⁷forgive my sins, and pardon thee ! [Dies. 60

Glo. What, will th' aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground ? I thought it would have mounted.
See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death !
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house !—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee thither,—

[*Stabs him again.*

18. See above, 56.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true that Henry ¹⁸told me of ;
For I have often heard my mother say 70
I came into the world with my legs forward :
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
The midwife wonder'd ; and the women cried,
“ O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth ! ”
And so I was ; which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have ¹⁹no brother, I am like no brother ; 80
And this word “ love,” which ²⁰greybeards call divine,
²¹Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me : I am myself alone.—

19. Explained in
what follows.
20. See J. Cas., ii.
2. 71.
21. *Let it reside.*

Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light:
 But I will ²²sort a pitchy day for thee;
 For I will buzz abroad such prophecies,
 That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
 And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
 King Henry and the prince his son are gone:
 Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
 Counting myself but bad till I be ²³best.—
 I'll throw thy body ²⁴in another room,
 And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

22. Find out, contrive.

90

23. Highest—i.e., king.

24. Into: Abb., 159.

[Exit with the body.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A room in the palace.*

Flourish. King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne;
 Queen ELIZABETH, a Nurse with the infant Prince,
 CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
 Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
 What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
 Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride!
 Three ¹Dukes of Somerset,—threefold renown'd
²For hardy and undoubted champions;
 Two Cliffords, ³as the father and the son;
 And two Northumberlands,—two braver men
 Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound;
 With them the two brave bears, Warwick and ⁴Montague, 9
 That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
 And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
 Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
 And made our footstool of security.—
 Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss ⁵my boy.—
 Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself
 Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
 Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
 That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace: 20
 And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

1. See iv. 1, note (d).

2. See iv. 6, 26.

3. To wit.

4. On scension see Abb., 469.

5. See above, 5, 90: born April 1470.

Glo. [aside] I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
⁶laid;

6. I.e., in the earth, buried.

7. *Notwithstanding*

(but qu.?).

8. *Taken notice of, cared for.*

9. *To rise, swell:*
see Holinshed, iii.
362.

10. Touching his
head.

11. Looking on his
hand.

⁷For yet I am not ⁸look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick to ⁹heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:—
Work ¹⁰thou the way,—and ¹¹thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. 30

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[*Aside*] To say the truth, ¹²so Judas kiss'd his master,
And cried, "All hail!" ¹³whenas he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the ¹⁴Sicils and Jerusalem, 40
And hither have they sent ¹⁵it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what rests, but that we spend the time

With stately ¹⁶triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasure of the court?
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [*Exeunt.*

12. See B. and Sh.,
p. 92.

13. See above, li. 1.
46.

14. *I.e.*, Naples and
Sicily: see Pt. 2, i.
1. 45.

15. The sum for
which they were
pawned.

16. *Festivities*: see
K. Rich. 2, v. 2. 54.

NOTES ON KING HENRY VI.

PART III.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*

(a) To avoid the repetition of the words "his crown" three times within four lines, I have at the end of that line ventured to substitute "the throne," which also, I think, rather improves the sense.

(b) "Here we have an anticipation of five years. This compromise was made in 1460, after an interval full of important events [including battle of Bloreheath, 1459, and battle of Northampton, 1460, in both of which the Yorkists were victorious. In July, the same year, York claimed the crown, and was made heir to Henry by Parliament. In December followed the battle of Wakefield, in which York was killed. See sc. 4]. . . . I know not upon what authority Exeter is selected as foremost [see above, line 149] in acknowledging the right of the Duke of York; for he is named by Holinshed among the lords who, with Queen Margaret at their head, refused to acknowledge the new settlement of the crown, and assembled their forces in order to defeat it; . . . and we shall see presently that he fought under the queen."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. pp. 2-8.

(c) I have omitted "there" (as yielding no sense, and as rhyming awkwardly with "heir") at the end of this line, and read "dearest" as a trisyllable. See "hear," as dissyllable, in line 122.

Scene 2.

(a) How natural that a man who had just resolved to break his own oath should distrust others!

Scene 3.

(a) "Rutland, who is here described as a mere child, was above seventeen years old, only one year younger than his brother Edward, and several years older than George and Richard. He had been associated with his elder brother in the Acts for attainting the Yorkists, while the younger brothers were unnoticed. Not only Clifford's reference to his father's death by the hand of York, but all that is *pitiful* in the story,—all that is beyond the simple fact that Rutland was slain by Clifford,—appears to me to rest on the insufficient authority of Hall alone."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 12, *sq.*

(b) There seems to be no propriety in putting into the mouth of the dying boy the heathenish line of Ovid, *Her. Epist.*, ii. 66:

"*Dî faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ !*"

I have therefore omitted it.

Scene 4.

(a) I have transferred that line from the end of the speech of Northumberland, line 59, where it seemed out of place. Here, in the mouth of York, it comes in quite appropriately.

(b) "The base revengeful spirit and atrocious cruelty with which the queen insults over York, unarmed and a prisoner, the bitterness of her mockery, and the unwomanly malignity with which she presents him with a napkin stained with the blood of his youngest son, and 'bids the father wipe his eyes withal,' turn all our sympathy into aversion and horror. York replies in the celebrated speech beginning, 'She-wolf of France,' and taunts her with the poverty of her father, the most irritating topic he could have chosen. . . . By such a woman as Margaret is here depicted, such a speech could be answered only in one way—with her dagger's point; and thus she answers it. It is some comfort to reflect that this trait of ferocity is not historical: the body of the Duke of York was found after the battle among the heaps of slain, and his head struck off; but even this was not done by the command of Margaret."—MRS JAMESON, p. 371, *sq.* Courtenay says: "There is some *doubt* whether he was slain in the battle or beheaded afterwards. For the paper crown there is the authority of the old writers [though, according to one of them, it was the dead York that was crowned] as well as of Holinshed. . . . But I do not find in Holinshed or elsewhere the foundation of the lines beginning 'Look, York; I stained this napkin,' &c. . . . But enough of this, which I hope is not Shakspeare's."—P. 9, *sq.*

(c) "Robert Greene, a distinguished prose writer and dramatist, who had commenced his literary career nine years previously, died on September 3, 1592. In a work entitled 'The Groat's Worth of Wit,' written shortly before his death, he had travestied, in a sarcastic episode respecting some of his contemporaries, a line from one of Shakspeare's then recent compositions—*O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!* This line is of extreme interest, as containing the earliest record of words composed by the great dramatist. It forms part of a vigorous speech which is as Shakspearian in its natural characterial fidelity, as it is Marlowean in its diction. This speech of the unfortunate Duke of York is one of the most striking in the play, and the above special line was probably selected for quotation by Greene on account of its popularity through effective delivery. The quotation shows that the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* was written previously to September 1592. . . . From Greene's work it is clear that one portion of it had been composed under the influence of profound jealousy of Shakspeare, whom he alludes to as "an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country.'"—HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS, 'Outlines,' pp. 65-68.

ACT II.—Scene 1.

(a) "The second act places Edward and Richard Plantagenet on 'a plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.' I can make nothing of this first scene. It is true enough that Edward (not Richard) was in Gloucestershire, at the time of the battle of Wakefield, and soon afterwards [February 1461] obtained a victory at Mortimer's Cross over the Earl of Pembroke [Jasper Tudor, half-brother to Henry VI.]. But here he is made to talk as if he had been present in the battle of Wakefield, and had come away without knowing the fate of his father! Of this, however, he is soon apprised by a messenger."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 13.

(b) The appearance in the heavens of the "three glorious suns" is mentioned both by Hall and Holinshed; and the latter transfers the suns, as the play does, to Edward's shield.

(c) At the end of that line I have restored the comma of the folio, which in recent editions—Variorum, Dyce, Globe, Leopold—has been turned, surely without reason, into a semicolon. At the beginning of the next line, for "either that is thine," I should be inclined to read "either they are thine;" the construction of

“that” being awkward and ambiguous. I have given in the margin what I suppose to be the meaning.

(d) This second battle of St Alban’s, in which the queen fought against Warwick victoriously, and set the king free, February 17, 1461, took place *after* the meeting at York (see next scene), not before it, as here represented. “The introduction of ‘Lord George, your brother,’ is gratuitous. That prince was only twelve years old at the present time.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 15.

(e) “The Duchess of Burgundy was not Edward’s aunt; nor did she send over Clarence, who, as a boy, had been sent to Flanders with his brother Richard, to be out of the way.”—COURTENAY, *ibid.*

Scene 2.

(a) “Prince Edward, now about nine years old, was not knighted at this time, but after the second battle of St Alban’s.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 17.

(b) “No Parliament had sat, but Henry had by proclamation declared that the agreement for York’s succession to the crown was void. And though there might be no specific article to that effect, such a departure from the agreement clearly put the Yorkists in the right.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 16.

Scene 3.

(a) The battle of Towton was fought March 29, 1461. “It is hardly necessary to say that the long parley between the two parties, on the eve of the battle, is altogether imaginary; but some of the allusions are founded upon the Chronicles. In the play, the fortune of the day is at first against the Yorkists. . . . It is on Holinshed’s authority that Warwick is made to say [line 24], ‘I’ll kill my horse, because I will not fly.’”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 18.

Scene 5.

(a) “This speech is mournful and soft, exquisitely suited to the character of the king, and makes a pleasing interchange, by affording, amidst the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimpse of rural innocence and pastoral tranquillity.”—JOHNSON.

(b) “These two [see below, 59] horrible incidents are selected to show the innumerable calamities of civil war.”—JOHNSON.

(c) Upon the two lines there omitted—

“O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late”—

the critics have spent more words than they are worth, and, after all, have left them much as they found them—that is, uncertain both as to their text and meaning.

Scene 6.

(a) “King Edward IV., ætat. 20, was crowned June 29, 1461, and then—not on the field of battle as in the play [see below, 102]—he created his brothers George and Richard Dukes of Clarence and Gloster. Richard’s objection to his title as unlucky, is suggested by a remark of Holinshed.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 18. Compare Malone’s note, in which Hall is quoted for the suggestion, who besides the case of Duke Humphrey [see Part 2, iii. 2], mentions Hugh Spencer, and Thomas of Woodstock, sixth son of King Edward III.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) “The third act commences with the taking of Henry prisoner. We are thus carried over three [? four] years to 1464 [? 1465]. After his defeat at Towton, Henry, who may be considered as having for the first time abdicated the throne, had retired into Scotland with the queen and prince.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 19.

In 1464 the Lancastrians, under Margaret, were again twice defeated—viz., at the battles of Hedgely Moor and of Hexham.

“In July 1465 Henry was arrested whilst wandering about among his secret friends in Lancashire. The Scots had already forsaken him, and in 1464 concluded a truce for fifteen years with Edward. He was committed to the Tower, only for a few months again to be restored to light and liberty.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 201.

(b) “The piety of Henry scarce interests us more for his misfortunes than this his constant solicitude for his deceitful queen.”—STEEVENS.

Scene 2.

(a) There is inconsistency between what is here stated and the account given in the next play, *King Richard III.*, act i. sc. 3. 130 ; which Malone urges as “one of the numerous circumstances that prove incontestably that Shakspeare was not the original author of this and the preceding play. It was in the *second* battle of St Albans, which Queen Margaret won, February 1461, that Sir John Grey fell. He fought, not “for the House of York,” as here represented, but on the Lancastrian side, and it was Edward himself who had seized his lands, after the decisive victory at Towton.

(b) Henry, who is here mentioned second, was in fact the eldest son of York's large family,—the order being, Henry, b. 1441; Edward, b. 1442; Edmund, b. 1443; William, b. 1447; John, b. 1448; George, b. 1449; Thomas, b. 1451; Richard, b. 1452; so that Richard was the eighth and youngest of the sons. See Notes on Part 2, v. 1. 116, and comp. below, 175.

(c) "It was an opinion which, in spite of its absurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only shapeless lumps of animated flesh, which she licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the same state with those of other creatures."—JOHNSON.

(d) "Richard speaks here the language of nature. Whoever is stigmatised with deformity has a constant source of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by some other superiority those advantages which he feels himself to want. Bacon remarks [see his Essay on Deformity] that the deformed are commonly daring; and it is almost proverbially observed that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are displeased with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt."—JOHNSON. Comp. Sir Walter Scott's 'Black Dwarf.'

Scene 3.

(a) S. Walker remarks, vol. iii. p. 172, *sq.*, that the use of *Albion* for *England* here and 49, perhaps also of *Belgia*, iv. 8. 1, and certainly of *Gallia* for *France*, v. 3. 8, are [is] among the proofs—if any were needed where the evidence of spirit and style is so overpowering—that these scenes were not written by Shakspeare. But Mr Lettson has pointed out, *ibid.*, p. 173, note, that *Albion* and *Gallia* are peculiar to the play preserved in the first folio, the older play having *England* and *France* in the corresponding passages, and that *Albion* occurs in 2 *King Henry VI.*, iii. 2, and (as well as *Gallia*) in *King Henry V.*

(b) "The Lady Bona was not the sister of Louis himself, but of his queen, Charlotte of Savoy. . . . This story of the Lady Bona, and of Warwick's taking offence, is in Holinshed [vol. iii. p. 280], but the meeting between Margaret and Warwick *at this time* at Paris, and its consequences, are Shakspeare's own. The embassy of that earl to obtain for his master the hand of the Lady Bona is assigned to the year 1464, after the battle of Hexham, and he found Louis not at Paris but at Tours. Margaret was not then in France. . . . On the arrival of the news of Edward's marriage,

Shakspeare reconciles Margaret and Warwick, who now becomes a zealous Lancastrian. . . . It was in 1470 that Margaret and Warwick did unite against Edward, and cement their union, under the mediation of Louis, by the marriage of their children. Prince Edward was betrothed to Anne [not eldest—see next note—but] second daughter of Warwick. It does not appear that the French king sent any succours to the Lancastrians at any period after the declaration of Edward's marriage."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 25, *sq.*

(c) I have here adopted Theobald's correction, who substituted "my younger" for "my eldest daughter," because Edward Prince of Wales married Anne, the second daughter of Warwick; see *King Richard I.*, 1. 156, note, and 2. 10. The eldest daughter, Isabel, had been married five years before to the Duke of Clarence. See Dyce's note.

ACT IV.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "Neither the lapse of two centuries, nor any circumstance which has occurred during that eventful period, has in any degree shook the credit of this observation, or impaired the confidence of the public in the truth of it."—REED.

(b) "This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England."—JOHNSON.

(c) "I do not know whence Shakspeare took his enumeration of alliances. It is true that the son of Lord Hastings was married to the heiress of Hungerford; that the queen's brother, Anthony Widville, married the heiress of the last Lord Scales; and that her son, Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, had the heiress of Bonville."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 28.

(d) There seems nothing to account for "Somerset" being placed at King Edward's Court. The last who bore that title, Edmund Beaufort, was slain fighting on King Henry's side at the battle of St Albans; see above, i. 1. 19, and Part 2, v. 2. 66. He left a son, Henry, who fought for Henry VI. at Towton, and escaped; but afterwards at the battle of Hexham he was taken and beheaded. Edmund, the younger brother and successor of that Duke Henry, was also faithful to the Lancastrian side, and was beheaded after the battle of Tewkesbury—v. 5. 3, and 7. 5. See Courtenay, vol. ii. p. 30; and Ritson, on v. i. 74.

Scene 5.

(a) "Edward's camp being very ill guarded, he is surprised and

taken prisoner. Being placed in the custody of Archbishop Neville [Warwick's brother], at Middleham in Yorkshire, he is liberated while hunting by Gloucester, with Sir John Stanley and others. These improbable events . . . are taken from Holinshed. Some historians disbelieve them, but Lingard, on the authority of one contemporary, and an ambiguous record, gives credence to the statement of the captivity of Edward. . . . There is in the whole transaction a mystery which I cannot solve. When released, Edward did not, as in the play (see 21), fly to Lynn, and thence to Flanders; that flight was in 1470."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 36.

(b) Nothing can be made of the line there omitted,—

"*Glo.* Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning."

Walker remarks: "What does this refer to? Something must be lost."

Scene 6.

(a) Catharine, widow of King Henry V., married for her second husband (see *King Henry V.*, Chor. (6), last note), Owen Tudor, by whom she had, as her eldest son, Edmund, made Earl of Richmond, who was, therefore, half-brother to King Henry VI. He married Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, and so became father of the youth Henry, second Earl of Richmond, here introduced; who, at the death of Richard III., succeeded to the throne as Henry VII., and by marrying Elizabeth (daughter of King Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey) united the houses of York and Lancaster. Queen Elizabeth would of course be much gratified by this description of the "pretty lad," whose grand-daughter she was.

Scene 7.

(a) "I apprehend that this is the first scene in which Gloster, who was now only 19 years old, ought to have been mentioned. Until this time he was a boy at the Court of Burgundy."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 39.

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "This is wrong. Henry was now at large, and in possession of the Government; but had this scene been put before that which precedes it, the history (with this exception) would have been tolerably accurate."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 42.

Scene 2.

(a) We have now the battle of Barnet [April 14, 1471], in which the Nevilles—Warwick and Montague—were both slain. Queen Margaret landed on the same day, as the play correctly relates [see 3. 8], and Somerset and Oxford, escaping from Barnet, joined her before the battle of Tewkesbury [May 3, 1471], in which, as the play also tells us correctly, the queen was defeated and taken prisoner, with Oxford and Somerset, who were afterwards beheaded.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 44.

Scene 4.

(a) “This scene is ill-contrived, in which the king [Edward] and the queen [Margaret] appear at once on the stage at the head of opposite armies. It had been easy to make the one retire before the other entered.”—JOHNSON.

Scene 5.

(a) It is quite clear there is nothing like *evidence* either of Prince Edward's smart reply to the king, or of his assassination by *anybody* [what evidence there is points to his being “slain in the field”]; and that there is not even the report of one who lived near to the time, of the participation of either of the king's brothers in the assassination, if it occurred. There is little in reason for believing any part of the story, though there is not—as there seldom can be—any proof of the negative. . . . At line 27 the prince is called ‘brat’ by Gloucester; but the fact is he was only one year younger than himself—being then about 18, and Gloucester about 19. The presence of Margaret at her son's examination and death is a dramatic incident, as is Gloucester's attempt to murder her. She was taken, kept prisoner for five years, and then ransomed [see sc. 7. 40] by Louis IX.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 49, *sq.* Comp. Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 211; and below, *King Richard III.*, 1. 3, note (b).

(b) This was in May 1471. The son had been born in April of the preceding year.

Scene 6.

(a) “As to this murder, Shakspeare is justified by Holinshed. . . . But I quite agree with Walpole [in ‘Historic Doubts’] as to the improbability of Richard's becoming the murderer of the captive and childless king. On the other hand, it is sufficiently clear that from the very first it was suspected that Henry was murdered, and that the perpetrator was in a station so high as to be

called a tyrant; and that a rumour was prevalent at an early period, but perhaps not till *after Richard's death*, that he was the murderer."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 54. "Edward, with 30,000 men under his command, re-entered London on May 21 [1471] in triumph. The same night King Henry died [æ. 51] in the Tower, where he had been replaced after the battle of Barnet. Both at the time and after, the Duke of Gloster was regarded as his murderer; and although nothing certain is known of the circumstances of his death, it is most probable that he was slain secretly."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 210, *sq.* "We regard with just abhorrence the death of Henry VI., and the advocates of Richard III. labour to show that their hero was not the murderer. There can, however, be no doubt that both Edward and his brother, after the battle of Barnet, had determined to put away the poor king, as an act of policy. So long as he lived, he would be the rallying-point of the discontented. It was so completely an act of policy, that the suspicion that King Henry had come to his death by foul means did not militate against the popularity of Edward. The king was imbecile; he might be used to disturb the peace of the country; he was put out of the way; the people asked no questions. Whether the blow was dealt by the hand of Richard, or of Edward, or by some hired assassin, the murder took place under their sanction, and *qui facit per alium, facit per se.*"—Dean Hook's 'Lives,' vol. v. p. 354, note.

INTRODUCTION TO KING RICHARD III.

1. SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—In writing this tragedy, Shakspeare cannot be said to have been under any obligations to an earlier play on the same subject, by an unknown author—*The True Tragedy of Richard III., wherein is shewn the Death of Edward IV., with the Smothering of the two young Princes in the Tower, &c. &c.*—which appeared in 1594, quarto, and is still extant (see Hazlitt's 'Shakspeare's Library,' Part 2, vol i. pp. 43-129); or to the earlier Latin play, by Dr Thomas Legge—entitled, *Richardus Tertius*, and performed at Cambridge, previous to 1583 (see *ibid.*, pp. 131-220); though the former, at least, must have been known to him. It is remarked, however, by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, 'Outlines,' p. 94 (and comp. p. 233), that "there are slight traces of an older play to be observed [in Shakspeare's]—passages which belong to an inferior hand, and incidents, such as that of the rising of the ghosts, suggested probably by similar ones in a more ancient composition. That the play of *Richard III.*, as we now have it, is essentially Shakspeare's cannot admit of a doubt; but as little can it be questioned that to the circumstance of an anterior work on the subject having been used, do we owe some of its weakness and excessively turbulent character. No copy of *this* older play is known to exist; but one brief speech, and the two following lines, have been accidentally preserved [see *ibid.*, 'Illustrative Notes,' p. 234]—

'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is ta'en,
And Banister is come for his reward:—'

from which it is clear that Shakspeare did not hesitate to adopt an

occasional line from his predecessor, although he entirely omitted the character of Banister." See iv. 4. 546, and comp. *King Henry* 8, ii. 1. 127. In regard to the historical basis of the play, the main, perhaps the only, sources from which our poet drew, were the Chronicles of Holinshed and Hall, which contain the life of Richard, taken, for the most part, from the biography of the king, by Sir Thomas More, in Latin and English (see 'Mori Opera,' Lovanii, 1566, pp. 44-57, and 'The Works of Sir Thomas More,' London, 1557, pp. 35-71), who had his information probably from Archbishop Morton, a contemporary, the same person who appears in our play as Bishop of Ely. See Gervinus, p. 263. "The received history is pretty closely followed; but when this play was written, the belief, which it was the aim of the Tudors to encourage, had not been disturbed by the 'historic doubts' of a later age."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 117. "In his knowledge of the historical facts, Shakspeare is here more exact and certain than his predecessor [?] in *King Henry VI.*: the conformity to the Chronicle, in all the actions taken from it, comprising a period of 14 years, is extraordinarily true."—GERVINUS, p. 260.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—"This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him, as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some impossible."—JOHNSON. In Gervinus's judgment, the play shows extraordinary progress as compared with *King Henry VI.*—p. 260. On the other hand, Mr Hudson remarks that, certain scenes and passages excepted, the workmanship, in all its parts—in language, structure of the verse, and quality of tone—is greatly below what we find in the poet's later plays—see vol. ii. p. 167. At p. 137 he had pointed out the *demerits* more at length, and with his usual discernment. "The play, as a whole, evinces somewhat less maturity of power than *King Richard II.*; in several cases there is great insubordination of the details to the general plan; the points of tragic stress are more frequent, and the dramatic motives more on the surface, and more obvious, not to say obtrusive, than may well consist with the reason and law of Art; there is also too much piling up of curses, or too much ringing of changes in imprecation; and in Richard's wooing of Lady Anne, and of Queen Elizabeth, there is an excess of dialogical epigram and antiphrastic point, with challenge and retort alternating through a prolonged series of *sticho-*

metrical [single-line] speeches :¹—all which shows indeed a prodigious fertility of thought, but betrays withal a sort of mental incontinence, or a want of that self-restraining judgment which, in the poet's later dramas, tempers all the parts and elements into artistic harmony and proportion. Then, too, the ethical idea or sense, instead of being duly poised or interfused with the dramatic current, comes too near overriding and displacing it,—the pressure of a special purpose marring the organic symmetry of the work." At the same time, he adds, p. 139 : "The drawing together and massing of the scattered events is eminently judicious ; for the plan of the drama required, them to be used only as subservient to the hero's character ; and it does not appear how the poet could have ordered them better for developing, in the most forcible manner, his idea of that extraordinary man. So that the selection and grouping of the secondary incidents are regulated by the paramount law of the work ; and they are certainly made to tell with masterly effect in furtherance of the author's purpose." Elsewhere, however, the same critic remarks, very justly, that this subordination has been carried too far. "There is," he writes, "properly speaking, no interaction between Richard and the other persons of the drama. He is the all-in-all of the scene. And herein is this play chiefly distinguished from the others ; and certainly, as a work of art, not distinguished for the better, that the entire action, in all its parts and stages, . . . springs from the hero as its source, and determines in him as its end. . . . The most considerable exception to this is Queen Margaret."—P. 155, *sq.* I conclude these extracts with Mr Courtenay's criticism : "I agree in the opinion that the popularity of this play is owing to the character of Richard, and the way in which it is sustained by the dramatist, and has been performed by the actor [such as Burbage, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Kean] ; not because the character is ' variegated ' [as Steevens had remarked], but because it is uniform—that of a hypocritical villain, pursuing by wicked means the one great object of his ambition. The scenes which might be selected from the play as specimens of Shakspeare's power are not his best. They would be inferior in interest and excitement to the somewhat cognate scenes in the less valued play of *King John*, and would present few passages in splendid language."—Vol. ii. p. 116, *sq.*

¹ Mr Hudson omits to notice that this is a frequent feature of the Greek drama ; and one so peculiar that Shakspeare's adoption of it would seem to show that he could not have been altogether ignorant of the works of his great Attic predecessors.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED :—

(a) KING EDWARD IV.—“Edward IV. came to the throne with great personal advantages. He was young [æt. 20] and handsome ; he had shown great military skill, and won a great victory [battle of Towton, 1461] ; he brought the prospect of peace. . . . In many points his personal position was like that of Henry IV. at the beginning of his reign.”—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 193. “He was not perhaps quite so bad a man, or so bad a king, as his enemies have represented ; but even those writers who have laboured hardest to rehabilitate him, have failed to discover any conspicuous merits. . . . He was, as a man, vicious far beyond anything that England had seen since the days of John ; and more cruel and bloodthirsty than any king she had ever known ; he had, too, a conspicuous talent for extortion.”—*Ibid.*, p. 219, *sq.* “The battle of Tewkesbury [1471] was followed, in Edward’s reign, by twelve years of peace and of exhaustion ; and at the end of that time, during which there were scarce any events of importance or interest, the monarch died a death, which had become most unusual in the York family—he died in his bed. . . . The character of Edward IV. was briefly this : he was a warlike and a voluptuous prince, equally ready for the perils of war and the pleasures of peace.”—Professor REED, p. 177. “Edward did not interest the imagination of Shakspeare. He is the self-indulgent, luxurious king. The one thing that Shakspeare cared to say about him was, that his pleasant delusion of peace-making, shortly before his death, was a poor and insufficient compensation for a life spent in ease and luxury rather than in laying the hard and strong basis of a substantial peace. A few soft words, a placing of hands in hands, will not repair the ravage of fierce years, and the decay of sound human bonds during soft effeminate years.”—DOWDEN, p. 192. Dean Hook’s estimate, though substantially in accordance with the foregoing, throws in some brighter colouring. Speaking of the battle of Towton, he writes : “For ten long hours the victory was held in doubtful balance ; and was then decided by the skilful generalship of young Edward. He, though little more than a boy, had assumed the crown which his father feared to take, and displayed, not the rash courage of a youth, but the genius of a great commander.”—‘Lives,’ vol. v. p. 391. “A more popular king than Edward IV., with all his many faults, and the immoralities of his conduct, never perhaps sat upon the English throne.”—*Ibid.*, p. 399. At p. 406, he is spoken of as “the victor in nine battles.” And at p. 418 : “It was not supposed that, when little more than forty years of age, such a man would have

succumbed to an ague ; neither would this have been the case, if he had acted with common prudence. The immediate cause of his death was, no doubt, a surfeit."

(b) KING RICHARD III.—"No one can read attentively this portion of history, comparing the tradition with the authentic documents, without seeing that the blame of the quarrel between Richard and the late king's family, in the first instance, attaches to the queen and her relatives. He was, in all probability, prepared to treat that weak and wayward woman with respect ; to place her at the head of her son's court ; and to be satisfied for himself with the substance of authority, without the trappings of royalty. But he found that she and her party were plotting against his authority, his liberty, perhaps his life."—DEAN HOOK, *ibid.*, p. 366. And again : "We may believe that the Duke of Gloucester, when he commenced his journey to the south, intended to act loyally and honourably towards his nephew. But as he advanced, he found that the queen's party had been plotting against him, and that by them he would be annihilated, if by him their own annihilation were not first effected. In the suppression of that party he was assisted, from various motives, by Buckingham, Stanley, Howard [Duke of Norfolk], and Hastings. But although Howard and Hastings were willing to destroy the queen's party, they were not prepared to succumb to Gloucester. They would not make Richard a regent ; they would only permit him to be the President of a Council of Regency."—*Ibid.*, p. 424. Gervinus is full and able, as usual, upon the character of Shakspeare's Richard. "Of consummate powers of speech, of animated mind and piercing wit, Shakspeare depicts him throughout in accordance with the Chronicle : in his hypocritical wooing of Anne, in his sarcasm, and in his equivocal language, this gift of a biting and malicious wit is called into play. He exhibits similar adroitness in his dealings with men. . . . He entraps the stupidly faithful Clarence with tears ; he makes the sincere Hastings believe, even to the last, that he may take every liberty with him ; he leads the exasperated enemies at court to hatred and murder, while he remains in the background ; he appears tractably to follow the ambitious Buckingham, while he is using him as a pioneer for all his secret ways."—P. 164. Hudson writes in the same strain, adding also some further and more powerful strokes to the character : "The man's galling wakefulness to his own unsightly shape festers and malignifies into a kind of self-pleasing virulence. Nor is this all. For, on much the same principle, he nurses to the highest pitch his consciousness also of moral

deformities. . . . To succeed by wrong, to rise by crime, to grow great by inverting the moral order of things, is, in his view, the highest proof of genius and skill. So he cooks both his moral and personal ugliness into food of intellectual pride."—Vol. ii. p. 145. "I have said that the moral complexion of Shakspeare's Richard was mainly taken from the historians. Intellectually, however, his proportions are drawn much beyond what the history accords to him."—P. 147. Hudson is followed by Professor Dowden, who makes these striking remarks: "Coleridge has said of Richard that pride of intellect is his characteristic. This is true; but his *dominant* characteristic is not intellectual: it is rather a dæmonic energy of will. . . . History supplied Shakspeare with the figure of his Richard. He has been accused of darkening the colours and exaggerating the deformity of the character of the historical Richard found in More and Holinshed. The fact is precisely the contrary. The mythic Richard of the historians (and there must have been some appalling fact to originate such a myth) is made somewhat less grim and bloody by the dramatist. Essentially, however, Shakspeare's Richard is of the diabolical (something more dreadful than the criminal) class. He is not weak, because he is single-hearted [like Milton's Satan] in his devotion to evil. Richard does not serve two masters. He is not, like John, a dastardly criminal; he is not, like Macbeth, joyless and faithless, because he has deserted loyalty and honour. He has a fierce joy, and he is an intense believer—in the creed of Hell. And therefore he is strong. He inverts the moral order of things, and tries to live in this inverted system. He does not succeed; he dashes himself to pieces against the laws of the world which he has outraged. Yet, while John is wholly despicable, we cannot refrain from yielding a *certain tribute* of admiration to the bolder malefactor, who ventures on the daring experiment of choosing evil for his good."—P. 182, and p. 188, *sq.* No character on the stage has been represented with more *éclat* than that of Richard III. But it will be worth the reader's while to turn to the Essay of Charles Lamb, "On the Tragedies of Shakspeare," in order to understand how little any scenic representation is capable of doing justice to "the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity—the profound, the witty, the accomplished Richard," as Shakspeare has drawn him. For a sober estimate of Richard's character, as found in history, see Canon Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 225, who remarks that "the materials for a clear delineation are very scanty."

(c) EARL OF RICHMOND=KING HENRY VII.—"This is the only pure character of the play, predicting better times. The poet

thought it necessary to do but little in honour of the founder of the House of Tudor, the grandfather of Queen Elizabeth, after having blackened his enemy, Richard, as much as possible. The pious general of God had been, like the princes, Edward's sons, early removed from the dreadful society of the court : the blessing of Henry VI. rested on him."—GERVINUS, p. 275.

(d) THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES.—"The delineation of the two boys is a masterpiece of the poet. With what scanty materials does he develop a disposition in the Prince of Wales, which promises a perfect manhood ! In his words on his father's death and title [iii. l. 99], how much is there of tender feeling and modesty ! In the censuring question to his brother—'A beggar ?' [*ibid.*, 103]—what a delicate reminder of propriety ! In his reply to Gloster—'I fear no uncles dead ; an if they live, I hope I need not fear' [*ibid.*, 147-149]—what caution, and, at the same time, what acuteness of mind is exhibited in the equivocal words ! And in what beautiful contrast to this stands, again, the quick wit of the bold, precocious, pert, and clever York, which he so delicately weakens by a kindly blunting of its sting !"—GERVINUS, p. 275. Hudson's remarks are to the same effect respecting the delineation of the two princes ; and he adds : "Their guileless intelligence and sweet trustfulness of disposition make a capital foil to the satanic subtlety and virulent intellectuality of Richard."—Vol. ii. p. 166, *sq.*

(e) HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, AND STANLEY.—"Hastings is open-hearted, true, talkative, sincere, unsuspecting in his happiness ; loose in morals, but a stranger to all mistrust. He trusts in Catesby as in Richard ; he suffers neither warnings nor dreams to disturb him ; he triumphs with imprudent joy over the fall of his enemies, though the same lot is threatening him ; confident in Richard's friendship, he is ready to 'give his voice' for him in the Council when Richard had already devoted him to death, because, with the same unvaried candour, and with a nature incapable of dissimulation, he had declared that the crown would be 'foully misplaced' on Richard's head."—GERVINUS, p. 273. "Hastings and Buckingham neither get nor deserve any pity from us. They have done all they could to nurse and prepare the human tiger that finally hunts them to death."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 164. "A more cunning tool of Gloster's is Buckingham. He stands by his side as a faint exhibition of his ambition and of his hypocritical heart. He has smaller objects in his desire for aggrandisement, as Richard has his larger ones ; and for the furtherance of these he tries to use Richard as a tool, just as Richard uses him. . . .

He fancies himself a genuine actor, who has at his service 'ghastly looks' and 'enforced smiles;' he helps to influence the citizens; he takes part in the farces at Baynard's castle. He appears only by degrees drawn into Gloster's snares; Margaret even regards him at first as innocent; . . . in everything falling short of Richard, in bad as in good, he shudders at the murder which the other demands from him: when he is out of humour at the withholding of the reward which Richard had promised him for his assistance, he can no longer dissemble; while Gloster, at the moment of his ill-humour against Hastings, appears particularly pleased and cheerful. [On the character of Buckingham, comp. Dean Hook, vol. v. pp. 430, 439, and Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 226.] In contrast to him again stands Stanley, the true sneaking hypocrite, who conquers Richard with his own weapons, as Elizabeth does in her feminine manner. Related to Richmond, he has cause from the first to act cautiously. From being a foe to Queen Elizabeth, he has become a friend to the common object; he has his eye everywhere; he warns Hastings, although in vain; he carries on a lasting connection with Richmond, and in the simplest manner—through a priest. History itself considers it incomprehensible that Richard, blinded as by God, did not arrest the suspicious man. Shakspeare endeavours to explain this conduct by bestowing on Stanley exactly the same arts as those which Gloster possesses. As the latter sought to conceal his secret intrigues from the Greys by open displeasure, so Stanley throughout boldly declares himself a watchful observer of Richmond's plans: he is the first to bring Richard intelligence of Dorset's flight to Richmond; he brings him the intelligence of Richmond's landing; he leaves his son as a hostage, and in this case of need stakes the life dearest to him, that he may play out his deceptive part, which costs Richard his kingdom and life, and brings a crown to Richmond."—GERVINUS, p. 274, *sq.* Mr Hudson traces Stanley's conduct in the same way, but puts upon it rather a better interpretation. "Stanley gauges the hero rightly from the first. . . . Without sharing in any of Richard's crimes, or defiling his hands at all with blood, he turns Richard's weapons against him, and fairly beats him at his own game. . . . With clean purposes, he dissembles them as completely as Richard does his foul ones. He is in secret correspondence with Richmond all along; yet carries it so, that no wind thereof gets abroad. His art takes on the garb of perfect frankness, candour, and simplicity, which is art indeed. . . . He counsels Dorset to speed his flight to Richmond, and gives him letters: then goes straight to

Richard, and tells him Dorset has fled. He is also the first to tell Richard that 'Richmond is on the seas,' and that 'he makes for England, here to claim the crown.' By this timely speaking of what is true, but what he would naturally be least expected to disclose, he makes a passage for the full-grown deceit which he is presently forced to use. But he justly holds it a work of honesty to deceive such an arch-deceiver in such a cause. And his patriotism and rectitude of purpose are amply shown in that, when the crisis comes, he stakes what is dearest in the world to him, for the deliverance of his country from the butchering tyrant. This was a good beginning for the noble and illustrious house of Stanley."—Vol. ii. p. 164, sq.

(f) QUEEN MARGARET. See Introduction to *King Henry VI.*, Parts 2 and 3.—Professor Dowden, after remarking that "the figure of Queen Margaret is painfully persistent upon the mind's eye, and tyrannises, almost as much as the figure of King Richard himself, over the imagination," proceeds to quote from A. Mezières, 'Shakspeare ses Œuvres,' &c., as follows: "Although banished upon pain of death [after battle of Towton], she returns to England [historically in 1471, and is present at the battle of Tewkesbury] to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakspeare personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., and there breathes forth her hatred in the presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth meeting no obstacle, as she had entered [see i. 3, 109-306]. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once more, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the tower by the order of Richard [see iv. 4, 1-124]. She came the first time to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her malediction."—P. 191, sq. "The old York (in *King Henry VI.*) had once cursed her, when she committed the womanly outrage of giving him a napkin bathed in the blood of his son Rutland [see *Third Part*, i. 4. 150, 167]; his curse was fulfilled on her, when she lost throne, husband, and the son whom Richard stabbed, and at whose fall Rivers, Grey, Hastings, and Vaughan were accessories. But now the power of York's curse is transferred to her. . . . The manifold misery which she lives to see befall her enemies sweetens her own misery. . . . Margaret hurled the curse over all the

accomplices in the murder of her son, and in all it comes to maturity."—GERVINUS, p. 276. "The character, however life-like and striking in its effect, is coloured much beyond what sober history warrants. . . . A bold, ferocious, and tempestuous woman, void alike of delicacy, of dignity, and discretion, all the bad passions out of which might be engendered the madness of civil war seem to flock and hover about her footsteps. . . . So that we may regard her as, in some sort, an ideal concentration of that murderous ecstasy which seized upon the nation."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 161, *sq.* The introduction of Queen Margaret in this play has no historical warrant. See Act i. sc. 3, note (b).

(g) QUEEN ELIZABETH.—"Elizabeth is prudent, motherly, and pitiful, withal by no means lacking in strength and spirit. Stanley, Margaret, and the Duchess excepted, she is the only person in the play who reads correctly the hero's character."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 166.

(h) THE LADY ANNE.—"Lady Anne's seeming levity in yielding to the serpent flatteries of the wooing homicide is readily forgiven in the sore burden of grief which it entails upon her, in her subdued gentleness to other destined victims, and in the sad resignation with which she forecasts the bitterness of her brief future."—*Ibid.*, p. 165.

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—

(a) "It is a wise contrast which necessitates the part assigned to Margaret, and even the glaring prominence given to her curses; and their fulfilment has its wise intention. The more secretly the sins of this brood of hypocrites were practised, the more visibly and notoriously was punishment to overtake them. The manifest retribution of God ought to be made all the more evident when employed against the secrecy and deceit of men; and the interference of eternal justice ought plainly and tangibly to appear against the evil-doers, who think to insnare Heaven itself, who believe not in an avenging power, nor in the curse that rests on evil deeds themselves."—GERVINUS, p. 277, *sq.*

(b) "Shakspeare here [in the character of Richard], as in all his great parts, develops in a tone of sublime morality the dreadful consequences of placing the moral in subordination to the mere intellectual being."—COLERIDGE, p. 183. Comp. Dowden, p. 182.

5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—"The action of the play covers rather more than 14 years, from Henry VI.'s murder, May 21, 1471, to Richard III.'s death, August 22, 1485. Half of this period, however, is despatched in the first act; the funeral of Henry, the

marriage of Richard with Anne, and the death of Clarence being represented as occurring all about the same time ; whereas in fact they were separated by considerable intervals, the last not taking place till February 1478. And there is a similar abridgment—or rather suppression—of time between the first act and the second ; as the latter opens with the sickness of King Edward, his seeming reconciliation of the peers, and his death,—all which occurred in April 1483. Thenceforward the events of the drama are mainly disposed in the order of their actual occurrence ; the play being perhaps as true to the history as was practicable or desirable, in a work so different in its nature and use.”—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 138 sq.

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—“*Richard III.* was first published in quarto, 1597, and afterwards in 1598, 1602, 1605, 1622—that is, six times before the first folio of 1623 ; each edition being printed from the one before it. The folio text shows a number of small word-changes from the quarto—with important ones of whole passages occasionally—that render the making the best text of *Richard III.* the hardest puzzle in Shakspeare editing.”—FURNIVALL, Introduction, p. xxxix. Comp. my Preface to vol. i. pp. xxiv-xxvi. See also Grant White, vol. viii. p. 138. The folio gives the play divided into acts and scenes, but without any list of persons represented.

The number of lines, according to my reckoning, is 2752 ; of which 17 are omitted in this edition, exclusive of those expunged on the score of indelicacy.

KING RICHARD III.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Those marked * appeared in former Play.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.*

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V., } sons to the
RICHARD, Duke of York,* } King.

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,* } brothers to
RICHARD, Duke of Gloster,* afterwards King Richard III., } the King.

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely. (1478. Archbishop of Canterbury, 1486.)

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM (Henry¹ Stafford).

DUKE OF NORFOLK.*

EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS,* brother to King Edward's Queen.

THOMAS, Marquess of Dorset, and LORD GREY, her sons.

EARL OF OXFORD.*

LORD HASTINGS * (Lord Chamberlain).

LORD STANLEY (Thomas, second Lord, afterwards Earl of Derby).

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.²

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.

TRESSSEL and BERKELEY, attending on Lady Anne.

ELIZABETH,* Queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET,* widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK (Cecil Neville), mother to King Edward IV., Clarence, and Gloster.

LADY ANNE (Neville), widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, son to King Henry VI. ; afterwards married to Richard, Duke of Gloster.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords and other Attendants ; a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens,
Murderers, Messengers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE—*England.*

¹ Son of Humphrey, Duke of Buckingham, who appeared in *King Henry VI.*, Part 2, and was killed at battle of Northampton, 1460. See Part 3, i. 1. 10.

² "An elderly knight of the household of the young King" [Edward V.]. *Courtenay*, ii. 79.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.

(*Dissensions at Court. Murder of Duke of Clarence.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A street.*

Enter GLOSTER. (a)

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this ¹sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for ²monuments ;
Our stern ³alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our ⁴dreadful marches to delightful ⁵measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now—instead of mounting ⁶barbèd steeds
To fright the souls of ⁷fearful adversaries—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that ⁸am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
To strut before a wanton ⁹ambling nymph ;
I, that am cúrtail'd of this fair proportion,

1. See 3 K. Henr. 6,
ii. 1. 28.

2. *Memorials* : see
2 K. Henr. 6, iv. 3.
10.

3. See Cor., i. 4. 13.

4. *Inspiring dread* :
see Walker, ii. 78.

5. *Sollemn dances* :
see K. Rich. 2, i. 3.
291.

6. See *ibid.*, iii. 3.
119.

7. *Terrible*.

8. See 3 K. Henr. 6,
iii. 2. 155.

9. *With a mincing
gait* : see 1 K.
Henr. 4, iii. 2. 60.

10. *Gracefulness.*
 11. *Making me look*
unlike other men :
 see 3 K. Henr. 6. v.
 6. 51. 78.
 12. *For adverb :* see
 K. Rich. 2. i. 3. 3.

13. *Sickly, whim-*
pering.
 14. *Nothing plea-*
sant to enable me—
 15. *Comment.*

16. *Plausible, giv-*
ing good words.

17. *Preparations*
for mischief, be-
ginnings : see 1 K.
 Henr. 4. iii. 1. 2.
 18. *Defamatory*
accusations.

19. *I.e., to his word.*

20. See K. John, iv.
 2. 57.
 21. See 3 K. Henr.
 6. v. 6. 86; Hollin-
 shed, iii. 346.

22. *Escort.*

23. See 2 K. Henr.
 4. iv. 2. 14.

24. *With baptism*
of blood.

Cheated of ¹⁰feature by ¹¹dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and ¹²unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;— (*b*)
 Why, I, in this weak ¹³piping time of peace,
 Have ¹⁴no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And ¹⁵déscant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair ¹⁶well-spoken days—
 I am determinèd to prove a villain, 30
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, ¹⁷inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, ¹⁸libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And, if King Edward be as ¹⁹true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be ²⁰mew'd up,
 About a ²¹prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul :—here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : what means this armèd guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This ²²conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. ²³Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers :— 50
 O, belike his majesty hath some intent
 That you shall be ²⁴new-christen'd in the Tower. (*c*).
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest
 As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ; (*d*)

And from the ²⁵cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says a wizzard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, ²⁶for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such-like ²⁷toys as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
 My ²⁸Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That ²⁹tempers him to this extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of ³⁰worship,
 Antony ³¹Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
 We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and ³²Mistress Shore.
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord ³³chamberlain his liberty.
 I'll tell you what,—I think it is ³⁴our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men, and wear her livery:
 The jealous ³⁵o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty ³⁶gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. ³⁷Beseech your graces both to pardon me;
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so; an't please your worship, Brakenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say:
 We speak no treason, man;—we say the king
 Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
 Well ³⁸struck in ³⁹years, fair, and not jealous;—
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
⁴⁰A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;

25. *Alphabet*: see
 Dyce's Gloss., and
 Nares's, s. v. Christ-
 cross Row.

60 26. *Because*: see K.
 Rich. 2, i. 3. 127.

27. *Trifles*.

28. See 3 K. Henr.

6, iii. 2. 2, *sqq.*

29. *Moulds*,
fashions.

30. *Dignity*.

31. As trisyll.:

70 Abb., 505. Lord
 Rivers; see 3 K.
 Henr. 6, iv. 4. 2.

32. See below, iii. 4.

70: paramour of the
 king, and, after
 his death, of Hast-
 ings.

33. Lord Hastings:
 see 71.

80 34. *Our best course*.

35. The Queen was
 now only 34.

36. I.e., *have much*
to say.

37. See Cor., iii. 1.
 182.

38. *Advanced*: see
 B. and Sh., p. 44.

39. Abb., 480; but
 comp. Walker, Sh.
 Vers., p. 154.

40. On scansion
 see Abb., 498.

41. Dropt in scan-
sion, Abb., 497.

And ⁴¹that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks :
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

42. See above.

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have naught to do.
⁴²Beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal, 105
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and obey.

43. See B. and Sh.,
p. 29.

Glo. We are the queen's ⁴³abjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;

And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,— 110

44. I.e., the widow
whom he had
married.

Were it to call King Edward's ⁴⁴widow sister,—

I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;

45. I.e., in prison:
see 1 K. Henr. 4, iv.
3. 103. 'For you'=
'in your stead,'
Dyce's Gloss.; but
quer.

I will deliver you, or else ⁴⁵lie for you:

Meantime, have patience.

Clar.

⁴⁶I must perforce: farewell.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and Guard.]

46. On scansion see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 102.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return, 120

Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.—

But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. ⁴⁷Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks 130

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his,

And have ⁴⁸prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be ⁴⁹mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home,—

48. See J. Cæs., II.
1. 265; and below,
III. 4. 60.

49. See above, 38.

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians ⁵⁰fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, ⁵¹by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil ⁵²diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is, my lord.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HASTINGS.

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
Till George be ⁵³pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in !
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter : (*e*)
What though I kill'd ⁵⁴her husband and ⁵⁵her father ?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father :
⁵⁶The which will I ; not all so much for love
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto. (*f*)
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns :
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit*.

140 50. See 1 K. Henr.
4, iv. l. 25.
51. See B. and Sh.,
p. 97, sq.
52. *Mode of life* :
Gr., *διαίτα*.

53. *Gone away* : see
2 K. Henr. 6, iii. 2.
112.

54. At Tewkesbury :
see 3 K. Henr. 6, v.
5. 39.
55. At Barnet : see
ibid., v. l. 49 ; and
2. 49.
160 56. Abb., 270 ; see
B. and Sh., p. 19.

SCENE II.—*The same. Another street. (a)*
*Enter the corpse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an
open coffin, Gentlemen with ¹halberds to guard it,—*
*among them TRESSSEL and BERKELEY ; and Lady ANNE
as mourner.*

1. See 3 K. Henr. 6,
iv. 3. 20.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—
If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
Whilst I awhile ²obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

2. *As befits funeral
obsequies.*

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*

3. *Cold as a key*:
proverbial.

4. See 1 K. Henr. 6,
i. 1. 52.

5. *Unhelpful, un-
availing*: see
Walker, ii. 81.

6. *Wounds*.

7. *Fortune*: in Sh.
more common in
good sense.

8. S. Paul's Church.

9. *From time to
time*.

10. See above, 1.
141.

11. I.e., *cease to
point it at*—

12. See above, 36.

13. *Kick*. 'Beggars'
here = *villain*.

Poor ³key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be 't lawful that I invoke ⁴thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
I pour the ⁵helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursèd be the hand that made these ⁶holes!
Cursèd the heart that had the heart to do it! (b)
More direful ⁷hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view; (b)
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from ⁸Paul's to be interrèd there; 30
And ⁹still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers take up the coffin and move forwards.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.
Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, ¹⁰by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!
First Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.
Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou, when I command:
¹¹Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, ¹²by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And ¹³spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,—

¹⁴His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

14. *I.e., over his s.*

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so ¹⁵curst.

15. *Shrewish, ill-tempered*: see 3 K. Henr. 6, iii. 2. 313.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
not;

50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep ¹⁶exclaims.

16. See 3 K. Rich. 2, i. 2. 2.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold this ¹⁷pattern of thy butcheries.—

17. *Instance, masterpiece.*

O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open ¹⁸their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh!—

18. In reference to a tradition that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer: see Sir W. Scott's 'Fair Maid of Perth,' c. xxiii, note.

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that ¹⁹exhales this blood

19. *Draws forth.*

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

60

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

²⁰Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead;

20. As monosyll.

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him ²¹quick,

21. *Alive*: see B. and Sh., p. 41.

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou knowest no law of God nor man: 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed ²²evils, to give me leave,

22. See 3 K. Henr. 6, iv. 7. 83.

By ²³circumstance, ²⁴but to acquit myself.

23. *By giving a detailed account.*

Anne. Vouchsafe, ²⁵diffus'd infection of a man,

24. *Only*: Abb., 128.

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

25. *Wild, uncouth*: parody of line 75.

By circumstance, to curse thy curs'd self.

80

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

26. *To pass*, as curr.
coin.

No excuse ²⁶current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

27. So Dyce. Fol.
'*shalt*:' and so
Var., *Leap.*, &c.

Anne. And, by despairing, ²⁷shouldst thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

28. *Suppose*: see
below, iii. l. 75.

Glo. ²⁸Say that I slew them not? 89

Anne. Why, then, they are not dead:

29. *Villain*: see
Walker, ii. 307.

But dead they are, and, devilish ²⁹slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then, he is alive.

30. In 3 K. Henr. 6,
v. 5, Edward, Clar.,
and Rich. all stab
him.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain ³⁰by Edward's hand.

31. See 3 K. Henr.
6, i. 4. 12.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous ³¹falchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

32. Supply, '*and
would have killed
her.*'

³²But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

33. *The guilt of my
brothers.*

Glo. I was provokèd by her slanderous tongue,
That laid ³³their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders. 100

Anne. Thou wast provokèd by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye, yea.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too
Thou mayest be damnèd for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*33. See Cor., iii. l.
342.

Glo. Let him thank me, that ^{*33}help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth. 111

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, 'gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits, 120
And fall somewhat into a slower method,—

Is not the causer of the ³⁴timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

34. See 3 K. Henr.
6, v. 6. 42.

Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd ³⁵effect.

35. *Efficient; agent:*
but quar.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of ³⁶that effect;

36. *My doing—ef-*
fecting—what I
did.

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, 130
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee. 140

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better nature. 150

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why dost
thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were ³⁷basilisks, to strike thee dead!

37. See 3 K. Henr.
6, iii. 2. 188.

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death. 160

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
 Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops :
 These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—
 Not when my father York and Edward wept
 To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When ³⁸black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him ;

Nor when ³⁹thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

170

Like trees bedash'd with rain ; in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;

And what these sorrows could not thence ⁴⁰exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend nor enemy ;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words ;

But ⁴¹now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lips such scorn ; for they were made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

180

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;

Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[Gives her his sword, and lays his breast open, kneeling.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,—

[She offers at his breast with his sword.]

But 'twas thy beauty that provokèd me.

Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward,—

[She again offers at his breast.]

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

190

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

[Rises, and takes up his sword.]

Anne. I have already.

38. See 3 K. Henr.
6, i. 3. 33; but Y.
and E. were not
present.

39. Warwick: see
ibid., ii. 1. 104.

40. See above, 58.

41. *Now that.*

Glo. That was in thy rage :
 Speak it again, and, ⁴²even with the word,
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary. 200

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I ⁴³fear me both are false.

42. *Evenly, con-*
currently.

Glo. Then never man was true.

43. See Cor., iv. 6.
 113.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring. 210

Anne. To take, is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner, 220

And presently repair to ⁴⁴Crosby-place ;

Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,

At ⁴⁵Chertsey monastery, this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears—

I will with all ⁴⁶expedient duty see you :

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too

To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

230

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt* Lady ANNE, TRESSEL, and BERKELEY.]

Glo. [*To the bearers.*] Take up the corse.

44. Where Glos.
 lived, in Bishops-
 gate Street.
 45. In Surrey.

46. See K. John, II.
 1. 60.

Gent.

Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.[*Exeunt all, except GLOSTER.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her;—but I will not keep her long.

240

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her ⁴⁷hatred by;⁴⁸Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal

But the plain devil and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

250

Edward, her lord, whom I, some ⁴⁹three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

260

On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?

⁵⁰My dukedom to a beggarly ⁵¹denier,

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous ⁵²proper man.I'll be ⁵³at charges for a looking-glass;And ⁵⁴entertain a score or two of tailors

To study fashions to adorn my body:

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

270

But first I'll turn yon fellow ⁵⁵in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love,—

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*]

47. *Of the hatred she had expressed:*
see line 242.

48. *As monosyll.*:
see 1 K. Henr. 4,
iii. 1. 35.

49. *Really less than*
a month.

50. *I.e., I wager*
my d.

51. See 1 K. Henr.
4, iii. 3. 75.

52. See B. and Sh.,
p. 40, *sq.*

53. *At the expense*
of: see Acts xxi. 24.

54. *Employ*: see J.
Cæs., v. 5. 65.

55. *Into*: see 3 K.
Henr. 6, v. 6. 92.

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, RIVERS, and GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam: there's no doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse: Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort, And cheer his grace with ¹quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would ²betide of me?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with ³a goodly son, To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster, A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: But so it must be, if the king ⁴miscarry.

1. *Lively*: see above, 2. 65.
2. *Become*: elsewhere Sh. uses it with 'to.'

3. See 3. K. Henr. 6, v. 7, 15.

4. *Die*: see K. Henr. 5, iv. 1. 142

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good ⁵time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley, 20

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen. (a)
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley? 30

Stan. ⁶But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

5. See 1. 125.

6. *Just now*.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make ⁷atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my ⁸lord chamberlain;
And sent to ⁹warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. Would all were well!—but that will never be:
I fear our happiness is ¹⁰at the height. 41

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By ¹¹holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, ¹²smooth, deceive, and ¹³cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By ¹⁴silken, sly, insinuating ¹⁵Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with ¹⁶lewd complaints. 60

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else—
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself—
Hath sent for you, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

7. *Reconciliation*:
see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv.

1. 227.

8. Lord Hastings.

9. *Summon*: see J.
Cæs., v. 1. 5.

10. I.e., and must
henceforth decline.

11. See above, 1.
141.

12. See 2. 176.

13. *Cheat*: see Cor.,
iii. 2. 155.

14. See K. John, v.
1. 72.

15. See 1 K. Henr.
4, iii. 3. 81.

16. Here, *rude*,
ignorant.

Glo. I cannot tell :—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :
Since every ¹⁷Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

17. See above, 53.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster ;

You envy my advancement and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those

80

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a ¹⁸noble.

18. Coin = 6s. 8d. :
see K. Rich. 2, i. 1.
88.

Q. Eliz. By him that rais'd me to this ¹⁹careful height
From that contented ²⁰hap which I enjoy'd,

19. Full of cares :
see K. Henr. 5, iv.
1. 222.

I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.

20. See above, 2. 17.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to ²¹draw me in these vile ²²suspects.

21. Represent.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

22. See 2 K. Henr.
6, iv. 1. 140.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers !—why, who knows not
so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.

What may she not ? She may,—ay, ²³marry, may she,—

23. See J. Cæs., 1.
2. 236.

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ! marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :

100

I ²⁴wis your grandam had a ²⁵worser match.

24. See B. and Sh.,
p. 44.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :

25. See B. and Sh.,
p. 19.

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
With those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid

Than a great queen, with this condition,—
To be so baited, scorn'd, and stormèd at:

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.* (b)

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. Mar. [*aside*] And lessen'd be that small, God, I
beseech ²⁶him!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king:
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak,—²⁷my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Out, devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury. 120

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a ²⁸pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Ay, and much better blood than his or
thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your ²⁹husband Grey
Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—
And, Rivers, so were you:—was not your husband
In Margaret's ³⁰battle at Saint Alban's slain? 130
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] A murderous villain, and so still thou
art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his ³¹father, Warwick;
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
And for his ³²meed, poor lord, he is ³³mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's; 140
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

26. 'Thee,' Var. and
Globe: but see be-
low, 212; Abb., 243.

27. I.e., in obtain-
ing for him the
crown.

28. Drudge.

29. See 3 K. Henr.
6, iii. 2. 2; and note
(a).

30. *Army*: see K.
John, iv. 2. 79; or
rather called her
'battle' because
she was victorious;
2d battle of S. A.,
1461.

31. Father-in-law:
see below, 4. 49;
and 3 K. Henr. 6,
v. 1. 81.

32. *Reward*: see
Cor., ii. 2. 106.
33. See 1. 38.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou ³⁴cacodemon! there thy kingdom is.

34. *Evil spirit*: Gr., *κακο-δαίμων*.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king:
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler:
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it!

150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,—
³⁵As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

35. Abb., 275.

Q. Mar. [*aside*] As little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.—

[*Advancing.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have ³⁶pill'd from me!

36. *Pillaged*: see
K. Rich. 2, ii. 1. 249.

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

160

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah, ³⁷gentle villain, do not turn away!

37. *Meek—in pre-
tence, but really a
v.*: see below, 293.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what ³⁸mak'st thou in my
sight?

38. *Doest*: see K
Rich. 2, v. 3. 90;
but in the answer
the ordinary sense
is supposed.

Q. Mar. But ³⁹repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

39. *Mention, re-
cital*: see Sh. Key,
p. 34.

Glo. Wert thou not banish'd on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; (c)

But I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my ⁴⁰abode.

170

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me,—

40. *Appearing and
remaining here*

And ⁴¹thou, a kingdom,—all of you, allegiance:

41. To *Q. Eliz.*

The sorrow that I have, by right is yours;

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou ⁴²didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

42. See 3 K. Henr.
6, i. 4. 96.

And with thy scorn drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st ⁴³the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

43. Of York = my
father: see *ibid.*
83.

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

180

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, hath ⁴⁴plagu'd thy bloody deed.

44. See K. Rich. 2.
iii. 1. 34.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

45. Used by Sh. of
children of some
growth : see below,
iv. 1. 100.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that ⁴⁵babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

46. See 3 K. Henr.
6, i. 4. 172.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, ⁴⁶wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat, 190
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,

Could ⁴⁷all but answer for that peevish brat ?

47. All together
only.

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?—

Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,

As ours by murder, to make him a king !

Edward thy son, that now is Prince of Wales, 200

For Edward my son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely ⁴⁸violence !

48. As dissyll. : see
Abb., 468.

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,

Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !

Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;

And see another, as I see thee now,

49. Installed, in-
vested.

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ⁴⁹stall'd in mine !

Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,

Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !— 210

Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son

50. See 3 K. Henr.
6, v. 5. 38, 82.

⁵⁰Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray ⁵¹him,

51. See above, 111.

That none of you may live his natural age,

52. Supply each
may be.

⁵²But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

53. Cease.

Glo. ⁵³Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag !

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ? stay, dog, for thou shalt
hear me.

54. See Cor., iv. 2.
16.

If heaven have any grievous plague ⁵⁴in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O, let ⁵⁵them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
 The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou ⁵⁶elvish-mark'd, abortive, ⁵⁷rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The ⁵⁸slave of nature and the son of hell!
 Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. ⁵⁹Richärd!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy, then; for I did think
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names. 240

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the ⁶⁰period to my curse!

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse against your-
 self.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain ⁶¹flourish of my for-
 tune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that ⁶²bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd toad. 250

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
 Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:

O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her,—she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are ⁶³malapert:

220 55. See K. Rich. 2,
 i. 2. 7.

230 56. *Disfigured by
 the fairies.*
 57. In allusion to
 the boar, the crest
 of Gloster: see iii.
 2. 11; iv. 5. 2; v. 2.
 7.
 58. *A born villain:*
 see 2. 91.
 59. As trisyll.

60. *Conclusion.*

61. *Varnish, gloss,
 mere superficial
 appearance of what
 I was.*
 62. *Big-bellied.*

63. See 3 K. Henr.
 6, v. 5. 32.

64. *Fresh from the mint, brand-new.*
65. *High rank newly gained.*

Your ⁶⁴fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current : 260
O, that your ⁶⁵young nobility could judge
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

66. Here affirmative particle.

Glo. Good counsel, ⁶⁶marry :—learn it, learn it, marriage.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more : but I was born so high,

67. *Eagle's brood :*
see *K. John*, v. 2.
150.

Our ⁶⁷aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death ; 271
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest :—

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me :

68. Addressed to
Glo. and the rest.

⁶⁸Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd. 280
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee :

Now ⁶⁹fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

69. See *K. Rich.* 2,
ii. 1. 130 : *Buck.*
was a Yorkist.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses ⁷⁰never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air. 290

70. *Go beyond—so*
as to produce effect.

71. See *B.* and *Sh.*,
p. 240.

Q. Mar. ⁷¹I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns he bites ; and when he bites,
His ⁷²venom tooth will ⁷³rankle to ⁷⁴the death :

72. *Venomous :* see
3 *K. Henr.* 6, ii. 2.
138.

73. See *K. Rich.* 2,
i. 3. 302.

74. See *B.* and *Sh.*,
p. 10, sq.

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I ⁷⁵respect, my gracious lord. 300 *75. Attend to.*

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess!—

Live each of you the subject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*]

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I ⁷⁶muse why she's at liberty. *76. See K. John, iii.*

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother, 310 *1. 326; on scansion, Abb., 494.*

She hath had too much wrong; and I ⁷⁷repent

My part thereof that I have done to her. *77. See K. Henr. 5, ii. 2. 153.*

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of ⁷⁸her wrong. *78. The wrong she suffers.*

I was too-hot to do somebody good

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

⁷⁹Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;

He is ⁸⁰frank'd up to fattening for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause of it!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion, 320

To pray for them that have done ⁸¹scathe to us. *81. Harm: see K. John, ii. 1. 75; B. and Sh., p. 185.*

Glo. [*aside*] So do I ever, being well advis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd ⁸²myself. *82. The real cause of Clarence's imprisonment.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all except GLOSTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I ⁸³set abroad

I lay unto the ⁸⁴grievous charge of others. 330

Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have ⁸⁵laid in darkness,—

I do bewEEP to many simple ⁸⁶gulls;

Namely, to Hastings, Stanley, Buckingham;

And say it is the queen and her allies

83. Set agoing: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 2. 14.

84. Heavy.

85. See Ps. xliii. 3. P.-B. Vers.

86. Dupes: see K. Henr. 5, iii. 5. 66.

That stir the king against the duke my brother.
 Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
 But then I sigh; and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them that ⁸⁷God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With old odd ends stol'n out of holy writ;
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.—
 But, soft! here come my executioners.

340

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolvèd mates!
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing? (*d*)

First Murd. We are, my lord; and come to have the
 warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon;—I have it here about me:

[*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to ⁸⁸Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

350

Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps

May move your hearts to pity, if you ⁸⁹mark him.

First Murd. ⁹⁰Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to
 prate;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop ⁹¹millstones, when fools' eyes drop
 tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,

87. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 66.

88. See 2. 221.

89. Give heed to
 what he may say.
 90. See K. Rich. 2,
 ii. 3. 88.

91. See below, 4.
 236.

I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; (a) 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the ¹hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20

1. See 2 K. Henr. 6,
iii. 2. 104.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great ²anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, ³unvalu'd jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept—
As 'twere in scorn of eyes—reflecting gems,
That ⁴woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

2. Quær. 'ingots':
see A. Wright.

3. Invaluable: see
Cor., iii. 2. 53, 'un-
severed': K. Rich.
2, ii. 1. 271, 'un-
avoided.'

4. By seeming to
gaze upon it.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To ⁵yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, ⁶vast, and wandering air;
But smother'd it within my panting ⁷bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

5. See 1 K. Henr. 6,
i. 1. 67.

6. Waste: see
Walker, ii. 38.

7. Body.

40

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

8. *River Styx.*9. *Charon.*

10. See above, 3. 126.

11. Prince Edward:
see 3 K. Henr. 6, v.
5. 40.12. *Inconstant*: see
Ant., v. 2. 296.13. *In = on.*14. I.e., *whereon to*
*pride themselves.*15. *Pomps and*
spendmums not
really felt = en-
*joyed.*16. *The condition*
of those in low
estate.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy ⁸flood,
 With that grim ⁹ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud, "What scourge for ¹⁰perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
 And so he vanish'd: then came wandering by
 A ¹¹shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,
 "Clarence is come,—false, ¹²fleeing, perjur'd Clarence,—
 That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;—
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!"
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;—
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
 That now give evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath ¹³in me alone,—
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—(b)
 Keeper, I prithee, sit by me awhile;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest!—
 [CLARENCE sleeps in a chair.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
 Princes have but their titles ¹⁴for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for ¹⁵unfelt imaginations,
 They often feel a world of restless cares:
 So that, between their titles and ¹⁶low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

First. Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how cam'st thou hither?

First. Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

Sec. Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—Let him see our commission; and talk no more. 90

[*First Murd. gives a paper to BRAK., who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

First Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps? 100

First Murd. No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment-day.

First Murd. Why, then he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word "judgment" hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me. 111

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

Sec. Murd. Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. 121

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

Sec. Murd. Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

First Murd. So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or none will ¹⁷entertain it. 130

First Murd. What if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it,—it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot ¹⁸lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it. 141

First Murd. Ha! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

Sec. Murd. (c) Believe ¹⁹him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a ²⁰tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

First Murd. Take him over the ²¹costard with the ²²hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room. (d) 151

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! and make a ²³sop of him.

First Murd. Soft! he wakes.

Sec. Murd. Strike!

First Murd. No, we'll ²⁴reason with him.

Clar. [waking] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

First Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

17. See 2. 267.

18. See B. and Sh., p. 156.

19. Conscience—personified.

20. See Ant., II. 6. 8.

21. Head: fr. apple so called, shaped like the head.

22. See K. Henr. 5. II. 1. 59.

23. Cake steeped in liquor.

24. Talk: see below, II. 3. 41.

First Murd. A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

160

First Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

First Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak !

Your eyes do menace me : why look you pale ?

Who sent you hither ? Wherefore do you come ?

Both Murd. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me ?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, 170

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you ?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord ; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent ? What is my offence ?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?

What lawful ²⁵quest have given their verdict up

25. *Inquest, jury.*

Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounc'd

180

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?

Before I be ²⁶convict by course of law,

26. *Convicted :*
Abb., 342.

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to ²⁷have redemption

27. See B. and Sh.,
p. 130.

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me :

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals ! the great ²⁸King of kings 190

28. See *ibid.*,
206.

Hath in the table of his law commanded

That thou shalt do no murder : will you, then,

Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?

Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

29. *Perjury*: see 3.

136.

30. I.e., with a solemn oath: see

K. John, v. 2. 6.

For false ²⁹forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament ³⁰to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God, 200

Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to

us,

When thou hast broke it in such ³¹dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

210

O, know you ³²yet, He doth it publicly:

Take not the quarrel from His powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course

To cut off those that have offended Him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When ³³gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My ³⁴brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

220

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for ³⁵meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

230

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

31. An epithet of enforcement, variously applied:

comp. 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 4. 280.

32. At least.

33. Growing up in beauty: see above, 56.

34. Love for my brother.

35. Reward: see 3. 139.

Bid Gloster think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones; as he ³⁶lesson'd us to weep. 36. See above, 3.
357, Cor., ii. 3. 183

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right, as ³⁷snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself: 37. See Prov. xxvi.
1—'kind' being
taken to mean

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

240 natural, kindly.
'Right' is extra
metrum; Abb., 512.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

First Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

Sec. Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?— 250
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is ³⁸bestly, savage, devilish.— 38. Beast-like,
brutal, inhuman.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me:

A begging prince what beggar pities not? (e) 260

First Murd. Ay, thus, and thus [*Stabs him*]: if all this
will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit with the body.*]

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, ³⁹like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

39. See B. and Sh.,
p. 94.

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you've been.

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit. 270

First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou art.—

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial :
And when I have my ⁴⁰meed, I will away ;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

40. See 223.

ACT II.

*(Death of King Edward IV. Gloster and Buckingham conspire
against his sons.)*

SCENE I.—*London. A room in the palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, *led in sick*, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET,
RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so ;—now have I done a good day's
work :—

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an ¹embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;

And now in peace my soul shall ²part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;

³Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you ⁴dally not before your king ;

Lest He that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's ⁵end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—

You have been factious one against the other. 20

1. See K. Rich. 2,
iii. 4. 98.

2. Depart : see
Cor., v. 6. 86.

3. Do not gloss over.

4. Trifle : see 1 K.
Henr. 4, v. 3. 57.

5. Cause of death.

Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
And what you do, do it unfeignèdly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ;—Hastings, love lord
marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I. [*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. [*to the Queen*] Whenever Buckingham doth turn
his hate

Upon your grace, ⁶but with all duteous love
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those ⁷where I expect most love !
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And ⁸most assurèd that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me !—this do I beg of God,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. 40

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the perfect ⁹period of this peace.

Buck. And, ¹⁰in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen ;
And, princely peers, a ¹¹happy time of day !

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50
Between these swelling ¹²wrong-incensèd peers.

Glo. A blessèd labour, my most sovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;

6. *And doth not:*
Abb., 125.

7. *In whom.*

8. *Supply am.*

9. *See above, l. 3.*
242.

10. *Opportunely.*

11. *See l. 3. 18.*

12. *Wrongly, per-
versely inflamed
against each other.*

If I unwittingly; or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace :
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity ;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
 First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
 Of you, my noble ¹³cousin Buckingham,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
 Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,
 That ^{*13}all without desert have frown'd on me ;—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ;—indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to-night :
 I thank my God for my humility.

60

70

Q. Eliz. A holiday shall this be kept hereafter :—
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so ¹⁴flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to ¹⁵scorn his corse.

80

Riv. Who knows not he is dead ! who knows he is ?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this !

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dor. Ay, my good lord ; and no one in this presence
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a wingèd Mercury did bear ;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too ¹⁶lag to see him buried.

God grant that ¹⁷some, less noble and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go ¹⁸current from suspicion !

90

13. *Relative.**13. Here adv.,
quite, entirely.14. *Made a fool of:*
he insinuates that
the queen had con-
curred in the order
for C.'s death ; see
below, 2. 21.15. *Make a mock of.*16. *Late, tardy.*

17. See 1. 3. 334.

18. *Pass as honest,*
and are free from s.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prithee, peace : my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stan. ¹⁹The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;

19. I.e., remission
of the forfeit.

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman

100

Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man,—his fault was ²⁰thought,

20. Not action.

And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who ²¹su'd to me for him ? who, in my rage,

21. Comp. K. John,
iv. 2. 217-250.

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?

110

Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,

When ²²Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,

22. See 3 K. Henr.
6, v. 4. 67 ; but this
incident is not men-
tioned.

And said, ' Dear brother, live, and be a king ' ?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field

Frozen almost to death, how he did ²³lap me

23. Wrap up.

Even in his garments, and did give himself,

All ²⁴thin and naked, to the numb-cold night ?

24. Thinly covered :
see K. Rich. 2, iii.
2. 112.

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you :—

But for my brother not a man would speak,—

Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been ²⁵beholding to him in his life ;

25. See 1 K. Henr.
4, ii. 1. 85.

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—

130

O God, I fear thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this !—

26. Lord Chamberlain.

Come, ²⁶Hastings, help me to my closet.—Ah,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET,
and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it.—But, come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

140

Buck. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another room in the palace.*

Enter the Duchess of York, with a Son and Daughter of
CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,
And cry, "O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty ¹cousins, you mistake me ²both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

10

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With daily prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:

³Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

20

1. Here for *grand-children*.

2. *You both*: comp.
S. James iii. 2.

3. *Unintelligent*.

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;
 Bade me rely on him as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
 And with a virtuous ⁴visor hide deep vice !
 He is my son ; ay, and therein my shame ;
 Yet from my breast he drew not this deceit.

30

Son. Think you my uncle did ⁵dissemble, grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark ! what noise is this ?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly ; RIVERS and DORSET following her.

Q. Eliz. O, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
 To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience ?

Q. Eliz. To make ⁶an act of tragic violence :—

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead !

Why grow the branches when the root is gone ?

Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?

If you will live, lament ; if die, be ⁷brief,

That our swift-wingèd souls may catch the king's ;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,

And liv'd by looking on his ⁸images :

But now two ⁹mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,

And I for comfort have but one ¹⁰false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,

And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,—

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I—

Thine being but a moiety of my grief—

4. *Visard, mask :*
 see 1 K. Henr. 4, i.
 2. 167.

5. *Feign.*

6. In reference to
 'scene' of line
 above.

7. *Speedy.*

8. *Children.*

9. See 59 ; she does
 not mention Rut-
 land.

10. *Gloster.*

60

11. *Exceed.*To ¹¹over-go thy plaints and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death!
How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:

All springs ¹²reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being ¹³govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world! (a) 70
Ah for my husband, for my dear lord Edward! (b)

Children. Ah for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Children. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs!

80

Their woes are ¹⁴parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. ¹⁵Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd

That you take with unthankfulness His doing:

90

In common wordly things 'tis call'd ungrateful

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,

¹⁶For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

100

12. *Bring back, as to the sea.*

13. See 1 K. Henr. 4, i. 2. 26, sq.

14. *Divided among them severally; mine include them all.*

15. See B. and Sh., p. 256.

16. *Because:* see above, i. 1. 60.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF,
and others.

Glo. ¹⁷Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I ¹⁸do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace:—humbly on my knee
I crave ¹⁹your blessing.

17. See *l.* 1. 111.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

18. *Beg your pardon, for not observing you: comp. Cor., ii. 1. 171.*

19. See *B. and Sh.*, p. 204.

Glo. Amen;—[*aside*] and make me die a good old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing:

110

I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You ²⁰cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,

20. See 1 *K. Henr.* 4, iii. 2. 83.

That bear this ²¹mutual heavy load of moan,

21. *Common: see 1 K. Henr.* 4, i. 1. 14.

Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The ²²broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

22. *The breach caused by rancour.*

But lately ²³splinter'd, knit and join'd together,

23. *Made secure by splints = pegs.*

Must gently be ²⁴preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:

24. *I.e., in its mended form.*

²⁵Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

120

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be ²⁶fet

25. See 2 *K. Henr.* 6, iii. 1. 23; comp. 2 *Sam.* xviii. 4.

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king. (*c*)

26. *Fetched: see K. Henr.* 5, iii. 1. 18.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of Buckingham?

27. *Here expletive.*

Buck. ²⁷Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,

The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,

By how much the state's ²⁸green and yet ungovern'd:

28. *Unripe: see K. John.* ii. 1. 481.

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

'Commanding.' *Intrans.: see 3 K. Henr.* 6, iii. 1. 29.

And may direct his course ²⁹as please himself,

29. *As it may please: see Walker.* 1. 206.

As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,

130

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us;

And the compâct is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since ³⁰it is but green, it should be put

30. *The compact is newly made.*

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

31. *Brought on, incited.*

Which haply by much company might be ³¹urg'd :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

140

32. *Opinions.*

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go
To give your ³²censures in this business ?

[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

33. *Find out, contrive.*

34. *Preparatory, introductory.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home ;
For, by the way, I'll ³³sort occasion,
As ³⁴index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

35. *Solemn assembly.*

36. See 1. 64.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's ³⁵consistory, 150
My oracle, my prophet !—my dear ³⁶cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Good morrow, neighbour : whither away so fast ?

1. *Assure.*

Sec. Cit. I ¹promise you I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

First Cit. Yes,—that the king is dead.

2. *Our lady ; see 1 K. Henr. 4, ii. 4. 282.*

3. *Proverb.*

Sec. Cit. Ill news, ²by'r lady ; ³“seldom comes the better :”
I fear, I fear 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter a third Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

4. *I.e., I bid you.*

First Cit. ⁴Give you good morrow, sir.

5. *Prove true.*

Third Cit. Doth the news ⁵hold of good King Edward's death ?

Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help, the while ! 10

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign.

6. See B. and Sh., p. 285

Third Cit. ⁶Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,
That, in his ⁷nonage, council under him,
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

First Cit. So stood the state when ⁸Henry the Sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

7. *Minority*: he
was now 13.

8. *Trisyll.*: see 2 K.
Henr. 6, ii. 2. 23.

Third Cit. Stood the state so? No, no, good friends,
God ⁹wot;

20 9. See B. and Sh.,
p. 44.

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous ¹⁰uncles to protect his grace.

10. John, Duke of
Bedford, and Hum-
phrey, Duke of
Gloucester.

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and
mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!

And the queen's sons and brothers ¹¹haught and proud: 30
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might ¹²solace as before.

11. See 3 K. Henr.
6, ii. 1. 169.

12. *Be happy.*

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

Third Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God ¹³sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

13. *Dispose*: see 2.
147.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear: 40
You cannot ¹⁴reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

14. See above, i. 4.
153.

Third Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so:
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The waters ¹⁵swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God.—Whither away?

15. See Virg.
Georg., i. 357.

Sec. Cit. ¹⁶Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

16. See above, 2.,
124.

Third Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

1. The young king
and his attendants,
coming up from
Ludlow: see 2. 121.

Arch. Last night, I hear, ¹they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

2. Grandson: see
2. 8.

Duch. Why, my young ²cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper, 10
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"

3. *S. I heard that.*

And ³since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

4. See Cor., v. 1. 70.

Duch. ⁴Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold 20
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

5. *Had recollected.*

York. Now, by my troth, if I ⁵had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a ⁶flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

6. *Mock, gibe.*

Duch. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast

7. See 3 K. Henr. 6,
v. 6. 75.

That he could ⁷gnaw a crust at two hours old:

'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast
born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A ⁸parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. ⁹Pitchers have ears.

Arch.

Here comes a messenger.

8. *Perilous* = extraordinary.

9. *Prov.*: there may be listeners overhearing us.

Enter a Messenger.

What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report. 40

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news, then?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughàn, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes

Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd; 50

Why, or for what, these nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. ¹⁰Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle ¹¹hind;

Insulting tyranny begins to ¹²jet

Upon the innocent and ¹³awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld! 60

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to ¹⁴joy and weep their gain and loss:

And being seated, and domestic broils

Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,

Make war upon themselves; blood against blood,

Brother ¹⁵to brother:—O, preposterous

And frantic outrage, end thy wicked spleen;

Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to ¹⁶sanctuary.— (a) 70

Madam, farewell.

10. See 2 K. Henr. 6, iii. 2. 71.

11. See J. Cæs., i. 3. 111.

12. *Stalk, strut about*: with 'on' = insult over.

13. *Deprived of due reverence.*

14. *Rejoice over their gain and lament their loss.*

15. *Opposed to.* Text here uncertain. *Edd. vary.*

16. See 3 K. Henr. 6, iv. 4. 31.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [*to the Queen*] My gracious lady, go ;

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The ¹⁷seal I keep : and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

17. As Lord Chancellor.

ACT III.

(*The two young Princes removed to the Tower. Murder of Lord Hastings. Gloster, in concert with Buckingham, is persuaded to accept the crown.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your ¹chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear ²cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our ³crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit ;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show ; which, God ⁴he knows, 10
Seldom or never ⁵jumpeth with the heart.

Those ⁶uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but they were
none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

1. London being called 'camera regis' = the king's chamber.

2. Nephew.

3. Hindrances.

4. See K. John, v. 7. 63.

5. Agrees : see 1 K. Henr. 4, i. 2. 64.

6. Ld. Rivers and the other sons of his mother.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.

[*Mayor and his Train retire.*

I thought my mother, and my brother York, 20

Would long ere this have met us on the way:

Fie, what a ⁷slug is Hastings, that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no!

7. *Staggard*: see Walker, ii. 346.

Buck. And, ⁸in good time, see, here his Lordship comes.

8. *Opportunity*: see ii. 1. 45.

Enter HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On ⁹what occasion, God ¹⁰he knows, not I,

9. *For what cause.*
10. See above, 10.

The queen your mother, and your brother York,

Have taken ¹¹sanctuary: the tender prince

11. See above, ii. 4. 70.

Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie, what an ¹²indirect and peevish course

12. *Wrong, lawless.*

Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York

Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,

¹³Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate

13. Omitted by Steevens *metri causâ*: but see above, 37.

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed ¹⁴sanctuary! not for all this land

14. Here as dissyll.: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 163.

Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,

Too ¹⁵ceremonious and ¹⁶traditional:

15. *Superstitious.*

¹⁷Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

16. *Old-fashioned.*

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

17. *Only consider the matter with the plain good sense—comp. crassâ Minervâ.*

The benefit therefore is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place: 50

This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;

Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: (a)

Oft have I heard of sanctuary-men;

But sanctuary-children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, 61
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower;
Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, ¹⁸of any place.—
Did ¹⁹Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place; 70
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or ²⁰else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. It is upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But ²¹say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
²²As 'twere ²³retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*aside*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live
long.

Prince. What say you, uncle? 80

Glo. I say, ²⁴without characters, fame lives long.—
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word. (*b*)

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
²⁵With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What is't, my gracious lord? 90

Prince. ²⁶An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

18. *Of all places:*
see 2 K. Henr. 6, i.
3. 161.

19. See K. Rich. 2,
v. i. 2.

20. Redundant.

21. See above. i. 2.
89.

22. Abb., 107.

23. *Told.*

24. *W. being com-*
mitted to writing.

25. *That wherewith*
his v. adorned,
gave higher
worth to—

26. See 2 K. Henr.
6, ii. i. 130.

Glo. [*aside*] Short summers ²⁷lightly have a forward spring. 27. *Usually* : see Nares's Gloss.

Buck. Now, ²⁸in good time, here comes the Duke of York. 28. See 24.

Enter YORK, with the Cardinal and HASTINGS.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother? (*c*)

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours:
Too ²⁹late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 29. *Too lately, recently, for us not to grieve.*

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York? 100

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more ³⁰beholding to you than I. 30. See above, ii. 1. 129.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman. 110

York. I pray you, uncle, then give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give't,
Being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say ³¹a beggar nay. 120

Glo. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

York. I'd wear it ³²lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be ³³cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him. 33. *Malapert.*

31. I.e., to a beggar:
comp. 2 K. Henr. 6,
ii. 1. 115.
32. *Easily.*

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me :—
 Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me ; 130
 Because that I am little, like an ape,
 He thinks that ³⁴you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. [aside to Hastings] With what a ³⁵sharp-provided
 wit he ³⁶reasons !

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
 He prettily and aptly taunts himself :
 So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. [to Prince] My lord, will't please you now to pass
 along ?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will ³⁷to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you. 140

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?

Prince. My lord ³⁸protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear ?

York. ³⁹Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. ⁴⁰An if they live, I hope I need not fear.

But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart, 150

Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal, and
 others ; also the Lord Mayor and his Train.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York

Was not ⁴¹incensèd by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously ?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a ⁴²parlous boy,

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, ⁴³capable :

He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them ⁴⁴rest. — Come hither, Catesby.

Thou

Art sworn as deep to effect what we intend

As closely to conceal what we impart : 160

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way ;—

What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter

34. *Being hump-backed.*

35. *Keenly-ready.*

36. See above, i. 4.

153 ; ii. 3. 41.

37. Ellipse of *go* :
 Abb., 406.

38. *Glo.* was made
 Protector May 4,
 1483, within a
 month after K.
 Edward's death—
 Stubbs, iii. 222.

39. See above, ii. 2.
 124.

40. See above, 91.

41. *Instigated.*

42. See above, ii. 4.

35.

43. *Intelligent.*

44. *Pass, say no
 more about them :*
 see 2 K. Henr.

6. i. 3. 89.

To make ⁴⁵William Lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle?

45. As dissyll.

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not
 he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
 And, ⁴⁶as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, 171
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
 And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

46. If implied in
 the subjunctive:
 see above, 77.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
 If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold ⁴⁷divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

180 47. Separate from
 the other lords,
 who were friendly
 to the prince: see
 below, 2. 12, 20.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
 His ancient ⁴⁸knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are ⁴⁹let blood at Pomfret-castle.

48. See J. Cæs., iii.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business ⁵⁰soundly.

1. 130.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

49. See J. Cæs., iii.
 1. 169.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

190

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Buck. My lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our ⁵¹complots?

51. See 2 K. Henr.
 6, iii. 1. 147.

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—
 And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables
 Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

200

We may digest our ⁵²complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.* 52. See above, 193.

SCENE II.—*Before Lord HASTINGS' house.**Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My lord ! my lord !—[*Knocking.*]*Hast.* [*within*] Who knocks ?*Mess.* One from the Lord Stanley.*Hast.* [*within*] What is't o'clock ?*Mess.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?*Mess.* So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?*Mess.* Then certifies your lordship, that this night

10

1. Crest of Gloster :

see i. 3. 228.

2. *Struck off the defensive armour of his head :* see

Cor., iv. 5. 130.

He dreamt ¹the boar had ²rasèd off his helm :

Besides, he says there are two councils held ;

And that may be determin'd at the one

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;

3. See above, 1. 181.

Bid him not fear the ³separated councils :

20

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby ;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

4. *Cause, motive :*

see K. Henr. 5. ii.

2. 120.

5. *Weak, silly :* see

Cor., iv. 1. 28.

Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting ⁴instance :And for his dreams, I wonder he's so ⁵fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :

To fly the boar before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

30

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And I believe will never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

40

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

50

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been ⁶still my adversaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it ⁷to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they who brought me ⁸in my master's hate,
I live to look upon ⁹their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some ¹⁰packing that yet think not on't.

60

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughàn, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon ¹¹the bridge.

70

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

6. *Constantly.*

7. *Though death should be the consequence:* see K. John, i. 1. 155.

8. *Into:* see K. Rich. 2, ii. 3. 162.

9. *On the irregular construction* see Abb., 243.

10. See 2 K. Henr. 6, iii. 1. 343; and above, i. 2. 149.

11. *London Bridge,* where the heads of traitors were exposed to view.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow,
Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the ¹²holy rood,
I do not like these ¹³several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now: 80
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure,—
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day ¹⁴o'ercast.

This sudden stab of rancour I ¹⁵misdoubt:

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, ¹⁶have with you.—¹⁷Wot you what,
my lord? 90

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
heads

Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.—
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a ¹⁸Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt* STANLEY and CATESBY.]

How now, sirrah! how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now

Than when thou mett'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—

This day those enemies are put to death,

12. See 2 K. Henr.
4, iii. 2. 3.
13. See above, 1.
180.

14. *Clouded over*:
see K. John, iii. 1.
335. Qu. 'the
day's.'
15 *Mistrust*.

16. See Cor., ii. 1.
279.

17. = *Let me tell
you*: Schm. 'Lex.'

18. *State messenger*:
see 2 K. Henr. 6, i.
3. 32.

And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God ¹⁹hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. ²⁰Gramercy, fellow: there, drink that for me.

[*Throwing him his purse.*

Purs. God save your lordship!

[*Exit.*

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I'm glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good ²¹Sir John, with all my heart.

I'm in your debt for your last ²²exercise;

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!

Your friends at Pomfret, ²³they do need the priest;

Your honour hath no ²⁴shriving-work in hand.

Hast. ²⁵Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.—

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there. 120

Buck. [*aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it
not.—

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Pomfret. Before the castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY,
and VAUGHAN to execution.*

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die

For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A ¹knot you are of damnèd blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

19. *Continue, maintain it.*

20. *Great thanks:*

Fr., grand merci.

21. *Title given to clergy.*

22. *Religious service, exhortation.*

23. *Abb., 243.*

24. *Work of shrift = confession.*

25. *Yes, indeed—i.e., they do need a priest: see above, ii. 4. 16.*

1. See above, i. 183.

Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

2. *Enclosure* : see
K. Rich. 2, v. 5. 199.

Within the guilty ²closure of thy walls

10

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death ;

3. *Reproach*.

And, for more ³slander to thy dismal ⁴seat,

4. *Place of residence*.

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

5. Abb., 205 ; and
Walker here.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,

6. See above, i. 3.
211.

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and ⁵I,

For ⁶standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

7. *Imprecations for
their destruction,
as now thou hearest
them for ours*.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings :—O, remember, God,

To hear her ⁷prayers for them, as now for us !

20

And for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

8. *Brought to a
close*.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is ⁸expire.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughàn,—let us here embrace :

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE IV.—*London. A room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Bishop of Ely*, RAT-
CLIFF, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table ; Officers of
the Council attending.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak,—when is the royal day ?

1. See 2 K. Henr. 6,
iii. 2. 13.

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stan. ¹It is ; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

2. *Intimate*.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein ?

Who is most ²inward with the noble duke ?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces : for our hearts, 10

He knows no more of mine than I of yours ;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein :
 But you, my noble lords, may name the time ;
 And in the duke's behalf I'll ³give my voice,
 Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
 I have been long a sleeper : but, I trust,
 My absence doth neglect no great design,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon ⁴your cue, my lord,
 William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,—
 I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
 My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
 I do beseech you send for some of them. (*a*)

Ely. ⁵Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. [*Exit.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
 That he will lose his head ere give consent
 His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord ; I'll follow you.

[*Exit GLOSTER, followed by BUCKINGHAM.*

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
 To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
 For I myself am not so well provided
 As else I would be, were the day ⁶prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of Gloucester ?
 I've sent for these strawbérries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully ⁷and smooth to-day ;

20 3. Concur in your nomination.

4. Catchword in the dialogue of a play, marking where the next speaker is to begin. Here, at the right moment.

5. Here, particle expressive of prompt assent: Gr., *νῆ Δία*.

6. Postponed.

7. See K. Rich. 2, 1. 3. 3.

8. *Pleases.*

There's some conceit or other ⁸likes him well,
 When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit. 50
 I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
 Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

9. *Appearance.*

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
 By any ⁹likelihood he show'd to-day?

10. Here as if
 monosyll. : see
 Walker, Sh. Vers.,
 p. 187.

Hast. ¹⁰Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevail'd 60
 Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
 Makes me most forward in this noble presence
 To doom th' offenders: whosoe'er they be,
 I say, my lord, they have deservèd death.

11. *Comp.* 1. 3. 216.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil:
 Look how I am ¹¹bewitch'd; behold mine arm
 Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
 Consorted with that harlot-strumpet ¹²Shore, 70
 That by their witchcraft thus have markèd me.

12. See above, i. 1.
 75. 'Consorted' =
 associated.

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious lord,—

13. See above, i. 2.
 141.

Glo. If! thou protector of this damnèd strumpet,
 Talk'st thou to me of "ifs"? Thou art a traitor:—
 Off with his head!—now, by ¹³Saint Paul, I swear
 I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done:—

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. (*b*)

[*Exeunt all, except HASTINGS, LOVEL, and RATCLIFF.*]

14. *Foolishly con-*
fident.
 15. See above, 2. 11.

Hast. Woe, woe for England! not a whit for me;
 For I, too ¹⁴fond, might have prevented this. 80
 Stanley ¹⁵did dream the boar did rase his helm;
 But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly:
 Three times to-day my ¹⁶foot-cloth horse did stumble,
 And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
 As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

16. See 2 K. Henr.
 6. iv. 1. 54.

O, now I need ¹⁷the priest that spake to me :

I now repent I told the ¹⁸pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

90

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Rat. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short ¹⁹shrift ; he longs to see your head.

17. See above, 2.

108.

18. *Ibid.*, 98.

Hast. O ²⁰momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

100

Lov. Come, come, dispatch ; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard !—miserable England !

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. (c) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower-walls. (a)*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour,
marvellous ¹ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy
colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,

And then begin again, and stop again,

As if thou were ²distraught and mad with terror ?

Buck. ³Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;

Speak and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

⁴Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone ?

1. *I.e.*, the armour :

Hall's Chronicle ;

see B. and Sh., p.

34, sq.

2. *Distracted.*

3. See above, 1. 3

354.

4. *Pretending.*

10

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge ^{*4}there!

Buck.

Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee,—here are enemies. 20

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;

Made him ⁵my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue, 30

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean, his ⁶conversation with Shore's wife,—

He liv'd ⁷from all ⁸attainder of ⁹suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or ¹⁰almost believe,—

Were't not that, by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,—the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house

To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster? 40

May. What, had he so?

Glo. Why, think you we are Turks or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England and our persons' safety,

Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, ¹¹fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;

*4. As dissyll.:
Abb., 480.

5. Comp. Cor., v. 2.
20.

6. See above, 4. 70.

7. Free from: see
below, iv. 1. 44.

8. See K. Rich. 2,
iv. 1. 25.

9. See above, 1. 3.
89.

10. Even: see K.
John, iv. 3. 43.

11. See above, 1. 3.
286.

And your good graces both have well proceeded,
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts. 50
 I never look'd for better at his hands,
 After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
 Until your lordship came to see his end ;
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
 Somewhat against our meaning, ¹²have prevented ;
 Because, my lord, we would have had you hear
 The traitor speak, and timorously confess
 The manner and the purpose of his treason ;
 That you might well have signified the same 60
 Unto the citizens, who haply may
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
 As well ¹³as I had seen, and heard him speak ;
 And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
 T' avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late ¹⁴of our intent, 70
 Yet ¹⁵witness what you hear we did intend :
 And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
 The mayor towards the Guildhall hies him post :—(b)

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
¹⁶Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
 Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
 Only for ¹⁷saying he would make his son
 Heir to "the crown ;" meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termèd so. 80

Moreover, urge his hateful ¹⁸luxury ;
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—
 Tell them, when that my mother went with child
 Of that ¹⁹insatiate Edward, noble York
 My princely father then had wars in France ;
 And, by just computation of the time, 90
 Found that the issue was not his begot ;

12. For syntax see
 K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 19.
 1

13. *As if I had* :
 Abb., 107.

14. Singular use :
 Abb., 166.
 15. *Tell to others*.

16. *Introduce*,
bring forward.

17. See Hall's
 Chronicle.

18. *Lasciviousness*.

19. See 7. 8.

Which well appearèd in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to ²⁰Baynard's
Castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied 100
With reverend fathers and well-learnèd bishops.

Buck. I go ; and ²¹towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [Exit.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle. (c)

[*Exeunt* LOVEL, CATESBY, and RATCLIFF.

Now will I in, to take some ²²privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ; (d)
And to give notice that no manner ²³of person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [Exit. 110

SCENE VI.—*The same. A street.*

Enter a ¹Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' indictment of the good Lord Hastings ;
Which in a set hand fairly is ²engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in ³Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—

Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;
The ⁴precedent was full as long a-doing :
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, ⁵at liberty.
Here's a good world the while ! Why, who's so gross 10
That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught
When such ill dealing must be seen ⁶in thought.

[*Exit.*

20. In Thames St.,
had belonged to
the Duke of York.

21. For accent, see
Abb., 492.

22. *Secret measures* :
see below, iv. 2. 54 ;
5. 551.

23. So Globe ; and
see Sch. 'Lex.' ;
'of' omitted in
fol. and Dyce.

1. A writer ; one
who draws con-
tracts.

2. Copied out in
large letters : Fr.,
en gros.

3. See above, i. 2.
30.

4. Original copy :
see K. John, v. 2. 3.

5. On scansion see
Abb., 494.

6. I.e., in th. only
—not spoken of.

SCENE VII.—*The same. Court of Baynard's Castle. (a)*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with ¹his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:

Th' ²insatiate greediness of his desires;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:

Withal I did ³infer your lineaments,—

Being the right ⁴idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose

Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:

And when my oratory drew toward end,

I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry, "God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb ⁵statuas or breathing stones,

Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was,—the people were not us'd

To be spoke to but by the ⁶récordeur.

Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again,—

"Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;"

But nothing spake in ⁷warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried, "God save King Richard!"

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—

1. See below, 179;
Lady Elizabeth I.

2. See 5. 88.

10

3. See 5. 76.

4. *Image.*

20

5. See 2 K. Henr. 6,
iii. 2. 81.

30 6. On accent see
Abb., 492.

7. *Assurance.*

"Thanks, gentle citizens and friends," quoth I;
 "This general applause and cheerful shout
 Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard:" 40
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glo. Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come?

8. See above, ill. 5.
8.

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. ⁸Intend some fear;
 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit:
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two ⁹churchmen, good my lord;
 For on that ground I'll make a holy ¹⁰descant:
 And be not easily won to our request. 50

9. *Ecclesiastics*:
see below, 95.
10. *Comment*: see
1. 1. 27.

11. *Easily and*
resolutely.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as ¹¹well for them
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

12. *Flat roof*: see
Cor., II. 1. 210.

Buck. Go, go, up to ¹²the leads; the lord mayor knocks.
 [Exit GLOSTER.]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

13. *Wait to be ad-*
mitted.

Welcome, my lord: I ¹³dance attendance here;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.

14. 'Now,' *extra*
metrum: see
above, I. 4. 239.

¹⁴Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
 To visit him to-morrow or next day: 60
 He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation;
 And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
 In deep designs and matters of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit. 70

15. *Couch, sofa.*

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
 He is not lolling on a lewd ¹⁵day-bed,

But on his knees at meditation;
 And holding converse with two deep divines;
 Not sleeping, to ¹⁶engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul:
 Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;
 But sore I fear we shall not win him to it.

80

May. ¹⁷Marry, God ¹⁸defend his grace should say us nay!

Buck. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to come to him,
 His grace not being warn'd thereof before:
 He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
 By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; 90
 And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CATESBY.*
 When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their ¹⁹beads, 'tis ²⁰much to draw them thence,—
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.

CATESBY returns.

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity:
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,—
 True ornament ²¹to know a holy man.—
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our request 100
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology:

I rather do beseech you pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Neglect the visitation of my friends.
 But, ²²leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

16. *Fatten, pamper.*

17. See K. Rich. 2, iv. 1. 116: here as monosyll.; see "1 above, 3. 56.

18. *Forbid*: see K. Rich. 2, i. 3. 18.

19. See 3 K. Henr. 6, ii. 1. 162.

20. *A hard matter.*

21. *Whereby to kn.*

22. *To quit this subject.*

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your
grace,

On our entreaties, to amend your fault!

Glo. ²³Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

23. *Unless I were
ready to make
amendment.*

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts—
Which here we waken to our country's good—
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost ²⁴smoulder'd in the swallowing gulf (b)
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

24. *I.e., smothered:*
Johnston's conj.
for 'shouldered.'
25. *Restore to
health.*

Which to ²⁵recure, we heartily solicit 130
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land;—
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as ²⁶successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your ²⁷emperry, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace. 140

26. See 2 K. Henr.
4, iv. 4. 341.

27. *Dominion.*
'Consorted:' see
above 4. 70.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree or your condition:

28. *Were regarded
by me as most pro-
per for the occasion.*
29. *Consented.*

²⁸If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, ²⁹yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;

If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I ³⁰check'd my friends.
 Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then, in speaking, not t' incur the last,—
 Definitively thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
³¹Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were ³²even to the crown,
 As the ripe ³³revenue and due of birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,

That I would rather hide me from my greatness—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;—
 And much I ³⁴need to help you, were there need;—
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,

And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,—
 The right and fortune of his happy stars;
 Which God ³⁵defend that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace;
 But the ³⁶respects thereof are ³⁷nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considerèd.

You say that Edward is your brother's son:
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
 For first he was ³⁸contract to Lady Lucy,—
 Your mother lives a witness to his vow,—
 And afterward ³⁹by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of ⁴⁰a many children.
 A beauty-waning and distressèd widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made ⁴¹prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

150 30. *Should check:*
 Abb., 361.

31. *Devoid of merit:*
 see J. Cæs., iv. l.
 14.

32. *Level, plain.*

33. *Possession.*

160

34. *Am in want of,*
 so as to, &c.

170

35. See above, 81.

36. *Considerations*
on which you found
it.

37. See 2 K. Henr.
 4, iv. l. 196.

180 38. *Engaged:* see
 above, 5.

39. See 3 K. Henr.
 6, ii. 6. 88; iii. 3. 56.

40. See K. Henr. 5,
 iv. l. 119.

41. See 3 K. Henr.
 6, iii. 2. 86.

42. Flight of a hawk: see 1 K. Henr. 6, ii. 4. 11; and Pt. 2, ii. 1. 6.

Seduc'd the ⁴²pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to ⁴³some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time
Unto a lineal true-derivèd course.

190

200

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit!

Glo. Alas, why would you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:—

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the child, your brother's son;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate ⁴⁴remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And ⁴⁵egally indeed to all estates,—

Yet whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house:

And in this resolution here we leave you.—

Come, citizens: ⁴⁶zounds, I'll entreat no more.

Glo. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM; the Mayor, Aldermen,
and Citizens retiring.]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue't.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again. [CATESBY goes to the Mayor, &c., and
then exit.] I am not made of stone,

43. See 5. 95.

44. *Pity.*

45. *Equally*: only used here.

46. Oath = *by God's wounds*: see Sh. Key, p. 454.

210

220

But penetrable to your kind ⁴⁷entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

47. *Entreaties.*

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and CATESBY; the Mayor, &c.,
coming forward.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, ⁴⁸whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your ⁴⁹imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall ⁵⁰acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For ⁵¹God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

230

48. As monosyll. :
Abb., 466.

49. *The burden you
impose on me.*

50. *Acquit* : only
used here.

51. See above, l. 10.

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

Long live King Richard, England's worthy king ! 240

Mayor, &c. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd ?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace :

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [*to the Bishops*] Come, let us to our holy work
again.—

Farewell, good cousin ;—farewell, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

(*Murder of the young king, Edward V., and his brother in the Tower. Richard proposes to marry the Princess Elizabeth, his niece. Landing of the Earl of Richmond in Wales.*)

SCENE I.—*London. Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and DORSET; on the other, ANNE Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE's young daughter.

1. Grand-daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my ¹niece Plantagenet, Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster? (*a*)
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
²On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—
Daughter, well met.

2. See K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 23.

Anne.

God give your graces both

3. See ii. 1. 47.

A happy and a joyful ³time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

10

4. Salute.

To ⁴gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together:—

5. See iii. 1. 95.

And, ⁵in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

6. Your leave: see Cor., i. 3. 72.

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your ⁶patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak.

I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title! 21

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to ⁷their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

7. The sight of them: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 1. 194.

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no,—I may not leave ⁸it so :
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

8. *My office.*

[*Exit.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence, 30
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—

[*To the Duchess of Gloster*] Come, madam, you must straight
to Westminster,

There to be crownèd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. ⁹Despightful tidings! O unpleasing news!

9. *Hateful.*

Dor. Be of good cheer :—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee hence! 40
Death and destruction ¹⁰dog thee at the heels;

10. See K. Rich. 2,
v. 3. 146.

Thy ¹¹mother's name is ominous to children.

11. See B. and Sh.,
p. 364.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, ¹²from the reach of hell : (*b*)

12. *Away from :*
see above, iii. 5. 33.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead ;

And make me die the thrall of ¹³Margaret's curse,—

13. See above, i. 3.
210.

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—

Take ¹⁴all the swift advantage of the hours ;

50 14. To Dorset.

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way :

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O my accursèd womb, the bed of death!

A ¹⁵cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

15. I. q., *basilisk :*
see K. Henr. 5, v.
2. 17; 2 K. Henr. 6,
iii. 2. 53, 325.

Whose unavoided eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God that the inclusive verge

60

Of golden metal that must round my brow

Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!

16. In ref. to anoint-
ing at coronation :
see 3 K. Henr. 6, iii.
1. 17.

¹⁶Anointed let me be with deadly venom ;

And die, ere men can say, "God save the queen!"

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To ¹⁷feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

17. *Indulge.*

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;

When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands

Which issu'd from my other angel husband,

70

And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,

This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I, “accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so ¹⁸old a widow!

And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife—if any be so mad—

More miserable by ¹⁹the life of thee

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!”

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,

Even in so short a space, my woman's heart

80

²⁰Grossly grew captive to his ²¹honey words,

And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:

Which ever since hath kept mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one ²²hour in his bed

Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,

But have been wakèd by his timorous dreams.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;

And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for yours.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory! 91

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Duch. [to Dorset] Go thou to ²³Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[To Anne] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Queen Elizabeth] Go thou to ²⁴sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen, (c)

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of ²⁵teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet, look back with me unto the Tower.—

Pity, you ancient-stones, those tender ²⁶babes,

100

19. See above, i. 2.
27; which seems to
require 'death'
here; and so the
quartos read

20. *Stupidly*
21. See 1 K. Henr
4, i. 3. 259.

22. Abb., 480.

23. See above, 44.

24. As dissyll.:
Abb., 468. See iii.
1. 28.

25. *Vexation.*

26. See above, i. 3.
184; and below, iv.
3. 9.

Whom ²⁷envy hath immur'd within your walls !
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow
 For tender princes, use my babies well !
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

27. *Malice.*[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter RICHARD, crowned ; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a page,
and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign ?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Ascends the throne.*] Thus
 high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :—

But shall we wear these honours for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last !

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I ¹play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold indeed :—

1. *Play the part of
 a touchstone : see
 Cor., iv. 1. 54.*

Young Edward lives ;—think now what I would speak. 10

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so :—but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter ²consequence,

2. *Sequel.*

That Edward still should live ! “True, noble prince !”—

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :—

Shall I be plain ?—I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd. 20

What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly, be ³brief.

3. *Quick : see ff. 2.
 43.*

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. ⁴Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes :
 Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

4. *See above, l. 3.
 353.*

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
 Before I positively speak herein :

I will ⁵resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit.* 5. *Answer : see
 below, 122.*

Cate. [*aside to another*] The king is angry ; see, he gnaws
 his lip.

6. *Unfeeling, insensible.*

K. Rich. I will converse with ⁶iron-witted fools

[*Descends from his throne.*

7. *Heedless, unthinking.*

And ⁷unrespective boys : none are ⁸for me 30

8. *Suited to my purposes.*

That look into me with considerate eyes :—

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy !—

Page. My lord ?

9. *Secret act.*

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a ⁹close exploit of death ?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. 40

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man : go call him hither.

[*Exit Page.*

10. *Artful.*

The deep-revolving ¹⁰witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels :

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath ?—well, be it so.

Enter STANLEY.

How now ! what news with you ?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquess Dorset's fled

11. See above, 1. 93.

To ¹¹Richmond, in those parts beyond the seas 50

Where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby :—rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick ;

12. See above, iii. 6. 107.

I will ¹²take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter ;—

13. Edward, the son of Clarence.

The ¹³boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—(a)

Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out

That Anne my queen is sick, and ¹⁴like to die :

14. See Jorem. xxxviii. 9 ; J. Cms., i. 2. 181.

About it ; for ¹⁵it stands me much upon, 60

15. *Concerns me :* see *K. Rich.* 2, ii. 3. 140.

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.

[*Exit CATESBY.*

16. Elizabeth, daughter of K. Edward IV.

I must be married to my ¹⁶brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass :—

Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
 Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
 So far in blood, that ¹⁷sin will pluck on sin :
 Tear-¹⁸falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed ?

70

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr. Ay, my lord ;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then ¹⁹thou hast it : two deep enemies,
 Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
 Are they that I would have thee ²⁰deal upon :—
 Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

19. That is what I want.

20. Proceed against.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
 And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

80

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither,
 Tyrrel :

Go, by this ²¹token :—rise, and lend thine ear : [*Whispers.*
 There is no more ²²but so :—say it is done,
 And I will love thee, and ²³prefer thee for it.

21. What I shall whisper—as your commission.

22. To do what I have said.

23. Promote.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM. (b)

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
 The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to ²⁴Rich-
 mond.

24. See above, 50.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, ²⁵he is your wife's son :—well, look
 to it.

90

25. Richmond: see 1. 3. 22; and note (a).

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due ²⁶by promise,
 For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
 Th' earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
 The which you promisèd I should possess.

26. See *iii.* 1. 195.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she convey
 Letters to Richmond, you shall ²⁷answer it.

27. Be responsible for it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

28. *Remind myself:*
see 1 K. Henr. 4, ii.
4. 400.

K. Rich. I do ²⁸remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

100

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—(c)

29. *How chanced it:*
see 2 K. Henr. 4,
iv. 4. 22.

K. Rich. ²⁹How chance the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

30. *As trisyll.:*
Abb., 477.

Buck. My lord, your promise for the ³⁰earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

110

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

31. See K. Rich. 2,
v. 5. 60.

32. *Keepst on*
striking.

K. Rich. Because that, ³¹like a Jack, thou ³²keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

120

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

33. *Inform:* see 3
K. Henr. 6, ii. 1. 9;
iii. 2. 19.

Buck. Why, then ³³resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all except* BUCKINGHAM.]

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone

34. In Wales, where
the duke's estate
lay.

To ³⁴Brecknock, while my fearful head is on! (d) [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Another room in the palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

1. *Supremely*
wicked.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done,—
The most ¹arch deed of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
 Albeit they were ²flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion.
 Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
 "O, thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle ³babes,"—
 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another 10
 Within their innocent alabaster arms:
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
 Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind;
 But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on,—“We smother'd
 The most ⁴replenish'd sweet work of nature,
 That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.”
 Hence both are gone; ⁵with conscience and remorse, (a) 20
 They could ⁶not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king:—(b)
 And here he comes.

2. See K. Henr. 5,
 iii. 2. 11.; K. John
 v. 1. 73.

3. See above, i. 3.
 184.

4. Complete.

5. *Through*: Abb.,
 193.
 6. *Say no more*.

Enter King RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord. 30

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Meantime, ⁷but think how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewell till then.

7. *Only*.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit*.

K. Rich. The ⁸son of Clarence have I pent up close; 40

8. Sec 2. 57, note
 (a).

9. See B. and Sh.,
p. 297.

10. So called from
the country where
he had taken
refuge.

11. *By effecting that
union.*

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep ⁹in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the ¹⁰Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, ¹¹by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

12. Morton, Bishop
of Ely.

Cate. Bad news, my lord: ¹²Ely is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen, 51
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

13. *Timid reason-
ing.*

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd that ¹³fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,

14. Poetical image
of 'expedition.'

¹⁴Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

15. Comp. K. John,
v. 1. 72; and K.
Henr. 5, iv. 2. 36.

We must be brief, when traitors ¹⁵brave the field. [*Exeunt.* 60

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the palace.*

Enter Queen MARGARET.

1. *Ripen*: see 3 K.
Henr. 6, iii. 3. 105.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to ¹mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

2. See above, 1. 1.
32.

A dire ²induction am I witness to,

3. *Will go*: see III.
1. 139.

And ³will to France; hoping the ⁴consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.—

4. *Sequel*: see 2. 16.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

[*Retires.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

5. See above, 3. 9.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender ⁵babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

10

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. [aside] Hover about her; say, that ⁶right for right

6. 'Justice answering the claims of justice.'—Johnson.

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. [aside] Plantagenet doth ⁷quit Plantagenet, ²⁰
⁸Edward for Edward pays a ⁹dying debt.

7. Compensate for.

8. Your Edw. for my Edw.

9. The debt of dying.

10. Into: see above, i. 2. 271.

11. See B. and Sh., p. 102.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,
And throw them ¹⁰in the entrails of the wolf?

¹¹When didst thou sleep, while such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. [aside] When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. ¹²Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*]
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood! ³⁰

12. Addressing herself, as she prepares to sit down.

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. [coming forward] If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of ¹³seniory,

13. Seniority: only occurs here.

And let my griefs frown ¹⁴on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.* (a)]

14. As taking precedence.

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

40

I had a ¹⁵Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

15. Her husband, K. Henr. VI.

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a ¹⁶Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

16. The young Duke of York.

17. Her husband.

Duch. I had a ¹⁷Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

18. See 3 K. Henr.
6, v. 6. 75.

That dog, that had his ¹⁸teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;

50

That foul defacer of God's handiwork;
That ¹⁹excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in gall'd eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

19. In a bad sense:
see Ant., i. 1. 43.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this ²⁰carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

20. *Carnivorous*:
not elsewhere in
this sense.

And makes her ²¹pew-fellow with others' moan!

21. *Companion*.
'Pew' = enclosed
seat.

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

60

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I ²²cloy me with beholding it.

22. *Satiate myself*.

Thy ²³Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;

23. K. Edw. IV.

Thy ²⁴other Edward dead, to ²⁵quit my Edward;

24. K. Edw. V.

Young York he is but ²⁶boot, because both they

25. See above, 20.

Match not the high perfection of my loss:

26. *Thrown into
the bargain*: see 1

Thy Clarence he is dead that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,

K. Henr. 4, iii. 2. 98.

Th' ²⁷adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.

27. *Unchaste, lewd*:
see iii. 5. 32.

70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;

Only reserv'd ²⁸their factor, to buy souls,

28. I.e., *agent of
the powers of hell*:
see K. Rich. 2, i.
2. 7.

And send them thither:—but at hand, at hand,

Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:

29. As dissyll.: see
Abb., 485.

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends ²⁹roar, and saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live to say, "The dog is dead"! (b)

30. See above, i. 3.
244-250.

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst ³⁰prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

80

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of ³¹but what I was;

1. *Only*.

The flattering ³²index of a direful pageant;
 One heav'd ³³a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes;
 A dream of what thou wert; a breath, a bubble;
 A sign of dignity, a ³⁴garish flag
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues to thee, and cries, "God save the queen"?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
³⁵Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
 For happy wife, a most distress'd widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For queen, a very ³⁶caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one being su'd-to, one that humbly sues;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me:
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my ³⁷burden'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife; and ³⁸queen of sad mischance:—
 These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies!

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night; and fast the day;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:

³⁹Bettering thy loss makes the ⁴⁰bad-causer worse:
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O, quicken them with
 thine!

32. *Preface, prologue*: see above, ii. 2. 148.

33. *On high*: see B. and Sh., p. 25.

34. *Gaudy*.

35. *Run through*: as in a lesson of grammar.

36. *Wretch, slave*: Lat., *captivus*.

38. *Q. Eliz.* She bids farewell to them both.

39. *Magnifying*.
 40. See above, i. 2. 122.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine. [Exit.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of ⁴¹intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. 130

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My cursèd son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[Drum within.]

I hear his drum:—be copious in ⁴²exclaims.

Enter King RICHARD and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my ⁴³expedition?

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursèd womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that ⁴⁴right were right, 140
The slaughter of the prince that ⁴⁵ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike ⁴⁶alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say! 150

[Flourish. Alarum.]

Either be patient, and ⁴⁷entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have ⁴⁸a touch of your ⁴⁹condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

41. *Dying without a will*: here, gone without leaving anything behind.

42. See above, i. 2. 52.

43. *Haste*: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 3. 32.

44. See above, 15.

45. *Ow'd*: see K. John, ii. 1. 108.

46. See i. 1. 7.

47. See 3 K. Henr. 6, i. 1. 274.

48. See 3 K. Henr. 5, Chor. (4), 47.

49. See *ibid.*, v. ii. 273.

Duch. O, let me speak !

K. Rich. — Do, then ; but I'll not hear. 160

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have ⁵⁰stay'd for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony. 50. I.e., in child-birth.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by ⁵¹the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou can'st on earth to make the earth my hell. 51. See iii. 2. 75.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

⁵²Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ; 52. Tetchy, fretful.

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ; 170

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy ⁵³age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous, 53. Mature age.

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hoür canst thou name,

That ever ⁵⁴grac'd me in thy company ? 54. Gratified, made me happy.

K. Rich. If I be so disgracious in your eye, (c)

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—

Strike up the drum. 180

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou'lt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and éxtrême age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ; 190

Which, in the day of battle, ⁵⁵tire thee more 55. I pray may t.

Than all the cômplete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers ⁵⁶on the adverse party fight ; 56. On the side of.

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame ⁵⁷serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.* 57. See K. Rich 2, iii. 4. 100.

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to
curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. [Going. 200

K. Rich. Stay, madam; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore ⁵⁸level not to hit their lives.

58. *Aim.*: see 2 K.
Henr. 4, iii. 2. 255.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed; 210
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All ⁵⁹unavoided is the doom of destiny. 220

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny:

My ⁶⁰babes were destin'd to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever ⁶¹lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all ⁶²indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs. 230

But that ⁶³still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and ⁶⁴tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And ⁶⁵dangerous success of bloody wars,

59. *Inevitable*: see
K. Rich. 2, ii. 1. 271;
B. and Sh., p. 367;
on scansion, Abb.,
472.
60. See above, 9.

61. *Pierced*.

62. See K. Henr. 5,
ii. 4. 98.

63. *Constant*: see
B. and Sh., p. 22.

64. See Acts xxvii.
19.

65. *Uncertain*
issue: see below,
410, sq. Comp.
Cor., v. 1. 72.

As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you and yours by me were harm'd ! 240

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads ?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of honour,
The high imperial ⁶⁶type of this earth's glory.

66. See 3 K. Henr.
6, i. 4. 121.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou ⁶⁷demise to any child of mine ?

250 67. *Bequeath.*

K. Rich. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I ⁶⁸withal endow a child of thine ;

68. Abb., 196.

⁶⁹So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

69. *If it be so that :*
Abb., 361.

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' ⁷⁰date.

70. *Duration.*

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think ?

260

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter ⁷¹from thy
soul :

71. Play upon the
double sense of
'from' : (1) *away*
from ; (2) *i.e., with,*
out of.

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers ;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning :
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : who else should
be ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. Even I : what think you of it, madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

271

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
 A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engraven
 "Edward and York;" then haply will she weep:
 Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
 Did ⁷²to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood— 280
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
 The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
 And bid her dry her weeping eyes withal.
 If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
 Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
 Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
⁷³Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

72. See 3 K. Henr.
 6, 1. 4. 79-84.

73. *Didst speedily
 get rid of.*

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter. 290

Q. Eliz. There's no other way;
 Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
 And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but love
 thee,

74. *Waste, havoc.*

Having bought love with such a bloody ⁷⁴spoil.

75. *Cannot help
 making mistakes;*
 Abb., 315.

76. See above, 1. 3.
 311.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
 Men ⁷⁵shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 Which after-hours give leisure to ⁷⁶repent.

If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter. 300

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

77. *Give life to off-
 spring from you.*

To ⁷⁷quicken your increase, I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter:

A grandam's name is little less in love

Than is the doting title of a mother;

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood. (*d*)

Your children were vexation to your youth;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age. 311

The loss you have is but a son being king;

And by that loss your daughter is made queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would,

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions and great dignity :
 The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What ! we have many goodly days to see :
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to ⁷⁸orient pearl,
 Advantaging their ⁷⁹loan with interest
 Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
 And when this arm of mine hath ⁸⁰chastisèd
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will ⁸¹retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What ^{*81}were I best to say ? her father's brother
 Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance. 349

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still-lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King ⁸²for-
 bids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

320

330

340

78. See Ant., i. 5.
47.

79. *Being lent to
sorrow, but now
turned into tears
of joy.*

80. On scansion
see Abb., 491.

81. See above, iii. 1.
77.

*81. See J. Cæs., iii.
3. 12.

82. See Levit. xviii.
14.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title "ever" last?
K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven and nature lengthen it.
Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard ⁸³like of it. 360
K. Rich. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her tell my loving tale.
Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.
K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too ⁸⁴quick.
Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—
 Too deep and dead, poor ⁸⁵infants, in their graves. 369
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.
K. Rich. Now, by ⁸⁶my George, my garter, and my
 crown,—
Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.
K. Rich. I swear—
Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath:
 Thy George, profan'd, hath lost ⁸⁷his holy honour;
 Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
 Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
 If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,
 Swear, then, by something that thou hast not wrong'd. 380
K. Rich. Now, by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.
K. Rich. Then, by myself,—
Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.
K. Rich. Why, then, by God,—
Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath ⁸⁸by him,
 The unity the king thy brother ⁸⁹made 390
 Had not been broken, nor my brother slain:
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
 Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;

83. See 3 K. Henr.
6, iv. 6. 89.

84. *Lively*: see B.
and Sh., p. 41.

85. The reasons are
identified with her
dead 'babes.'

86. See 2 K. Henr.
6, iv. 1. 29.

87. *Its*: and so in
the two following
lines; see B. and
Sh., p. 16, *sq.*

88. *Sworn in His
name.*

89. See II. 1. 50.

And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, ⁹⁰too tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

90. Too young to die.

K. Rich.

The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wrong'd in the time o'erpast;
For I myself have many tears ⁹¹to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd—
Ungovern'd youth—to ⁹²wail it in their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd—
Old wither'd plants—to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by time misus'd o'erpast.

410

91. Wherewith to wash the time to come.

92. Bewail the slaughter of their parents.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So ⁹³thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound;
Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours;
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy rest;
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding; if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I ⁹⁴tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness and thine;
Without her, follows to myself and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided but by this;
It will not be avoided but by this.
Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
Be the attorney of my love to her:
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not ⁹⁵peevish-fond in great designs.

410

93. May I thrive: see above, 240.

94. Regard.

420

430

95. Waywardly foolish.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

96. As trisyll.: see
Abb., 477.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very ⁹⁶shortly, 440
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss; and so, farewell.

[*Kissing her. Exit Queen ELIZABETH.* (e)
Relenting fool, and shallow-changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news ?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they ⁹⁷hull, expecting but the aid 450
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

97. *Float, drive to
and fro at sea.*

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke.—[*To Ratcliff*] Post thou to
Salisbury :

When thou com'st thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull, unmindful
villain,

98. *Comp. J. Cæs.,
ii. 4. 3.*

Why ⁹⁸stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,
What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby :—bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make, 461
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with
you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hear-
ing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. ⁹⁹Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad! 470

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

99. Exclamation of contemptuous surprise: some edd. read 'Heyday.'

Stan.

Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,

¹⁰⁰White-liver'd ¹⁰¹runagate! what doth he there?

100. See 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 3. 97, sq.; K. Henr. 5, iii. 1. 64.
101. See B. and Sh., p. 42.

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,

He makes for England, here, to claim the crown. 480

K. Rich. Is the ¹⁰²chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

102. Throne.

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we? (f)

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what ¹⁰³makes he upon the seas?

103. See K. Rich. 2, v. 3. 90.

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless ¹⁰⁴for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore ¹⁰⁵the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

104. *It be that*, &c.: no emphasis on 'that.'

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not. 490

105. Richmond, born at Pembroke, grandson of Owen Tudor.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

¹⁰⁶Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

106. On accent see Abb., 492.

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace 500

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with

Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan.

Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful:

I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go, then, and muster men. But leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you. [*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire, 511
As I by friends am well ¹⁰⁷advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his elder ¹⁰⁸brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

107. On scansion
see Abb., 491.

108. Really his
cousin.

Enter a second Messenger.

Sec. Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms ;
And every ¹⁰⁹hour more ¹¹⁰competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

109. See above, 1.

84.

110. *Associates :*
see Ant., i. 4. 3.

Enter a third Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
K. Rich. ¹¹¹Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of
death ? [*Strikes him.* 520
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

111. See 1 K. Henr.
4, i. 3. 213.

Third Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty
Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd ;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow ¹¹²of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ? 530

112. *Given to thee.*

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my
lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquess
Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—

The ¹¹³Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest :
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
 If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
 Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon ¹¹⁴his party : he, mistrusting them,
¹¹⁵Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms ;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

113. See above, 444.

540 114. *On his* (Rich-
 mond's) *side*.
 115. *Hoise* = *draw*
up : only used
 here ; elsewhere
 'hoist.'

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,—
 That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford, (*g*)
 Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we ¹¹⁶reason
 here,

116. See above, i. 4.
154.

A royal battle might be won and lost :—
 Some one ¹¹⁷take order Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.

550
 117. See above, iii.
 5. 107.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*SCENE V.—*A room in Lord STANLEY's house.*¹*Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*1. Probably at
Knowsley, in Lan-
cashire.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
 That, in the sty of the most bloody ²boar,
 My son George Stanley is ³frank'd up in ⁴hold :
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
 The fear of that withholds my present aid.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.*Stan.* What men of name resort unto him there ? (*a*)

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir William Stanley ;
 Oxford, ⁵redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
 And ⁶Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
 And many more of noble fame and worth :

2. See above, iii.
 2. 11.
 3. See above, i. 3.
 318.
 4. *Prison* : see
 Acts iv. 3.

IO 5. See K. Rich. 2.
 iii. 3. 200 : Earl of
 Pemb., Jasper
 Tudor, uncle to
 Richmond.
 6. Name so in Hall,
 p. 411.

And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Return unto thy lord; commend me to him:
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.

7. See above, 3. 122. These letters will ⁷resolve him of my mind. [*Giving letters.*
Farewell. [*Exeunt.* 20

ACT V.

(*Battle of Bosworth Field. Victory of Earl of Richmond. King Richard killed. Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster.*)

SCENE I.—*Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,

1. See 1. 3. 10.

Vaughan, and all that have ¹miscarried

By underhand corrupted foul injustice,—

If that your moody discontented souls

Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!—

This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

10.

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,

I ²wish'd might fall on me, when I was found

False to his children or his wife's allies;

This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall

By the false faith of him I trusted most;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

Is the determin'd ³respite of my wrongs:

That high All-seer that I dallied with

Hath turn'd my feign'd prayer on my head,

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

20

3. The set time to which the punishment of my wrongful deeds has been respited.

2. See II. 1. 32.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Thus ⁴Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
 "When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess."—
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
⁵Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt.*

4. See above, i. 3.
303; iii. 3. 17.

5. *The wrong I
have done hath
but the wr. I am
to suffer.*

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES
 BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces,
 marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our ¹father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and ²usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your ³embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a ⁴thousand swords,
 To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for fear,
 Which in his ⁵dearest need will shrink from him.

10 3. *Ripped up.*

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march. (a)

[*Exeunt.*

1. Step-father: see
below, 3. 86; and
above, i. 3. 135.
2. See i. 3. 229.

4. Old adage, 'con-
scientia mille
testes': see 3. 200.

5. *Greatest, most
urgent*: see above,
i. 4. 205.

SCENE III.—*Bosworth field.*

Enter King RICHARD and Forces, the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth field.—

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

[*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

10

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:

Besides, the king's name is ¹a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse party want.—

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound ²direction:—

Let's lack no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM

BRANDON, OXFORD, and others. Some of the Soldiers

pitch RICHMOND's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

20

And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.

Give me some ink and paper in my tent:

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—

1. See B. and Sh.,
p. 372, *sq.*

2. See K. Henr. 5,
iii. l. 100.

And you, Sir Walter Herbert,—stay with me.
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him,
 And by the second ³hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent :

30

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me,—
 Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know ?

3. See above, iv. 4.
 517.

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
 Which well I am assur'd I have not done,—
 His regiment lies half a mile at least
 South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, 40
 Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
 And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
 And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. [*Exit Blunt*]

Come, gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :
 In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Re-enter, to his tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF,
 CATESBY, and others.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
 It's nine o'clock. 50

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

What, is my ⁴beaver easier than it was ?

4. *Helmet* : see 1 K.
 Henr. 4, iv. 1. 109.

And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy proper charge ;
 Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.* 60

K. Rich. Catesby,—

Cate. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a ⁵pursuivant-at-arms
 To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power

5. See above, iii. 2.
 94.

Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me ⁶a watch.—

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my ⁷staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff,—

70

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about ⁸cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied.—Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. [*Wine brought.*
There set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

80

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; now leave me.
About the ⁹mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me now, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his tent, and sleeps. Exeunt RATCLIFF and others.*

RICHMOND's tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble ¹⁰father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares it with our loving mother?

Stan. I, ¹¹by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And ¹²flaky darkness breaks within the east.

90

In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

And put thy fortune to th' arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and ¹³mortal-staring war.

I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,—

With best advantage will ¹⁴deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:

6. Here, a watch-tight or candle: see 186; not used elsewhere in Sh.
7. Lances: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 1. 124.

8. Twilight—the time when the net so called was spread to catch woodcocks: see Dyce's Gloss.

9. Middle.

10. Step-father.

11. As her proxy.

12. Scattering itself like flakes.

13. Mortally = deadly staring at its victims.

14. Beguile.

But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, ¹⁵being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell: the ¹⁶leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so-long-sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more, adieu: be valiant, and speed well!

100 15. *If I be seen.*

16. As being now
 insufficient: comp.
 K. Rich. 2, i. 1. 5;
 K. Henr. 5, i. 2. 116.

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber ¹⁷peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more, good-night, kind lords and gentlemen.

110 17. *Poise, weigh:*
Fr., *peser.*

[*Exeunt Officers, &c. with STANLEY.*

¹⁸O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise Thee in the victory!
 To Thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

18. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 183.

120

[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, son to King HENRY the Sixth, rises between the two tents. (a)

Ghost of P. E. [to King Richard] Let me sit heavy on
 thy soul to-morrow!

Think, how thou ¹⁹stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury: despair, therefore, and die!—

19. See 3 K. Henr.
 6, v. 5. 39.

[*To Richmond*] Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wrong'd
 souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost of K. H. [to King Richard] When I was mortal,
 my anointed body

20. See *ibid.*, 6. 57,
67.

By thee was ²⁰punchèd full of deadly holes : 130
Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die,—
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !
[*To Richmond*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !
Harry, that ^{*20}prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in sleep : live thou, and flourish !

*20. See *ibid.*, iv.
6. 68.

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost of C. [to King Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow !

21. See above, i. 4.
262.

I, that was ²¹wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And ²²fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !— 140
[*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee :
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

22. *Let fall* : see
148 ; K. Rich. 2, iii.
4. 109.

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, rise.

Ghost of R. [to King Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy
soul to-morrow,

23. See above, iii. 3.
24. As monosyll. :
Abb., 463.

Rivers, that ²³died at ²⁴Pomfret ! despair, and die !
Ghost of G. [to King Richard] Think upon Grey, and
let thy soul despair !

Ghost of V. [to King Richard] Think upon Vaughàn,
and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy pointless lance : despair, and die !

All three. [to Richmond] Awake, and think our wrongs
in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him !—awake, and win the day ! 150

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost of H. [to King Richard] Bloody and guilty, guiltily
awake,

And in a bloody battle end thy days !
Think on ²⁵Lord Hastings : so despair, and die !—
[*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

25. See above, iii.
4. 75 ; 5. 23.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts of the two P. [to King Richard] Dream on thy
²⁶cousins smother'd in the Tower :

26. Nephews: see
 above, iv. 3.

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !—
 [*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake
 in joy ; 160

Good angels guard thee from the ²⁷boar's annoy !

27. See iv. 5. 2.

Live, and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost of Q. A. [to King Richard] Richard, thy wife,
 that wretched Anne thy wife,

That ²⁸never slept a quiet hour with thee,

28. See above, iv. 1.
 84 ; 3. 43.

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And ²⁹fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—

29. See above, 140.

[*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

Dream of success and happy victory !

170

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost of B. [to K. Richard] The first was I that help'd
 thee to the crown ;

The last was I that ³⁰felt thy tyranny :

30. See above, 1. 12.

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness !

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—

[*To Richmond*] I died ³¹for hope ere I could lend thee
 aid :

31. See above, iv. 4.
 545: he died before
 he had been able
 to help R., only as
 having hoped for
 his success.

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;

180

And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.* King RICHARD
starts out of his dream.

32. Supposed to indicate the presence of a spirit: see J. Cæs., iv. 3. 309.
33. See above, 2. 17.

K. Rich. Give me another horse: bind up my wounds.
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights ³²burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. (*b*)
My ³³conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain. 200
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all "Guilty! guilty!"
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they,—since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

Re-enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there? 210

Rat. My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkest thou,—will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!—
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard. 220

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By ³⁴the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armèd in ³⁵proof and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the ³⁶eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt* King RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

34. See above, i. 1.
141.

35. *Armour, proof*
against weapons:
see 2 K. Henr. 6, iv.
2. 56.

36. *Listener.*

Re-enter OXFORD, with other Lords, &c.

Lords.—Good-morrow, Richmond!

Richm. [*waking*] ³⁷Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,

230

That you have ³⁸ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and ³⁹cried on victory:

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords?

240

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.

[*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,

The ⁴⁰leisure and enforcement of the time

40. See above, 102.

Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—

God ⁴¹and our good cause fight upon our side;

41. See B. and Sh., p. 183.

The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,

Like high-rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces;

Richard except, those whom we fight against

Had rather have us win than him they follow:

250

For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,

A bloody tyrant and a homicide;

One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;

One that ⁴²made means to come by what he hath,

42. Here in a bad sense = *used evil practices*: comp. 3. 41.

And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by ⁴³the foil

43. See K. Rich. 2, i. 3. 266.

Of England's ⁴⁴chair, where he is falsely set;

44. *Throne*: see above, iv. 4. 481.

One that hath ever been God's enemy:

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,

God will, in justice, ⁴⁵ward you as his soldiers;

260

45. *Protect*.

If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,

You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;

If you do fight against your country's foes,

Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children ⁴⁶quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords. 270
 For me, ⁴⁷the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey, then ?

Rat. He smil'd, and said, "The better for our purpose."

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so, indeed, it is. 281

[*Clock strikes.*]

⁴⁸Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who ⁴⁹saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for, by the book,

He should have ⁵⁰brav'd the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. ⁵¹My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ; 290

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were ⁵²from the ground.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me

More than to Richmond ? for ⁵³the selfsame heaven

That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe ⁵⁴vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ;—⁵⁵caparison my horse ;—
 Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power :

46. *Shall requite it.*

47. *Expiation—i.e., if I fail.*

48. *Count.*

49. *Hath seen :* see Gen. xlv. 28.

50. *Made splendid :* see B. and Sh., p. 31, sq.

51. *On scansion* see Abb., 514.

52. *Drops of blood :* see Gen. iv. 10 ; B. and Sh., p. 59 ; comp. 350.

53. See B. and Sh., p. 105.

54. *Exults.*

55. *Put trappings on :* see Cor., i. 9. 13.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
 And thus my battle shall be orderèd :—
 My ⁵⁶foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
 Consisting equally of horse and foot ;
 Our archers shall be placèd in the midst :
 John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
 Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
 They thus directed, we ourself will follow
 In the main ⁵⁷battle ; whose puissance on either side
 Shall be well wingèd with our chiefest horse.
 This, and Saint George to boot !—What think'st thou,
 Norfolk ?

Nor. A good ⁵⁸direction, warlike sovereign.—
 This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*]

K. Rich. [*reads*] "*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
 For ⁵⁹Dickon thy master is ⁶⁰bought and sold.*"

A thing devisèd by the enemy.—

Go, ⁶¹gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our ⁶²babbling dreams affright our souls ;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe :

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

March on, ⁶³join bravely, let us to't ⁶⁴pell-mell ;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

[*To his Soldiers*] What shall I say more than I have ⁶⁵in-
 ferr'd ?

Remember whom you are to cope withal ;—

A ⁶⁶sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,

A scum of ⁶⁷Bretagnes, and base ⁶⁸lackey peasants,

Whom their ⁶⁹o'er-cloyèd country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest ;

You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would ⁷⁰distrain the one, ⁷¹distain the other.

And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost ? (*c*)

A ⁷²milk-sop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;

300

56. *Vanguard.*

57. *Body of troops :*
 see 3 K. Henr. 6, l.
 1. 8. 'Either' is
 monosyll. : see
 Abb., 466.

310

58. See above, 17.

59. *I.e., Richard.*
 60. *Tricked, duped :*
 see Sh. Key, p. 41 ;
 K. John, v. 4. 11.
 61. As dissyll.
 62. *Tell-tale.*

320

63. *Engage :* see 3
 K. Henr. 6, il. 1.
 121.

64. See K. John, il.
 1. 413.

65. *Brought for-
 ward :* see ill. 5. 76.

66. *Company :* see
 2 K. Henr. 6, ill. 2.
 278.

67. See iv. 4. 535.

68. Or 'lacquey' =
footboy.

69. *Filled beyond
 satiety.*

330

70. *Seize.*
 71. *Stain, defile.*

72. *Effeminate
 fellow.* 'As over,'
 supply to be.

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us, 340
 And not these bastard Bretagnes ; whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, ⁷³bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark ! to
 their drum.—

Fight, gentleman of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ;
 Amaze the ⁷⁴welkin with your broken ⁷⁵staves !

73. *Drubbed.*74. See K. John, v.
2. 175.

75. See above, 3. 69.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley ? will he bring his power ? 350

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head !

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :

⁷⁶Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the ⁷⁷spleen of fiery dragons !

Upon them ! Victory ⁷⁸sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

76. See above, 270.

77. See K. John, II.
1. 68.

78. See above, 3. 85.

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the field.*

*Alarums : excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces ; to him
 CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an ¹opposite to every danger :

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in ²the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

1. *Adversary* : see
2 K. Henr. 6, v. 3.
23.2. *The jaws of d.* =
extremity of dan-
ger : comp. 2 Tim.
iv. 17.

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! (*a*)

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter, from opposite sides, King RICHARD and RICHMOND; they fight, and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then re-enter RICHMOND, with STANLEY bearing the crown, and divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou¹ acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurp'd² royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven,³ say Amen to all!—

But, tell me now, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; 10

Whither, if't please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births:

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have⁴ ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

England⁵ hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;

1. *Acquitted*: see i. 4. 182.

2. *Crown*: see i. K. Henr. 4, iv. 3. 61; comp. Ford's 'Pet. Warbeck,' i. 3. 139.

3. See below, 41; B. and Sh., p. 272.

4. Here implies taken solemn oath: see above, i. 4. 198.

5. 'Hath' is carried on to the three following lines.

6. See 3 K. Henr. 6.
ii. 5. 56-79.

7. *Disunited condition of.*

8. See iv. 5. 18.

9. *Blunt*: see 2 K.
Henr. 4, i. 1. 128.

10. *Bring back.*

11. See above, 8.

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The ⁶father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compelled, been butcher to the sire :
All this ⁷divided York and Lancaster, (*a*)
O, now let Richmond and ⁸Elizabeth, (*b*)
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs—God, if thy will be so—
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
⁹Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would ¹⁰reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :
That she may long live here, ¹¹God say Amen !

30

40

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES ON KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.—Scene 1.

(a) "I have several times adverted to the peculiar significancy of the opening scenes of Shakspeare's plays ; and it may now be observed that, of them all, *Richard III.* is the only one that opens with a soliloquy, as if to indicate the moral solitariness of the character."—Professor REED, p. 184.

(b) "This is dramatic exaggeration—it is intended to be so ; it is not meant for description, as persons who read unimaginely misconstrue it ; but is meant for Richard's morbid exaggeration of his own personal defects, especially as felt in envious contrast with the eloquence of face and form of his voluptuous brother, Edward IV."—Professor REED, p. 182, *sq.* This remark is just ; at the same time, no doubt can be cast upon the *real existence* of "personal defects" in Richard, resting, as it does, upon the testimony of Sir Thomas More's description ("Hist. of King Richard III."—Works, 1557, p. 37), which has been accepted by the Chroniclers. See Courtenay, vol. ii. pp. 61-63, and Hudson, vol. ii. p. 142, *sq.* Professor Reed adds : "So it is, throughout the play ; the references to Richard's personal appearance are, and are intended to be, exaggerations of dramatic passion. But the general popular impression as to Richard's bodily unsightliness seems to show how intense was the hatred of his character, how odious the impression of his life. The detestation he had inspired aggravated the conception of his personal defects ; and he was perhaps thought tenfold more deformed than he really was, because his body was the visible exponent of the spiritual deformity of his nature."

(c) It is possible that Shakspeare had in mind the answer in the Church Catechism to the question, "What is the inward grace of Baptism? *A death unto sin,*" &c. See B. and Sh., pp. 141, 272, 375.

(d) "The civil war has ceased; but a domestic war in the ruling family forms a fearful sequel, and at last turns the royal palace into a slaughter-house. On account of a foolish prophecy, the king prosecutes his faithful helper, his brother Clarence. The poor upstart family of his wife beset the throne greedily, and with offensive arrogance, and foster the hatred which, without them, was already growing up among the brothers of the House of York."—GERVINUS, p. 261. The imprisonment of Clarence is misplaced: it did not occur till 1478, whereas this scene is in 1471.

(e) Anne Neville, betrothed, if not married, to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI. See 3 *King Henry VI.*, iii. 3. 245, note. "I do not find, even in Holinshed, the insinuation that Edward's jealousy of Clarence, and his consequent proceedings, were brought about or fomented by Gloster. . . . It is true there was a jealousy between Edward's two brothers. It arose out of an event which Shakspeare places after the imprisonment of Clarence—viz., the marriage of Richard with the widow [or betrothed] of Prince Edward, [younger] sister to the Duchess of Clarence" [Clarence being jealous of his brother's participation in the inheritance of Neville].—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 65. Clarence's wife, Isabel Neville, was now dead.

(f) "It is not clear how Richard's marriage with Anne could be supposed to favour his plans for obtaining the crown."—A. WRIGHT. Mr Hudson (vol. ii. p. 149) suggests that his object probably was to get into his hands the son and daughter of Clarence, who had been left in the care of Lady Anne, their aunt, and had succeeded to the larger portion of the vast estates of their grandfather, the great Earl of Warwick.

Scene 2.

(a) This scene is altogether unhistorical, as regards the Lady Anne. After the battle of Tewkesbury, Clarence concealed his sister-in-law from the pursuit of Gloucester; but she was at last discovered in London, in the disguise of a cook-maid, and then placed in sanctuary. How Anne was induced to assume this disguise—whether Richard had any difficulty in persuading her to marrying him—we are nowhere informed. In other respects Shakspeare has closely followed Holinshed's account of the funeral of Henry VI. See Courtenay and A. Wright.

(b) I have followed the quarto of 1597 in omitting the line—

“Cursed the blood that let the blood from hence !”

And again, below, in omitting—

“And that be heir to his unhappiness !”

Scene 3.

(a) “I do not know any ground for the queen’s imputation of peculiar hostility to the Countess of Richmond [Lady Margaret], other than her connection with the House of Lancaster. She was daughter of John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset, and wife, *first* of Edmund [Tudor], Earl of Richmond ; *then* of Sir Henry Stafford [son of Humphrey, first Duke of Buckingham] ; and *now* of Lord Stanley.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii, p. 67.

(b) “The introduction of Margaret in this play has no formal warrant in history. After the battle of Tewkesbury, May 1471, she was confined in the Tower till 1475, when, being ransomed by her father, she went into France, and died there in 1482. So that the part she takes in these scenes is throughout a dramatic fiction. And a very judicious piece of fiction it is too.”—HUDSON, vol. ii, p. 160. Mrs Jameson had given a similar opinion. “Margaret, in bold defiance of history, but with fine dramatic effect, is introduced again, in the gorgeous and polluted Court of Edward IV. There she stalks around the seat of her former greatness, like a terrible phantom of departed majesty, uncrowned, unseptrd, desolate, powerless ; or like a vampire thirsting for blood ; or like a grim prophetess of evil, imprecating that ruin on the head of her enemies which she lived to see realised.”—P. 374. Warburton had taken the same line, and compared Queen Margaret to Cassandra. On the other hand, Courtenay agrees with Steevens that “the merits of this scene are insufficient to excuse its improbability ; Margaret bullying the Court of England in a royal palace is a circumstance as absurd as the courtship of Gloster in a public street.”—Vol. ii, p. 70.

(c) This is unhistorical (see preceding note), unless we are to suppose that the reference is to what took place after the battle of Hexham, 1464, when Margaret fled into France, and Edward, soon afterwards, issued a proclamation prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return. She remained abroad till April 1471 ; and the battle of Tewkesbury took place in the following month.

(d) “This is one of the cases in which Shakspeare has gone beyond his authorities, in order to blacken Richard. Not a word is

said by Holinshed or [Sir Thomas] More of Richard's participation in the murder of Clarence. . . . The rolls of Parliament show that Clarence was convicted and attainted of high treason."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. pp. 71-73. "How he actually perished is uncertain."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 215. "He was convicted of treason, and sentence of death was passed upon him, in February 1478; and a few days later it was announced that he had died in the Tower. So that this first act of the play embraces a period of nearly seven years, the death of King Henry VI. having occurred in May 1471."—HUDSON.

Scene 4.

(a) After the battle of Wakefield, where their father, York, was killed, Richard and Clarence, with their mother, found refuge at the Court of the Duke of Burgundy, who had married their sister Margaret.

(b) Isabel, Clarence's wife, had died in 1476, four years before. See Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 215.

(c) I have there omitted the words, "Take the devil in thy mind, and—" because I cannot satisfy myself as to their meaning, and suspect there must be some corruption in the reading. Warburton explains them: "Take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind*, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not," &c. But to this Mr A. Wright objects, taking conscience and the devil to be there the same, and renders: "Seize hold of him in thy imagination."

(d) This is founded on the Chroniclers, Hall and Holinshed, who state that Clarence was privily drowned in a butt of Malmsey.

(e) On the uncertainty of the text of this passage, see vol. i., Preface, p. xxiv.

ACT II.—*Scene 2.*

(a) This passage is one which I have allowed to remain in the text, but not, I must confess, without reluctance. The bombast is excessive. Johnson gives the meaning thus: "That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world;" and he adds, with more forbearance than usual, "The introduction of the moon is not very natural." If this play had been subjected to the author's revision, it is inconceivable that he should have suffered those three lines to remain as they stand.

(b) In reading this and the following lines (71-80) the remarks of Gervinus should be borne in mind, in order to obviate the feeling

of dissatisfaction which naturally arises at meeting with a dialogue bordering on the ludicrous in the midst of this highly mournful and pathetic scene: "In this play, as in *Henry VI.*, the pure dramatic form is not so universally adhered to as in *Richard II.*, which immediately followed it. In the scenes where the trilogy of the common lamentation of the women (ii. 2, and iv. 1) alternates like a chorus, dramatic truth is sacrificed to the lyric or epic form, and to conceits in the style of the pastoral Italian poetry. These scenes call to mind the passages in *Henry VI.* [Part 3, ii. 5] where the murderers of father and of son lament over the slain. The form of these scenes (*στυχομυθίαι*) is borrowed from the ancient drama, of which the older plays of Shakspeare repeatedly remind us."—P. 259.

(c) "Edward, the young prince, in his father's lifetime, and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales, under the governance of the Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. See Hall and Holinshed."—THEOBALD.

Scene 4.

(a) At Westminster. "The right of sanctuary was shared by the Abbey, with at least 30 other great English monasteries. . . . The building properly so called included two churches, an upper and a lower, which the inmates were expected, as a kind of penance, to frequent. But the right of asylum rendered the whole precinct a vast 'cave of Adullam' for the distressed and discontented of the metropolis, who desired, according to the phrase of the time, 'to take Westminster.' . . . If often the refuge of vice, it was sometimes the refuge of innocence; and its inviolable character provoked an invidious contrast with the terrible outrage which had rendered Canterbury Cathedral the scene of the greatest historical murder of our annals. . . . Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., twice made the sanctuary her home. The first time was just before the birth of her eldest son. On this occasion, she, with her three daughters and Lady Scrope, took up their abode as 'sanctuary women,' apparently within the sanctuary itself. The abbot (Milling) sent them provisions—'half a loaf and two muttons'—daily. The nurse in the sanctuary assisted at the birth; and in these straits Edward V. first saw the light, and was baptised by the sub-prior, with the abbot as his godfather, and the Duchess of Bedford and Lady Scrope as his godmothers. The queen remained there till her husband's triumphant entry into London [see *King Henry VI.*, iv. 4. 32, and v. 7. 1. 30, sq.] The second occasion was still more tragical. When Rich-

ard III.'s conspiracy against his nephews transpired, the queen again flew to her well-known refuge, with her five daughters,—and this time not with her eldest son (who was already in the Tower), but with her second son, Richard, Duke of York. . . . She was still in the sanctuary when she received the news of the death of her sons ; and ten months elapsed before she and the princesses left it. The whole precinct was strictly guarded by Richard. . . . The rights of the sanctuary were dissolved with the dissolution of the Abbey.”—Dean STANLEY's ‘*Memorials*,’ pp. 376-378.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) I cannot suppose that the two lines there omitted are such as Shakspeare wrote them :—

“Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege, nor charter there.”

The speech is almost literally from Holinshed ; only differing in one respect—viz., that Shakspeare does not represent the argument of these words : “He that taketh one out of sanctuary *to do him good*, I say plainly that he breaketh no sanctuary.” Perhaps, therefore, instead of “that is not there,” we ought to read, “to do him good.”

(b) The “one word,” which is made to carry two meanings, is “live long.” Not that it really does so in itself, but from the context, “ne’er live long” being *iniquitously* changed into “fame lives long” ; and this is introduced as a specimen of the plays upon words commonly put into the mouth of “the formal”—i.e., conventional, “Vice,” in the old moralities. See *King Henry IV.*, Pt. 1, ii. 4. 426, and Pt. 2, iii. 2. 294.

(c) On the characters of the two young princes, as shown in this dialogue of the scene, see Gervinus’s remarks, in my Introduction to this play, p. 213.

Scene 4.

(a) “The whole of this scene, even to the smaller incidents, including Gloucester’s sending to the garden of Ely Palace for a dish of strawberries, is taken from Sir Thomas More. That slight incident confirms the probability that More’s History [of Richard III.] was derived from Bishop Morton, if not written (as Sir Henry Ellis conjectures) by that prelate himself.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 86, sq. “Richard was now prepared for a *coup d’état*, not very different in character from those sudden revolutions with which we have been

familiarised in modern French history. The destruction of Hastings, though the personal friend of Richard, was decided upon. As regards Morton, he had, during some years, led a comparatively private life, and although he attended the Privy Council, had not made himself obnoxious. He lived at his house in Holborn, and was on friendly terms with the Protector."—Dean Hook, who proceeds to give a full report of this so-called "strawberry scene," from Sir Thomas More's History, 'Lives,' vol. v. p. 426.

(b) "There is a wantonness of *diablerie* in this incident. The fiery energy of Richard is, at its simplest, unmingled with irony or dissimulation, in great days of military movement and of battle. Then the force within him expends itself in a paroxysm, which has all the intensity of ungovernable spasmodic action, and which is yet organised and controlled by his intellect."—Dowden, p. 186. "When all was ready, on June 13 [1483], Richard seized Lord Hastings, who had been summoned to the Tower to attend the king, and beheaded him at once. The two strongest prelates in the Council, Rotherham and Morton, were then arrested, and committed to the Tower, whence Morton was soon after sent off to prison in Wales."—Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 223.

(c) "A contest for power between the queen's relations and those of the late king was a matter of course. Whether the measures adopted or contemplated by the former so far exceeded the bounds of political contention as to justify the brothers and friends of Edward in treating them as traitors, is a question upon which no sufficient evidence exists. Shakspeare's version, which refers the executions to the tyranny and ambition of Richard, has certainly a sufficient foundation for a dramatist; but it must not be received as authentic history."—Courtenay, vol. ii. p. 89.

Scene 5.

(a) "It is upon the same authority of Sir Thomas More that Gloucester and Buckingham, by way of making it appear that a sudden alarm obliged them to arm in great haste, are introduced, 'in rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured.' In this guise they send for the Lord Mayor of London, and easily satisfy him that Hastings had plotted against their lives [the lives of Glo. and Buck.], and that his sudden execution was an act of urgent necessity."—Courtenay, vol. ii. p. 89.

(b) The common reading of this line is—

"The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post."

My reasons for altering it, as I have done in the text, are—(1) “The Guildhall” occurs below, 103—the only other place in which Shakspeare uses the name; and (2) “post” alone occurs adverbially in four other places—see Schm. ‘Lex.’—but “in all post” nowhere but here; though “all in post” is to be found once—viz., 3 *King Henry VI.*, v. 5. 84.

(c) We hear no more of Doctor Shaw and Friar Penker. They were two popular preachers, and the pulpit was then made use of for political purposes, as pamphlets and newspapers are at the present day. See Malone’s note.

(d) “The brats of Clarence” were Edward and Margaret, known afterwards as Earl of Warwick and Countess of Salisbury.

Scene 7.

(a) The subject-matter of this scene is from Holinshed; except that Shakspeare had no historical authority for the presence of the two bishops, and that the marriage-contract spoken of was not with Lady Elizabeth Lucy, though she was one of Edward’s paramours, but with Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler, and daughter of the famous Earl of Shrewsbury.

(b) “Smouldered.” Dyce objects to this conjecture of Johnson (which Walker, ‘Crit. Exam.’, vol. ii. p. 243, unhesitatingly approves) that the word is not used by Shakspeare. But it is used, and in the sense of “smothered,” by Holinshed, as appears from the passage quoted in Richardson’s Dictionary. On the other hand, “shoulder,” as a verb, has also no *genuine* authority in Shakspeare, besides this doubtful place being found only in 1 *King Henry VI.*, iv. 1. 189, and there not in a figurative signification.

ACT IV.—Scene 1.

(a) “We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married about the year 1472.”—MALONE.

(b) The Earl of Richmond, after the battle of Tewkesbury, fled with his uncle Jasper, Earl of Pembroke, and took refuge in Brittany.

(c) Shakspeare here speaks at random. The Duchess of York was born in 1415, and therefore, at the date of this scene, 1483, was only 68. She lived for 12 years afterwards, and died at Berkhamstead, in 1495.

Scene 2.

(a) The marriage of Clarence's daughter, Margaret Plantagenet, to a "mean-born gentleman" was not carried out. She was now not ten years old; she was made Countess of Salisbury, and became the wife of Sir Richard Pole, whose mother was half-sister of Lady Margaret, the mother of Henry VII. The "boy," described as "foolish" = *half-witted*, or, in Holinshed's words, "a very innocent," was afterwards known as the Earl of Warwick. He was put in confinement by Henry VII. after the battle of Bosworth, and died in 1499.

(b) On this part of the scene, see Dowden, p. 183. "Towards his tool, Buckingham, when occasion suits, Richard can be frankly contemptuous. Buckingham is unable to keep pace with Richard in his headlong career; he falls behind, and is scant of breath. . . . The duke comes before the king claiming the fulfilment of a promise that he should receive the earldom of Hereford. Richard becomes suddenly deaf, and contemptuously disregarding the interpellations of Buckingham, continues his talk on indifferent matters. At length he turns to his 'other self' [see ii. 2. 150], and asks, 'Ay, what's o'clock?'—His cynicism and insolence have in them a grim mirth; such a *bonhomie* as might be met with among the humorists of Pandemonium." According to Turner (vol. iii. p. 436), the Hereford estates *were* granted to Buckingham. Courtenay, in noticing this, adds: "This fact brings into question, not the credit (? good faith), but the accuracy of the information of Sir Thomas More."—Vol. ii. p. 108, note.

(c) This passage, from line 102 to 121 inclusive, is omitted in the folio. See vol. i., Preface, p. xxiv, *sq.*

(d) Dean Hook, in his *Life of Archbishop Morton*, gives very fully the historical detail upon which the alienation of Buckingham from Richard, as represented in this scene, is founded.—Vol. v. pp. 434-440.

Scene 3.

(a) Editors have greatly varied in the punctuation of this and the following half-line. The Variorum has a comma at "remorse"; the Globe has a semicolon; the Leopold has a colon; Grant White, Dyce, and Hudson, following the folio, have no stop. I have introduced a semicolon after "gone," with no stop at the end of the line, as seeming to offer the best arrangement.

(b) "Edward V. ended his reign [of two months] on June 26 [1483], and, with his brother Richard, then disappears from authentic history. How long the boys lived in captivity, and how they

died, is a matter on which legend and conjecture have been rife, with no approach to certainty. Most men believed, and still believe, that they died a violent death by their uncle's order. The Earl of Rivers and Sir Richard Grey had been executed at Pomfret a few days after the usurpation, and the new king was not strong enough to afford to be merciful."—STUBBS, vol. iii. p. 224. "An impressive confirmation was given to the popular belief, when, nearly 200 years after the crime was perpetrated, some excavations in the Tower of London, during the reign of Charles II., brought to light the bones of two striplings, contained in a chest, buried where no intentional search was likely to discover it. . . . So little doubt was entertained as to the identity of the mortal remains, that the bones were removed, and received royal sepulture."—Professor REED, p. 181. The discovery was made during the alterations of the White Tower, conducted by Sir Christopher Wren, July 17, 1674. The remains were put into a marble urn, and repositied at Westminster Abbey, in the north aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel. See A. Wright's note. It is remarkable that this fact does not appear to be mentioned in Dean Stanley's most interesting and exhaustive volume.

Scene 4.

(a) "There is a Blake-like terror and beauty in the scene in which the three women—two queens and a duchess—seat themselves upon the ground in their desolation and despair, and cry aloud in utter anguish of spirit. First, by the mother of two kings [Edward IV. and Richard III.], then by Edward's widow, last by the terrible Medusa-like Queen Margaret, the same attitude is assumed, and the same grief is poured forth. Misery has made them indifferent to all ceremony of queenship, and, for a time, to their private differences; they are seated, a rigid, yet tumultuously passionate group, in the majesty of mere womanhood and supreme calamity. Readers acquainted with Blake's Illustrations to the Book of Job will remember what effects, sublime and appalling, the artist produces by animating a group of figures with one common passion, which spontaneously produces in each individual the same extravagant movement of head and limbs."—DOWDEN, p. 181. Comp. Mrs Jameson, p. 374. This appalling scene, and especially the speeches of Queen Margaret, may be regarded as introduced to afford *a kind of relief* to the reader's mind in contemplating the crimes of Richard. To read such language creates a diversion from the unparalleled horror which those crimes excite, being itself scarcely less horrible.

(b) "Queen Margaret should have stopped there ; but the effect, thus powerfully excited, is marred and weakened by so much superfluous rhetoric, that we are tempted to exclaim, with the old Duchess of York—

'Why should calamity be full of words?'

—Mrs JAMESON, p. 375.

(c) The two first lines of this speech of Richard generally run thus :—

"Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company."

Mr A. Wright remarks, "If this expression [Humphrey Hour] ever had any meaning, it is now completely lost." In like manner, Dr Schmidt, in his 'Lexicon,' had noted the passage as "not yet satisfactorily explained." He proceeds, however, to quote the following from Nares's Glossary : "The phrase of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, which is still current, originated in the following manner : Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though really buried at St Alban's, was supposed to have a monument in old St Paul's, from which one part of the church was termed *Duke Humphrey's Walk*. In this, as the church was then a place of the most public resort, they who had no means of procuring a dinner frequently loitered about, probably in hopes of meeting with an invitation, but under pretence of looking at the monuments." This explanation is fully illustrated by passages from old plays, which Nares quotes, and by Steevens's note. See also 'Shakspeare Key,' p. 40. But we are still left in the dark as to the special reference intended in King Richard's words.

(d) Again, I have removed the following lines from the text, as undeserving of a place even in this dialogue, which Johnson summarily condemns with the remark, "Part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable."

"Of all one pain—save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you ¹bid like sorrow."

(e) "This representation is in substance historical ; and some of the old Chroniclers are rather hard on Elizabeth for thus yielding to Richard's persuasions. But there is good reason to think that she outwitted him, and that her consent was but feigned, in order to gain time, and to save her daughter from the fate that had overtaken her sons."—HUDSON's note. In 'Shakspeare's Life, Art, &c.,'

¹ Past tense of "bide" = *abide*.

published subsequently, the same critic writes : " In the scene where Richard woos so persistently for her daughter's hand, it appears something uncertain whether Elizabeth is really beguiled and won by his wizard rhetoric, or whether she only temporises, and feigns a reluctant acquiescence. Most critics, I believe, have taken the former view ; but I am far from seeing it so ; for her daughter's hand is firmly pledged to Richmond already, and she is in the whole secret of the plot for setting him on the throne. So I take it as an instance of that profound, yet innocent and almost unconscious guile, which women are apt to use in defence of those they love, and which so often proves an overmatch for all the resources of deliberate craft."—Vol. ii. p. 166.

(f) " The issue of King Edward had been pronounced *illegitimate*, the Duke of Clarence *attainted of high treason*, and the usurper declared ' the undoubted heir of Richard, Duke of York '—by *Act of Parliament* ; so that, as far as such a proceeding can alter the constitution, and legalise usurpation and murder, Richard's question is correct and unanswerable."—RITSON.

(g) " A gap of two years in the history is here bridged over by the dramatist. Richmond embarked on his first fruitless expedition to join Buckingham, October 12, 1483 ; but his actual landing at Milford did not take place till about the 7th or 8th of August 1485. See Gairdner, ' Richard III., ' p. 269."—A. WRIGHT.

Scene 5.

(a) I have preferred to make my own correction of this line, rather than adopt the suggestion of Collier's corrector, " of name and mark," or of Walker, " of note and name," because I do not find either " note " or " mark " so used by Shakspeare.

ACT V.—Scene 2.

(a) The two lines there omitted—

" True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings"—

have so much the appearance of an ill-fitting " purpureus pannus," tacked on by the players, and are so little in keeping with the genuine sentiments of Richmond, as expressed elsewhere (see, e.g., 114-123, also 260-278, and his closing speech), that I have not scrupled to exclude them from the text.

Scene 3.

(a) Mr Halliwell-Phillipps supposes that this incident of the rising of the ghosts may have been suggested to Shakspeare by similar incidents in some more ancient composition. See above, Introduction, p. 207.

(b) The following eleven lines are found in the ordinary text :—

“ What do I fear ? myself ? there’s none else by :
 Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murderer here ? No ;—yes, I am :
 Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason why,—
 Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
 Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
 That I myself have done unto myself ?
 O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
 For hateful deeds committed by myself !
 I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well :—fool, do not flatter.”

It was Ritson’s opinion that not only these eleven lines, but the whole passage, extending to “two-and-twenty lines,” is “*either not Shakspeare’s, or so unworthy of him, that it were to be wished it would with propriety be degraded to the margin*”; and he speaks of it as “an interpolation which is in the highest degree childish and unnatural.” Upon which Steevens remarks : “I rather suppose these lines (though genuine) to *have been crossed out of the stage manuscript by Shakspeare himself, and afterwards restored by the original but tasteless editor of his play.*” For my own part, I am content to adopt Mr Hudson’s just and discerning criticism : “In this strange speech there are some ten lines in or near the poet’s best style ; the others are in his worst—*so inferior, indeed, that it is not easy to understand how Shakspeare could have written them.*” See also ‘Shakspeare’s Life, Art, &c.,’ vol. ii. p. 167, *sq.* To add to the uncertainty of the text, Johnson proposed to place lines 220-222 after line 199 ; Dyce, whom I have followed, adopted the transposition proposed by Mason (see note of the former) ; and Lettsom would make still further transpositions in this portion of the play. Lines 216-218 are omitted in the folio.

(c) “Mother’s” is a misprint in the second edition of Holinshed, which Shakspeare followed, for “brother’s,” which is found in the first edition, and in Hall. “Richmond was, in fact, held in a sort of honourable custody at the Duke of Bretagne’s Court, his means being supplied by Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who was Richard’s *brother-in-law.*”—HUDSON. Compare Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 230, *sq.*

Scene 4.

(a) "The order of the battle is from the Chronicle ; but the unhorsing of Richard is imaginary : it is allowed that he displayed much personal bravery ; and we are told that in this instance the personal conflict between the two rivals, which almost always occurs on the stage, did actually take place. It is, however, not stated that Richard fell by Henry's own hand."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 114.

Scene 5.

(a) Mr Hudson has transposed the line there omitted—

"Divided in their dire division"—

so as to place it after

"The true successors of each royal house."

But while it adds nothing to the sense, and contains nothing to justify its insertion, it tends to render a sentence, which at best is awkwardly constructed, still more objectionable.

(b) Considering what important use is made of the name of Elizabeth in the development of the plot of this play, it is rather unsatisfactory that she herself has not appeared in it.

"Elizabeth was the undoubted heiress of York [as daughter of Edward IV.], and certainly conveyed to the Tudors their best hereditary title. Henry was not the representative of Lancaster in any sense in which that representation would have given him a title to the crown, either ancestral or parliamentary. Through his mother he was the representative of the Beauforts ; but the crown was never given by Parliament to the heirs of John of Gaunt. The Lancastrian title began with Henry IV. Even, therefore, if the legitimization of the Beauforts had not contained [as it did] a bar to their claim to the royal succession, they would have had no claim while any descendants remained of the elder brother of John of Gaunt."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 114.

INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VIII.

THE interval between the close of *King Richard III.* and the opening of *King Henry VIII.* is 35 years ; of which the principal events will be recalled to the reader's memory by the following summary :—

- 1485 (August 22). BATTLE OF BOSWORTH. Richard killed. Henry VII. made king.
- 1486. Henry marries Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV.
- 1487. Invasion of Lambert Simnel, calling himself the Earl of Warwick, son of Clarence, defeated at Stoke.
- 1492. Perkin Warbeck, calling himself Richard, Duke of York, son of Edward IV., begins to assert his claims to the throne.
- 1499. Warbeck, after escaping from captivity, is recaptured and executed.
- 1501. Arthur, Prince of Wales, in his 15th year, marries Katharine of Aragon, aged 18.
- 1502. Death of Prince Arthur. Katharine is contracted to Prince Henry, then 11 years old.
- 1503. Death of Queen Elizabeth of York.
- 1509. Death of Henry VII., aged 53.
Henry VIII., now 18, succeeds : marries Katharine of Aragon, now 26.
- 1513 (Aug.) French defeated by Henry at the battle of the Spurs.
(Sept.) Battle of Flodden Field. Defeat of the Scots by the Earl of Surrey, and death of James IV.
- 1514. Peace made with France, and Henry's sister the Princess

Mary, married to Louis XII., and (he dying 3 months afterwards) subsequently to Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

1515. Wolsey created a cardinal, and Lord Chancellor.

1517. Wolsey made Papal Legate.

1520. Emperor Charles V. visits Henry at Canterbury. Henry visits Francis I. FIELD OF THE CLOTH-OF-GOLD.

It may be of use to carry on this table, so as to indicate here the chronological order of events (which Shakspeare, for artistic reasons, has considerably departed from) during the period occupied by the play.

1521. Impeachment and death of Buckingham, the 3d Duke. Henry, now 31, receives from the Pope, Leo X., the title of "Defender of the Faith," for having written a book against Luther.

1525. Henry's attempt to levy forced loans, being resisted, is withdrawn.

1527. Henry having doubts about the legality of his marriage with Katharine, submits the case to the Pope, Clement VII.

1528. Commission from the Pope to Cardinals Wolsey and Campeggio to try the question.

1529. Katharine appeals to the Pope, and the cause is finally advocated to Rome. FALL OF WOLSEY. Sir Thomas More made Chancellor.

1530. Wolsey arrested for high treason, dies at Leicester.

1531. Queen Katharine withdraws from Court.

1532. Anne Boleyn made Marchioness of Pembroke. Married privately to Henry. Act passed for restraining all appeals to Rome.

1533. Cranmer made Archbishop of Canterbury. Declares the king's marriage with Katharine void, and with Anne legal. Coronation of Anne. Birth of Princess Elizabeth.

1534. Act passed for abolishing authority of the Pope in England.

1535. Execution of Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More for refusing to take the oath required by Acts of Supremacy and of Succession, by which the children of Anne were to succeed to the throne. Thomas Cromwell appointed Vicar-General.

1536. Death of Katharine of Aragon, aged 50.

Execution of Anne Boleyn on a charge of adultery. Henry survives till January 1547.

"From the reign of Henry VII. it would probably have been difficult to make a good play;¹ but it would have been still more difficult to make of the first of the Tudor kings a hero, who would realise the prophecy of Henry VI. [3 *King Henry VI.*, iv. 6. 68-77], and the expectations of the conquerors of Bosworth Field. In the play of *Henry VIII.* Shakspeare does not forget that the king was the father of Elizabeth."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 119.

"The beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. is just at the transition period from mediæval to modern history, when the feudal baronial power had been exhausted by the Wars of the Roses, and the monarchy, gaining strength from the ruin of the nobility, had been further fortified by the sagacious dominion of Henry VII. . . . The drama of *Henry VIII.* was composed by Shakspeare at the distance of only a little more than half a century from the events which it illustrates. . . . To the poet and his contemporaries these events had all the distinctness of comparatively recent occurrences, and, as such, the imagination had a difficult task in dealing with them."—Professor REED, p. 189.

1. AUTHORSHIP AND SOURCES OF THE PLAY.—There has been much disputing among critics as to the extent to which the genuine work of Shakspeare is to be found in this play. According to Professor Dowden ('Primer,' p. 153), "it has been shown conclusively by Mr Spedding ('New Shaks. Soc. Transactions,' 1874) that the play is in part from Shakspeare's hand, in part from Fletcher's. . . . Fletcher's verse had certain strongly marked characteristics, one of which is the very frequent occurrence of double endings. A portion of *Henry VIII.* is written in the verse of Fletcher, and a portion as certainly in Shakspeare's verse. Shakspeare's part is: Act i. sc. 1, 2; Act ii. sc. 3, 4; Act iii. sc. 2 (to *exit* of king); Act i. sc. 1. The rest of the play is by Fletcher. In Shakspeare's part the proportion of double endings is 1 to 3; in Fletcher's, 1 to 1.7." Mr Furnivall corroborates this view in his Introduction, pp. xciii-xcvi (where he gives large quotations from Mr Spedding, of which I have availed myself in my notes on the several scenes); and observes that "Mr Spedding's division of the play between Shakspeare and Fletcher [originally put forth in 'Gentleman's Magazine,' August 1850] was confirmed independently by the late Mr S. Hickson,

¹ Ford has dramatised a portion of the reign in his historical play, *Perkin Warbeck*, 1634, in which King Henry VII. and James IV. of Scotland are among the principal characters, the hero being Warbeck himself, and the heroine his wife, Lady Katharine Gordon.

in 'Notes and Queries,' vol. ii. p. 198, August 24, 1850; and by Mr Fleay, in 'New Shaks. Soc. Transactions,' 1874, Append., p. 23. It may be looked on as certain." He further mentions that, in addition to Professor Dowden [who speaks of it as "conclusive," *Primer*, p. 153], it is supported by Mr Browning and Professor Ingram; and that the application of other tests, chiefly metrical, made by himself and others, confirms the result. See also Dowden's note, p. 413, sq.¹ For my own part, I cannot help suspecting that the theory has been carried too far; though I candidly admit that, as against solid investigation, and authorities such as those which have been named, my mere suspicion (for it amounts to little more) is entitled to no weight. I am glad, however, to find that Mr Hudson,² whose judgment as a Shakspearian critic is, in my opinion, inferior to none, demurs no less than I do to the sweeping character of the Spedding conclusions. "This argument," he writes, "pushed to the upshot, would consign many whole scenes, and indeed full half the play, to Fletcher. In particular, it would take away from Shakspeare the whole scene of Buckingham's execution, ii. 1; also the whole scene of Katharine, Wolsey, and Campeius, iii. 1; also the whole scene of Katharine's death, iv. 2; and, finally, the whole of Cranmer's magnificent prediction, near the close. Unfortunately, however, for the argument, it seems to kill itself by proving too much. For I do not well see how, by this rule, we can except the superb dialogue of Wolsey and Cromwell, in iii. 2; though I believe this whole scene is left to Shakspeare by those who would assign all the other portions specified to Fletcher. [This is a mistake. Only the former part of the scene, up to the king's *exit*, 250, is given to Shakspeare; the remainder, more than one-half, 250-533, is supposed to be Fletcher's]. If, for instance, Wolsey's soliloquy

¹ Dr Abbott ('Gramm.,' § 455) presses the matter still further, and pronounces the whole play to be not Shakspeare's, because, unlike any other play written by him, it contains constant exceptions to the rule that "the extra syllable [at the end of a line] is very rarely a monosyllable."

² Mr Courtenay, a far inferior judge upon such a point, may also be reckoned on the same side. Recognising the fact that in *Henry VIII.* there is a distinct and peculiar versification, which makes "a speech in this play to sound differently from most others of Shakspeare," he adds, "how he came thus to vary his measure, I cannot guess; but that it is *his* measure I see not the slightest reason for doubting."—Vol. ii. p. 172. In regard to the question of authorship, it is unfortunate that so much difference of opinion should exist respecting the date of the play. See above, vol. i. p. xlii, note.

beginning, 'Farewell, a long farewell,' &c., and his last speech to Cromwell, may pass as Shakspeare's, it does not appear, so far at least as the argument in question goes, why those other portions may not also be left to him. That soliloquy and that speech have the same, or nearly the same, excess of amphibrachic [or 'double'] endings; yet, to my sense, there is nothing in the play more like Shakspeare, or less like Fletcher, in all other respects. Nor, indeed, do I find the scenes [the portions of sc. 2 in the third Act] in question relishing particularly of Fletcher, save in the one point of the forenamed excess. *The truth seems to be, that Shakspeare's verse became less and less studious of iambic ending as he advanced in life*; the comparative frequency of lines ending with amphibrachs [— —] being one of the most special traits of his later style. Nevertheless, I am far from disowning altogether Fletcher's partnership in the play, some portions of which, it seems to me, relish decidedly of his hand in certain other characteristics,—such as the hollow affected piquancy, and falsetto spiritedness, in scenes 3 and 4 of the first Act, and the forced feebleness of wit in the last scene but one [v. 3]. Nor should I scruple at all to give up the scene of the coronation, iv. 1. Certainly, if these, and perhaps a few other passages, were written by Shakspeare, I should say his hand must have lapsed from its cunning at the time."—Vol. ii. p. 176, *sq.* So far Mr Hudson; and now—since the foregoing extract was made—the appearance of Mr Halliwell-Phillipps's 'Outlines,' second edition, 1882, shows conclusively that he at least is not prepared to surrender his belief that this play, "as a whole," is the genuine work of Shakspeare, notwithstanding all the evidence which the *ignes fatui* of so-called "metrical tests" may show to the contrary. With regard to these, he remarks: "During the last five or six years of the poet's career, the immoderate use of lines with the hypermetrical syllable became fashionable with our dramatists; and . . . it appears certain that, in his later years, he suffered himself to be influenced by this disagreeable innovation."—P. 164. See also p. 199, and p. 304, where he describes himself as "literally petrified by the announcement that Wolsey's celebrated 'Farewell,' &c., &c., is henceforth to be considered the composition of some other author."

In regard to the sources from which the historical matter of the play is drawn, "Shakspeare's usual authority now becomes a contemporary: at least the narrative upon which he relies is derived immediately from contemporary writings. *Holinshed* did not live

in the reign of Henry VIII.;¹ but *Hall* was certainly of years of discretion—a barrister and (like *Fabyan*) under-sheriff, if not a member of Parliament. And the work of Polydore Virgil, whom Holinshed also quotes, was written and published in the same period [in 1533].”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 119. The history, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and divorce of Katharine, was derived *originally* from the ‘Life of Wolsey,’ by George Cavendish, gentleman usher to the cardinal, and himself an eyewitness of much that he describes. See Wordsworth’s ‘Ecc. Biog.,’ vol. i. pp. 461-646. The book was known only from MSS. in Shakspeare’s time; but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the Chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. Of the fifth Act, the incidents, and, in many cases, the very words, are taken from the ‘Acts and Monuments’ of Foxe the martyrologist,—whose work, first published in 1563, had become very popular in our poet’s time. See Hudson, vol. ii. p. 178.

2. GENERAL MERITS OF THE PLAY.—“That this is a play of Shakspeare’s latest style is evident; . . . the outward marks show it no less than the inward spirit. There is weakness in many parts; but it is abundantly clear that these weak passages, and the disappointing effect of the whole play, are due to Fletcher, and not to Shakspeare.”—FURNIVALL, *Introd.*, p. xciii. Mr Spedding, there quoted, observes: “The effect of this play, *as a whole*, is weak and disappointing. The truth is, that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last Act among persons whom we scarcely know [*i.e.*, I conclude, from the play itself], and events for which we do not care.” [?] This is an exaggeration of Johnson’s criticism, which, though itself an exaggeration, is nearer to the truth. “The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.” Mr Hudson’s judgment, though not dissimilar, is less confined. “I think the play, as a whole, may be not unfitly remarked as showing the poet’s genius in a course of alternate fadings and revivings, or as flickering through turns of faintness and of splendour.”—Vol. ii. p. 177.

¹ A note says: “Holinshed’s date is not known; but his work was published in 1577, the 19th of Elizabeth.” According to Bishop Tanner, he took his M.A. at Cambridge in 1544, three years before King Henry’s death. It is certainly, therefore, a mistake that “he did not live in Henry’s reign.”

Coleridge and other critics have noticed that *Henry VIII.* is a sort of historical masque or show-play. It opens with a description of the gorgeous meeting of King Henry and the French monarch, Francis I.; it includes the coronation of Anne Boleyn; and it ends with the procession at the christening of Elizabeth. "The deep interest of the play, however," as Professor Reed observes, p. 190, "is not in its scenes of pomp and display, but in the silence and stillness of the tragic misery that it tells of." Gervinus complains of "the lack of dramatic unity, and of an ethical focus in the play" (p. 827); and he had already illustrated the remark, with his usual insight, at p. 825, *sq.* Mr Hudson strikes the same key, and perhaps with still greater force: "The characterisation of this drama, at least in all the leading persons, is thoroughly Shakspearian. But I cannot think the piece a happy instance of the poet's skill in dramatic architecture. . . . The several parts, though noble in themselves, and though not wanting in historical connection, seem to have no clear principle of dramatic concert and unity, no right artistic centre: they rather give the impression of having been put together arbitrarily, and not under any organic law. The various threads of interest do not pull together, nor show any clear intelligence of each other. The matter is well stated by Gervinus: 'The interest *first* clings to Buckingham and his designs against Wolsey; but with the *second* Act he leaves the stage; then Wolsey draws the attention increasingly, and he too disappears in the *third* Act; meanwhile our sympathies are drawn more and more to Katharine, who also leaves the stage in the *fourth* Act; then, after being thus shattered through four Acts by circumstances of a tragic character, we have the *fifth* Act closing with a merry festivity, for which we are not prepared, and crowning the king's base passion with victory, in which we take no warm interest.' The interest, however, of the several portions is deep and genuine while it lasts. We are carried through a series of sudden and most affecting reverses. One after another the mighty are broken, and the lofty laid low; their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit. . . . First, we have *Buckingham*, in the full-blown pride of rank and talents. . . . Next, we have the patient and saintly *Katharine*, sitting in state with the king, all that she could ask being granted ere she asks it. . . . Then we have the over-great *Cardinal*, who, in his plenitude of inward forces, has cut his way, and carried himself upward over whatever offered to stop him. . . . In all these cases, inasmuch as the persons have their strength inherent, and not ad-

ventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses : or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness that was in their circumstances served to obscure that which was in themselves."—Vol. ii. pp. 183-185.

3. CHARACTERS TO BE CHIEFLY STUDIED:—

(a) KING HENRY VIII.—The character of Henry VIII. is too well known to require illustration here. At the end of this play he was only forty-two, and had still fourteen years more to live ; so that, happily, Shakspeare was spared the necessity of exhibiting his portrait in its full size. He has still to marry four more wives ; and after Buckingham and Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, Thomas Cromwell (Earl of Essex), and the Earl of Surrey, have still to receive at his hands treatment more or less similar, and to undergo a similar fate. The reader who desires further remarks upon the character of Henry may find them in Gervinus, pp. 822-824, and in Hudson, vol. ii. p. 182, and p. 191, *sq.* In the latter passage especially, full justice is done to the tact with which "the poet keeps the worst parts of the king's character mainly in the background, veiling them withal so adroitly and so transparently as to suggest them to all who are willing to see them ; in other words, he does not directly expose or affirm his moral hatefulness, but places it silently in facts, and so makes him characterise himself in a way to be felt ; nay, he even makes the other persons speak good things of him, but at the same time, lets him refute and reprove their words by his deeds."

The following three characters all rise through humiliation:—

(b) DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.—"A too self-flattering sense of his strength and importance has made him insolent and presumptuous ; . . . and while he is exultingly spreading snares for the Cardinal, he is himself caught and crushed with the strong toils of that master-hand."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 184. "He erred rather from foolish indiscretion than from actual criminal intentions. When he is fallen, he collects himself after his sentence : he dies composed and noble, forgiving, without hatred, already 'half in heaven,' completely devoid of all pride of rank in that moment which so impressively calls to remembrance the vanity of such distinctions."—GERVINUS, p. 820.

(c) CARDINAL WOLSEY.—"The towering greatness of Wolsey in the state is because he really leads the age in the faculties and resources of solid statesmanship. But his rapid growth of power and honour not only turns his own head, but provokes the hatred

and envy of the old nobility, whose untamed pride of blood naturally resents his ostentatious pride of merit. And he has withal in large measure the overgrown upstart's arrogance, towards both the class from which he sprang, and the class into which he had made his way."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 182. "Wolsey is indeed a superb delineation, strong, subtle, comprehensive, and profound. All the way, from his magnificent arrogance at the start, to his penetrating and persuasive wisdom on quitting the scene, the space is rich with deep and telling lines of character. . . . His repentance, withal, is hearty and genuine, and not a mere exercise in self-cozenage, or a fit of self-commiseration; as he takes all his healthy vigour and clearness of understanding into the process, so he is carried through a real renovation of the heart, and rejuvenescence of the soul."—*Ibid.*, p. 186, *sq.*

(d) QUEEN KATHARINE.—"Let it be borne in mind that Katharine of Arragon, when she came to England, betrothed to the heir of England's throne, brought, as the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, not only her splendid dowry, but the pride of the proudest monarchy of Europe: she came from the palace that had lately rejoiced in those wondrous achievements by which the spaces of Christendom were enlarged; for in one and the same year did Ferdinand and Isabella remove from the soil of Spain the long-enduring dynasty of the Saracens, and send forth Columbus to search the dark waters of the West. For near twenty years was this proud Castilian woman Queen of England, the honoured wife of Henry VIII."—Professor REED, p. 191. "Katharine of Arragon may rank as the triumph of Shakspeare's genius and his wisdom. There is nothing in the whole range of poetical fiction resembling or approaching her."—Mrs JAMESON, p. 384. "I cannot discover any indications of the play having been written with any special thought of pleasing Elizabeth. . . . Such an appreciative delineation of the meek and honourable sorrows of Katharine, so nobly proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly and sweetly asserted, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, this too, with an energetic simplicity which even the witchery of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity and the equivocal, or at least qualified, virtue of her rival, and with the headstrong, high-handed, con-

science-shamming selfishness of the king ;—surely the poet must have known a great deal less, or a great deal more than anybody else of the haughty daughter of that rival and that king, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.”—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 174. “Katharine in her seclusion, and discrowned of all but her honour and her sorrow, is one of the poet’s very noblest deliverances. She there leads a life of homely simplicity ; always beautiful on the throne, in her humiliation she is more beautiful still. She carries to the place no grudge or resentment or bitterness towards any ; nothing but faith, hope, and charity—a touching example of womanly virtue and gentleness ; hourly in heaven for her enemies, her heart garrisoned with ‘the peace that passeth all understanding.’ Candid and plain herself, she loves and honours plainness and candour in others : and it seems a positive relief to her to hear the best spoken that can be of the fallen great man who did more than all the rest to work her fall. Her calling the messenger ‘a saucy fellow’ [iv. 2. 114], who breaks in so abruptly upon her, discloses just enough of human weakness to make us feel [as she herself had confessed just before, *ibid.*, 101] that she is not quite an angel yet ; and in her death-scene we have the divinest notes of a ‘soul by resignation sanctified.’”—*Ibid.*, p. 191.

(e) ANNE BOLEYN.—“How completely in the few passages appropriated to Anne Bullen, is her character portrayed ! With what a delicate and yet luxuriant grace is her character sketched off, with her gaiety and her beauty, her levity, her extreme mobility, her sweetness of disposition, her tenderness of heart, and, in short, all her *femalities* ! How nobly has Shakspeare done justice to the two women, and heightened our interest in both, by placing the praises of Katharine in the mouth of Anne Bullen !”—Mrs JAMESON, p. 389. “In the brief delineation of Anne Boleyn there is gathered up the essence of a long story. She is regarded much less for what she is in herself than for the gem that is to proceed from her ; and her character is a good deal screened by the purpose of her introduction, though not so much but it peeps significantly through. With little in her of a positive nature either one way or the other, with hardly any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she appears notwithstanding rather an amiable person ; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vanities and glitterings of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently elated by those royal benevolences which to any just sensibility of honour would

minister nothing but humiliation and shame.”—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 193.

4. MORAL LESSONS OF THE PLAY.—“The moral effect of this play as a whole is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it admits of general statement, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, ‘covers a multitude of sins ;’ or, to carry out the point with more especial reference to Katharine, it consists, as Mrs Jameson observes, in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen and a heroine of tragedy—though stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance, and without any of the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect—could depend on the moral principle alone to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses.”—*Ibid.*, p. 194.

5. TIME OF THE PLAY.—The play commences with the eleventh year of the reign of Henry VIII., 1520, and closes with the christening of Elizabeth in 1533 ; thus occupying thirteen years. The death of Queen Katharine, however, which Shakspeare has introduced at the end of the fourth Act, took place three years later—viz., in 1536. The original title of the play, *The famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eighth*, is singularly misleading ; inasmuch as his reign lasted thirty-eight, and his life fifty-six years.

6. TEXT OF THE PLAY.—It was first printed, and according to Mr Grant White, “with remarkable correctness,” in the folio of 1623—where it is divided into acts and scenes, but without a list of persons represented.

The number of lines, according to my reckoning, is 3448 ; of which only 7 (exclusive of those expunged on the score of grossness or indelicacy) are omitted in this edition.

KING HENRY VIII.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY the Eighth.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

CARDINAL CAMPEIUS (Lorenzo Campegio).

CAPUCIUS (Eustace Chapuys), ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.

CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

DUKE OF NORFOLK¹ (Thomas Howard).

THOMAS, EARL OF SURREY, his son.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM² (Edward Stafford, but see ii. 1. 121).

DUKE OF SUFFOLK³ (Charles Brandon).

LORD CHAMBERLAIN.⁴

LORD CHANCELLOR (see v. 2. 42, margin).

GARDINER, king's secretary, afterwards Bishop of Winchester.

BISHOP OF LINCOLN (John Langland).

LORD ABERGAVENNY (George Neville).

LORD SANDS.

SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.

Secretaries to Wolsey.

CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITH, gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.

Three gentlemen.

DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the King.

Garter King-at-Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter and his Man.

Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.

ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honour, afterwards queen.

An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.

PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

Spirits.

SCENE—*Chiefly in London and Westminster ; once at Kimbolton.*

¹ The Earl of Surrey, in *K. Richard III.* His wife was Anne, third daughter of K. Edward IV., and so aunt to K. Henry VIII.

² Son to Henry, the Buckingham of *K. Richard III.* (ii. 1. 125). His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey (ii. 1. 55) ; Mary, his youngest, to Lord Abergavenny (i. 2. 151).

³ A favourite of the king, who made him Duke of S. in 1514. In 1515 he married Henry's sister Mary, the young widow of K. Louis XII.

⁴ Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII. ; he was succeeded as Chamberlain, on his death in 1526, by Lord Sands.

¹PROLOGUE.

1. Not by Shakspeare; perhaps by Ben Jonson or Fletcher.

2. *Stirring*.

3. *I.e., what they see and hear.*

4. *Trimmed*: see 2 K. Henr. 4, iv. 1. 37.

5. *I.e., as is often of exhibitions—war and tomfoolery—just described.*

6. *Self-confidence*.

7. *Not mere fiction, or folly*: see 'truth,' 18. "All is True" was another title of the play.

8. *Most propitious*.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and ²working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may ³believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry wanton play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat ⁴guarded with yellow,
Will be deceiv'd; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As ⁵fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' ⁶opinion that we bring,
To make that only ⁷true we now intend,
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known
The first and ⁸happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

10

20

30

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

(Description of "the Field of Cloth of Gold." Arrest of the Duke of Buckingham. The king's first meeting with Anne Bullen.

SCENE I.—London. An ante-chamber in ¹the palace.

1. At Bridewell.

Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK; on the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we ²saw in France?

2. I.e., each other:
see *Cymb.*, I. I. 124.

Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague (*a*)
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those ³sons of glory, those two lights of men,
⁴Met in the vale of Andren.

3. Henry VIII. and
Francis I., King of
France.

4. June 1520.

5. In Picardy.

Nor. 'Twixt ⁵Guines and Arde: 10
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, ⁶as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

6. As though: see
K. Rich. 3, iii. 5. 64.

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor.

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time pomp was single, but now married

20

7. *Successive.*

8. *I.e., summed
them all up in one.*
9. *Glittering.*

To one above itself. Each ⁷following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made ⁸former wonders its: to-day, the French,
All ⁹cliquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English: and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain India; every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear

10. *Ornaments.*

11. *Gave them a
colour.*
12. See Walker, *Sh.*
Vers., p. 275.

The ¹⁰pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them ¹¹as a painting: now this masque
Was cried ¹²incomparable; and th' ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,

30

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas ¹³said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in ¹⁴censure. When these suns—
For so they phrase 'em—by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; former fabulous story, (*l*)
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
¹⁵That Bevis was believ'd.

40

15. *So that: B. of
Southampton, hero
in an old romance.*

16. *Am a man of
honour.*
17. *Course.*

Buck.

O, you go far.

Nor. As I ¹⁶belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the ¹⁷tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view; ¹⁸the office did
Distinctly his full function.

50

18. *Each of those
whose office it was
to regulate the pro-
ceedings.*

Buck.

Who did guide,

I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

19. *Here monosyll.:
certainly.*
20. *No proper
sphere.*

Nor. One, ¹⁹certes, that promises no ²⁰element
In such a business.

Buck. 'Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed 60
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these ²¹fierce vanities? I wonder
That such a ²²keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. ^{*22}Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose ²³grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
Out of's ²⁴self-drawing web, he gives us note
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him,—let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?*

Buck. Upon this ²⁵French going-out, why took he on 84
him,

Without the privity o' the king, t' appoint
Who should attend him? He makes up the ²⁶file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay ²⁷upon. (c)

Aber. Yes, I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so ²⁸sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs ²⁹with laying manors on 'em
For this great journey. What did this vanity
But ³⁰minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think,

21. *Excessive.*

22. *Lump of fat*: name given to W. as a butcher's son; comp. 2 K. Henr. 4, fi. l. 87.: see Nares's Gloss.

*22. As trisyll.

23. *Favour chalks out* = makes plain, the way for s.

24. *His*: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 77; and comp. below, 149. 'Gives us note' = causes us to perceive that—

25. *Visit to France.*

26. *List, roll.*

27. Preposition redundant: see Cor., fi. l. 14.

28. *Impaired*: as trans. only in this place.

29. *By spending the value of whole manors in dress.*

30. *Lead to the announcement.*

31. *Is not worth.*

The peace between the French and us ³¹not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck.

Every man,

32. *Without taking
counsel together.*

After the hideous storm (*d*) that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, ³²not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,

33. *Suddenly throw-
ing water on.*

³³Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach ²⁴on't.

34. For 'of it': see
Cor., i. 3. 63.

Nor.

Which is budded out; 110

35. *Made a rent in.*

For France hath ³⁵flaw'd the league, and hath ³⁶attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

36. *Seized: see 2
K. Henr. 4, i. 2. 3.*

Aber.

Is't therefore

Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor.

Marry, is't.

37. Ironical: a
peace properly so
called when it puts
an amb. to silence.

Aber. A ³⁷proper title of a peace; and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck.

Why, all this business

38. *Managed.*

Our reverend Cardinal ³⁸carried.

39. Phrase of cour-
tesy = *please you*:
see below, 139.

Nor.

³⁹Like't your grace, 120

The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that

40. *In power such
as his.*

What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in ⁴⁰his power. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know his sword

41. *By a hand-
stroke.*

Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said, 130
It reaches far; and where 'twill not ⁴¹extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome.—Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne before him; cer-
tain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers.
The Cardinal in his passage fixes his eye on BUCKING-
HAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
Where's his examination?

First Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

First. Sec. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

140

Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*]

Buck. This ⁴²butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore ⁴³best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's ⁴⁴book
Outworths a noble's blood.

42. See above, 63.

43. *Prov., let sleeping dogs lie.*44. *Learning*: see 2 K. Henr. 6, iv. 7. 66.45. *Self-control*: see Cor., iii. 3. 35.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?

Ask God for ⁴⁵temperance; that's th' appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks

150

Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as ⁴⁶his abject object: at this instant
He ⁴⁷bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

46. *His = its*—i.e., the eye's.47. *'Undermines, Staunt*: *'stabs,'* Johns.

Nor. Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: to climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As ⁴⁸you would to your friend.

160

Buck. I'll to the king;

And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This ⁴⁹Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's ⁵⁰difference in no persons.

48. I.e., a cool, sober-minded counsellor.

49. Birth-place of W.: see iv. 2. 66.

50. *All distinction of persons is at an end.*

*50. See B. and Sh. p. 55.

Nor. Be advis'd;

Heat ⁵⁰not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that ⁵¹mounts the liquor till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More ⁵²stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,

170

51. *Makes to mount*: see below, 2. 235. Comp. *fall* = *to let fall*.

52. See B. and Sh., p. 19, sq.

Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck.

Sir,

I'm thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I ⁵³name not, but
From ⁵⁴sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

180

Nor.

Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my ⁵⁵vouch as
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both,—for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform't; his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, ⁵⁶suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

190

Nor.

Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, ⁵⁷give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the ⁵⁸combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cried, "Thus let be:" to ⁵⁹as much end
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,—
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason,—Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,—
For 'twas indeed his ⁶⁰colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the ⁶¹interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms that menac'd him: he privily

200

210

53. *So call:* Johns.
suggests 'blame.'
54. *Pure, honest*
indignation.

55. *Testimony:* see
Cor., ii. 3. 115.

56. *Prompts, ex-*
cites: see K. Rich.
2, iii. 4. 80.

57. *Allow me to*
speak on.
58. *Alliance.*

59. *As little good:*
see above, 100.

60. *The reason he*
feigned.

61. *Meeting.*

Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd,—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know— 220
 As soon he shall by me—that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish he were
 Something ⁶²mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two
 or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it. 230

Serg. Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
 Under device and ⁶³practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on (e) 240
 The business present: 'tis his highness' pleasure
 You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of heaven
 Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
 O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To Aberga-
 venny*] The king

62. *Taken amiss,
 misrepresented.*

63. *Artifice: see K.
 John, iv. 3. 63.*

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

250

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' ⁶⁴attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot:—no more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

260

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran.

He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is ⁶⁵spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts ⁶⁶out,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. (*f*) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords
of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and
Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Car-
dinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the ¹best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the ²level
Of a full-charg'd ³confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[The King takes his ⁴state. The Lords of the
Council take their several places. The
Cardinal places himself under the King's
feet, on his right side.

64. *Ancest*: see
Cor., iii. 1. 211.

65. *Is measured*;
hath reached its
appointed 'span.'

66. Conj. of Johns.
edd., 'on.'

1. *Most vital part.*

2. *Aim.*

3. As *trisyll*: see
Walker, *Sh. Vers.*,
1. 199.

4. *Seat in his chair*
of state: see 1 K.
Henr. 4, ii. 4. 359.

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter Queen KATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am ⁵solicited, not by a few,
And those of ⁶true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath ⁷flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,
My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as ⁸putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from ⁹soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The ties of ¹⁰loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,—
It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them ¹¹longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring th' event ¹²to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And ¹³danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord Cardinal,

20 5. *Movingly assured.*
6. *Well affected.*

7. See above, 1. 111.

8. *Instigator.*

9. *Defilement, stain.*

30 10. As dissyll.: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 120.

11. See K. Henr. 5. 11. 4. 84.

40 12. *Directly to the face:* see J. Cæs., iv. 3. 108.
13. Personified, as a soldier.

You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol.

Please you, sir,

I know ¹⁴but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and ¹⁵front but in that file
Where others ¹⁶tell steps with me.

Q. Kath.

No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame 50
Things that are known ¹⁷alike; which are not wholesome
To those which ¹⁵would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have ¹⁹note, they are
Most ²⁰pestilent to th' hearing; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen.

Still exaction!

The nature of it? in what kind, let's know, 60
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath.

I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' ²¹grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: this makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their ²²duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; that their curses now 70
Live where their prayers did: and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensèd will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen.

By my life,

This is against our pleasure.

Wol.

And for me,

I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice; and that not ²³pass'd me but 80
By learnèd approbation of the judges.

14. Only as one of many: see below, 79.

15. Am only first in the row.

16. March.

17. In common.

18. Have no desire to be parties to them; or, rather, be subject to their operation.

19. Information.

20. Sickening.

21. Grievance.

22. Loyalty.

23. Uttered, given by: see 2 K. Henr. 6, iii. 2. 222; 'me dat. ethicus'—Sch. 'Lex.,' 8.

If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
 My ²⁴faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing,—let me say
 'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough ²⁵brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To ²⁶cope malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By ²⁷sick interpreters, ²⁸once weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not ²⁹allow'd; what worst, ³⁰as oft,
³¹Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best action. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things that are done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A ³²trembling contribution! Why, we take
 From every tree ³³lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
 And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied
 The force of this commission: pray, look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. [*aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
³⁴Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd
 That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.* 120

24. *Qualities.*25. *Thicket of thorns.*26. *Encounter.*

90

27. *Distempered.*28. *At all events.*29. *Allowed:* see B. and Sh., p. 30.30. *No less commonly.*31. *Suiting the vulgar apprehension.*

100

32. *Frightful:* 'attended by trembling'—Sch. 'Lex.'
 33. *Branches, all that can be lopped off.*

110

34. *Harshly, unkindly.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen.

It grieves many :

The gentleman is learn'd ; a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid ³⁵out of himself.

Yet see,

When these so noble ³⁶benefits shall prove
Not ³⁷well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt, 130

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we
Almost, with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black

As if besmear'd in hell. ³⁸Sit by us ; you shall hear—

This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount 140

The fore-recited ³⁹practices ; whereof

We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold ⁴⁰spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have ⁴¹collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen.

Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech,—that if the king

Should without issue die, he'll ⁴²carry't so

To make the sceptre his : these very words 150

I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,

Lord ⁴³Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol.

Please your highness, note

His dangerous ⁴⁴conception in this point.

Not ⁴⁵friendied by his wish, to your high person

His will is most malignant ; and it stretches

Beyond you, to your friends.

35. Comp. Pers.
Sat., l. 7.

36. *Gifts of nature
and education.*
37. *Regulated.*

38. *Trimeter
couplet : Abb., 501.*

39. See above, l.
238.

40. Monosyll.

41. See 2 K. Henr.
6, iii. l. 35.

42. *Manage : see
above, l. 119.*

43. *Abergavenny :*
see above, l. 247.

44. *Notion.*
45. See Sh. Key, 56 ;
K. Henr. 5, iv. 5.
18 ; if not favoured
by the success of
his wishes.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity. 160

K. Hen. Speak on :
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He ⁴⁶was wrought to this
By a vain prophecy of ⁴⁷Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty. 170

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at ⁴⁸the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he ⁴⁹doubted

'Twould prove the verity of certain words 180

Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom ⁵⁰after, under the ⁵¹confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with ⁵²demure confidence
Thus pausingly ensu'd,—'Neither the king nor's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England.' "

190

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

46. 'He was' as monosyll.: see Walker, ii., p. 202.
47. See 1. 260.

48. The Duke's house in Southwark.

49. Suspected.

50. After he had made to take oath.
51. It was unlawful for a priest to disclose what was told him in confession.
52. As monosyll.

K. Hen.

Let him on.—

Go forward.

200

Surv.

On my soul, I'll speak but truth.

53. On scansion of
this and next line,
see Abb., 501.

⁵³I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dangerous for
him

To ruminate on this so far, until

54. Induced him to
undertake.

It ⁵⁴forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It was much like to do : he answer'd, " Tush,
It can do me no damage ; " adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness ⁵⁵fail'd,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

210

56. Virulent.

*K. Hen.*Ha ! what, so ⁵⁶rank ? Ah-ha !

There's mischief in this man :—canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.*K. Hen.*

Proceed.

Surv.

Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reprov'd the duke

About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen.

I remember

57. Dissyll. : see
Abb., 485.

Of such a time :—being my ⁵⁷sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on ; what hence ?

220

Surv. " If," quoth he, " I for this had been committed

To the Tower, as I thought, I would have play'd

The part my father meant to act upon

Th' usurper Richard ; who, ⁵⁸being at Salisbury,

Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,

As he ⁵⁹made semblance of his duty, he'd

Have put his knife into him."

K. Hen.

A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison ?

230

Q. Kath.

God mend all !

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee ;
what say'st ?

Surv. After " the duke his father," with " the knife,"

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on's breast, ⁶⁰mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour

60. *Lifting up* : see
1. 171.

Was,—were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his ⁶¹period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is ⁶²attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by ⁶³day and night,
He's traitor ⁶⁴to the height. (*a*)

240 61. *The end he aims at.*

62. See above, i. 1. 111.

63. Used as an oath: Sh. Key, p. 452; comp. Haml., i. 5. 164.

64. *Guilty of high treason*: pronounce as 'eight,' 'weight.'

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange ¹mysteries?

1. *Arts, fashions*

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A ²fit or two o' the face; but they are ³shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To ⁴Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

2. *Grimace.*

3. *Sly, artful.*

10

4. Clothaire and Pepin, early kings of France.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would
take it,

That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. ⁵Death! my lord.
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

5. Used as an imprecation: see Mach., v. 3. 16; Othell., iii. 3. 396.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

Lov. Faith, my lord, 20
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,

That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad 'tis there: now I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov.

They must either—

For so run the conditions—leave those remnants

30

6. The fools or jest-
ers wore feathers
in their caps.

7. Quite: see K.
Rich. 2, iii. 1. 10.

8. Swelled out like
blisters.

9. Use their reason.

10. With privilege.

11. Folly.

Of ⁶fool and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto,—as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing ⁷clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short ⁸blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And ⁹understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, ¹⁰*cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their ¹¹lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

40

Sands. 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham.

What a loss our ladies

Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov.

Ay, marry,

A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they're going; 50

For, sure, there's no converting of 'em: now

An honest country lord, as I am, ¹²beaten

A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,

And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,

Hold ¹³current music too.

Cham.

Well said, Lord Sands;

Your ¹⁴colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands.

No, my lord;

Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham.

Sir Thomas,

Whither were you a-going?

Lov.

To the cardinal's:

Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham.

O, 'tis true:

This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies; there will be

60

12. Eclipsed by
these rivals.

13. Music that shall
pass as good.

14. You are still
like a boy: 'colt' =
foolish young
fellow.

The beauty of this kingdom, ¹⁵I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

15. Here, and below, iv. 1. 15, with 'will'; elsewhere 'I assure'; comp. 'I warrant.' and

70

Cham. No doubt he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He ¹⁶may, my lord,—'has wherewithal ; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his ¹⁷way should be most liberal ;
They're set here for examples.

16. I.e., well be bountiful; he has the means.

17. I.e., churchmen: see 68.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be ¹⁸comptrollers.

80

Sands. I'm your lordship's. (a) [*Exeunt.*]

18. Stewards of the entertainment.

SCENE IV.—*The same.* *The presence-chamber in ¹York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under ²a state for the Cardinal,
a longer table for the guests. *Enter, on one side, ANNE*
BULLEN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen,
as guests ; on the other, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.

1. Wolsey's residence; now White-hall.

2. Canopy, or cloth of state; see Cav. 'Life of Wolsey.'

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all ; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble ³bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—O, my lord, you're tardy :

3. Company.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You're young, Sir Harry Guildford. 10
Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ?—Sir Harry, 22
Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this :

His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze ;
Two women plac'd together makes cold weather :—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking ;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands.

By my faith,

And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :

[*Seats himself between ANNE BULLEN and another Lady.*

If I ⁴chance * talk a little wild, forgive me ;

30

I had it from my father.

Anne.

Was he mad, sir ?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :

But he would bite none ; just as I do now,—

He'd kiss ⁵you ⁶twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham.

Well ⁷said, my lord.—

So, now you're fairly seated.—Gentlemen,

The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies

Pass away frowning.

Sands.

For my little ⁸cure,

40

Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes
his ⁹state.

Wol. Ye're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,

Is not my friend : this, to confirm ¹⁰my welcome ;

And to you all, good health.

[*Drinks.*

Sands.

Your grace is noble :—

Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,

And save me so much talking.

Wol.

My Lord Sands,

I am ¹¹beholding to you : cheer your neighbours.—

50

Ladies, you are not merry :—gentlemen,

Whose fault is this ?

Sands.

The red wine first must rise

In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em

Talk us to silence.

Anne.

You're a merry gamester,

My Lord Sands.

Sands.

Yes, if I ¹²may make my play.

Here's to your ladyship.

[*Drum and trumpets, and ¹³chambers discharged, within.*

4. 'To' omitted :
see 2 K. Henr. 4, ii.
1. 11 ; and Sch.
'Lex.' 2.

5. See 2 K. Henr. 4,
iii. 2. 261 ; Abb.,
220.

6. I.e., *kisses*.

7. = *Done* : see 2 K.
Henr. 6, i. 4. 12.

8. *Charge*.

9. See 2, after line
7.

10. *The w. which I
give you.*

11. See K. Rich. 3,
iii. 1. 108.

12. *Choose my
game.*

13. *Small cannon* :
see K. Henr. 5,
Chor. (3), 34.

Wol. Hark! What is that? 63

Cham. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;

By all the laws of war ye're privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now! what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,—
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed; 70
And hither ¹⁴make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

14. *Are coming.*

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise,
and the tables are removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all: and once more

I shower a welcome on ye;—welcome all. 80

*Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as masquers, habited
like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute
him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
me

To tell your grace,—that, having heard by fame

Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,

Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks; and, under your fair ¹⁵conduct,

15. *Guidance.*

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat

An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain, 90

They've done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King
chooses ANNE BULLEN.*]

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:—

There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,

More worthy ¹⁶this place than myself; to whom,

If I but knew him, with my love and duty

100

I would surrender it.

Cham.

I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham.

Such a one, they all confess,

There is indeed; which they would have your grace

Find out, and he will take ¹⁷it.

Wol.

Let me see, then.

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—here I'll make

My ¹⁸royal choice.

K. Hen.

Ye've found him, cardinal: [*Unmasking.*]

You hold a fair assembly. My lord chamberlain,

116

Prithee, come hither; what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
daughter,—

The ¹⁹Viscount Rochford,—one of ²⁰her highness' women.

K. Hen. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,

I were unmannerly, to take you out,

121

And not ²¹to kiss you [*Kisses her*].—A health, gentlemen!

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready

I' the privy chamber?

Lov.

Yes, my lord.

Wol.

Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. ²²I fear, too much.

Wol.

There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

131

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one:—sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—let's be merry:—

16. *State chair*: see after 41.

17. *Your place*.

18. *Choice of a king*.

19. Title given Sir T. B. by the king.

20. *The queen's maids of honour*.

21. See Wordsworth's 'Waggoner,' cant. II., "the fiddle's squeak," &c.

22. Qu., 'In faith,' with hint of his love for Anne.

Good my lord cardinal, I've half a dozen healths
 To drink to these fair ladies, and a ²³measure
 To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour.—Let the music ²⁴knock it.

23. *Dance.*24. *Strike up, play on: Sch. 'Lex.'*

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

ACT II.

(*The process against Queen Katharine conducted, under commission from Rome, by Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. Whither away so fast?

Sec. Gent.

O, sir, I'm bound (a)

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

First Gent.

I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
 Of bringing back the prisoner.

Sec. Gent.

Were you there?

First Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.

Sec. Gent.

Pray, speak what has happen'd. 10

First Gent. You may guess quickly what.

Sec. Gent.

Is he found guilty?

First Gent. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

Sec. Gent. I'm sorry for't.

First Gent.

So are a number more.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

First Gent. I'll tell you ¹in a little. The great duke

1. *Briefly.*

Came to the bar; where to his accusations

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleg'd

Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

20

The king's attorney, on the contrary,

Urg'd on th' examinations, proofs, confessions

Of divers ²witnesses; which the duke desir'd

2. As dissyll.: see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 244.

To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :

³At which appear'd against him ⁴his surveyor ;

⁵Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

Sec. Gent.

That was he

That fed him with his prophecies ?

30

First Gent.

The same.

All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

Sec. Gent. After all this, how did he bear himself ?

First Gent. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he swet extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :

40

But he ⁶fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

Sec. Gent. I do not think he fears death.

First Gent.

Sure, he does not,—

He never was so womanish ; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

Sec. Gent.

Certainly

The cardinal is ⁷the end of this.

50

First Gent.

'Tis likely,

By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland ; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help ⁸his father.

Sec. Gent.

That trick of state

Was a deep-envious one.

First Gent.

At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will ⁹find employment,
And far enough from court too.

60

Sec. Gent.

All the commons

3. *Whereupon.*

4. See i. 2. 139.

5. See i. 1. 257.

6. *Came to himself.*

7. *Final end =
cause.*

8. Duke of B., his
father-in-law : see
below, iii. 2. 9, and
314.

9. *I.e., for him.*

Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The ¹⁰mirror of all courtesy,—

First Gent.

Stay there, sir,

And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

10. *Pattern*: see 3
K. Henr. 6, iii. 3.
85.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment*; ¹¹*tipstaves* be-
fore him; the axe with the edge towards him; hal-
berds on each side: with him Sir THOMAS LOVELL,
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, *and common*
people.

11. *Tipstaff* = an
officer bearing a
staff tipt with
metal. "1

Sec. Gent. Let's stand ¹²close, and behold him.

70

Buck.

All good people,

12. See 3 K. Henr.
6, iv. 5. 17.

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and ¹³lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done, upon the ¹⁴premises, but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians: 80
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their ¹⁵evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than ¹⁶I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, ¹⁷only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long ¹⁸divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

13. *Forget*: see
Sch. 'Lex.,' 9.

14. *Statement of the*
charges brought
against me.

15. *Evil deeds*: but
see Sch. 'Lex.,' 8;
and comp. 2 Kings
x. 27.

16. *The things I d.*
find fault with,
complain of—but
qu. 'can:' see
'dare' in next line.

90

17. *The only pain*
death brings.

18. *Divorce of body*
and soul caused by
steel = the axe.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you
 As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offences 100
 'Gainst me I can't ¹⁹take peace with: no black ²⁰envy
 Shall mark my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
 And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument! 110

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable 120
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward ²¹Bohun:
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal ²²it;
 And with that blood ²³will make 'em one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, ²⁴was by that wretch betray'd,
 And ²⁵without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying 130
 My father's ²⁶loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me

19. *Conceive, feel.*
 20. *Malice.*

21. But commonly known as E. Stafford: see i. 1. 233; Bohun represents Hereford, i. 1. 233.
 22. *The truth.*
 23. 'Which' omitted: Abb., 244.

24. See K. Rich. 3. iv. 4. 530, 545.
 25. *Ibid.*, v. 1. 2.

26. *Overthrow, ruin.*

A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
 Fell by our ²⁷servants, by those men we lov'd most ; 140
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an ²⁸end in all : yet, you that hear me,
 This ²⁹from a dying man receive as certain :—
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least ³⁰rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like ³¹water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour 150
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell.—I've done ; and God forgive me !
 [*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Train.*]

First Gent. O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

Sec. Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you ³²inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall, 160
 Greater than this.

First Gent. Good angels keep it from us !
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my ³³faith, sir ?

Sec. Gent. This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

First Gent. Let me have it ;
 I do not talk much.

Sec. Gent. I ³⁴am confident ;
 You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear
 A ³⁵buzzing of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine ?

First Gent. Yes, but it ³⁶held not :
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command unto the lord mayor straight
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it. (b)

27. See i. 2. 194.

28. *Purpose.*

29. See B. and Sh.,
 p. 219.

30. See Cor., iii. 1.

76.

31. See Ps. lvi. 6.
 P.B. vers.

32. See Cor., i. 1.
 55.

33. *Fidelity, trust-
 worthiness.*

34. *Do not suspect
 you.*

35. *Rumour.*

36. *Did not prove
 true.*

Sec. Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal, 180
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

First Gent. 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the ³⁷emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
Th' archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

37. Charles V.,
nephew of Q. Kath-
arine: see below, 2.
28.

Sec. Gent. I think you've hit the mark: but is't not
cruel 190
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

First Gent. 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more. (c) [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for
with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and fur-
nished. They were young and handsome, and of the best
breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for
London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and
main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His
master would be served before a subject, if not before the
king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think. 10

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

20

Nor. 'Tis so :

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,

¹Turns what he ²list. The king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God he do ! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business !

And with what zeal ! for, ³now he has crack'd the league

'Tween us and th' emperor, the queen's ⁴great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters

Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,

Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage :

And out of all these ⁵to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with ; even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king : and is not this course pious ?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most
true

30

40

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,—

The ⁶French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept ⁷upon

This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from ⁸his slavery.

Nor. We'd need pray, heartily, for our deliverance ;

Or this imperious man will work us all

From ⁹princes into pages : all men's honours

Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd

Into what ¹⁰pitch he please.

1. *The wheel of fortune, so as to bring about—*

2. Comp. 'please,' below, 53.

3. *Now that.*

4. Dyce and Globe print with hyphen ; but 'great' is an epithet.

5. *In order to.*

6. See *iii.* 2. 114.

7. *Been blind to.*

8. *The slavery he imposes :* see below, *iii.* 2. 432.

9. *Lords :* see *K. Henr.* 5, *iv.* 1. 25.

10. *High or low :* see above, 23.

Suf.

For me, my lords,

I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:

As I am ¹¹made without him, so I'll stand,

If the king please; his curses and his blessings

Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him

To him that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor.

Let's in;

And with some other business put the king

From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham.

Excuse me;

The king hath sent me othewhere: besides,

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:

Health to your lordships!

Nor.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain. NORFOLK opens
a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*]

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted. 70*K. Hen.* Who's there?*Nor.*Pray God he be not ¹²angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I, ha?

Nor. A gracious king that pardons all offences

Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come

To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen.

Ye're too bold:

¹³Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:

Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha?

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience;

Thou art a cure fit for a king.—[*To Campeius*] You're wel
come,

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:

11. He (Charles Brandon) was made Duke of S. by K. Henry.

12. Trisyll.: see Abb., 477.

13. See K. John, iv. 1. 106.

Use us and it.—[*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care

I be not found ¹⁴a talker.

Wol.

Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour

90

Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*to Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.

Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] This priest has no pride in him!

Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] Not to speak of:

I would not be so ¹⁵sick though for his place:

15. I.e., as he is proud.

But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*aside to Suf.*] If it do,

I'll venture one ¹⁶have-at-him.

Suf. [*aside to Nor.*] I another.

16. Blow, attack: see below, iii. 2. 369

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom 100

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what ¹⁷envy reach you?

The ¹⁸Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to ¹⁹her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the ²⁰clerks,

I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms

Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

110

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,—

Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy ²¹conclave for their loves:

21. College of Cardinals.

They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all ²²strangers' loves,

22. Foreigners.

You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission;—by ²³whose virtue—

23. In virtue of which.

The court of Rome commanding—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant

120

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two ²⁴equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

24. Fair-minded.

14. Only—and not a doer—in saying 'welcome.'

Forthwith for what you come.—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,—
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary: 130
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit WOLSEY.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. [*aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand: much joy
and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. [*aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*]

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man? 140

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envied him;
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept ²⁵him a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers 150

²⁶There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: ²⁷that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such ²⁸receipt of learning is Black-Friars;

25. See above, li. 1.
62.

26. Abb., 335.

27. Gardiner.

28. Reception of
learned men.

There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—

My Wolsey, see it ²⁹furnish'd.—O, my lord, 160 29. Prepared.
I grieve to part from ³⁰her; but, conscience, conscience,— 30. The Queen.
O, 'tis a tender place! and I must leave her. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. An ante-chamber in the Queen's apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for ¹that neither: here's the pang that pinches :— 1. In ref. to some remark of the Old Lady.

His grace having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing;—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun ²enthron'd,
Still ³growing in majesty and pomp,—the which
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire,—after this process,
To ⁴give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

2. After having been enthroned during so m.
3. As monosyll. : see Walker, i. 86.

10 4. Send her away contemptuously.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. Alack! much better
She never had known pomp: though't be ⁵temporal,
Yet, if that ⁶quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

5. Pertaining to this life.
6. Quarreller: abs. for coner.; comp. below, iii. 2. 223.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a ⁷stranger now again.

20 7. See 2. 115.

Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be ⁸perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.

8. Dressed up: not used elsewhere.

Old L. Our content
Is our best ⁹having.

Anne. By my troth I would not,

9. Possession: see B. and Sh., p. 245.

Be made a queen.

30

Old L. I would; and so would you,

10. *In spite of:*
Abb., 154.

¹⁰For all this spice of your hypocrisy:

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts—

Saving ¹¹your mincing—the capacity

Of your soft ¹²cheveril conscience would receive,

If you might please to stretch it.

40

Anne.

Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence ¹³bow'd would ¹⁴hire me,

13. *Crooked.*
14. *As dissyll.*

Old as I am, to ¹⁵queen it: but, I pray you,

What think you of a duchess? have you limbs

To bear that load of title?

Anne.

No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: ¹⁶pluck off a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,

For more than blushing comes to.

50

Anne.

How you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen

For all the world.

Old L.

In faith, for little England

You'd venture an ¹⁷emballing: I myself

Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd

No more to the crown but ¹⁸that.—Lo, who comes here? 60

17. See B. and Sh.,
p. 280; bull = orb
used at coronation;
perhaps here in re-
ference to child-
bearing; see below,
iv. 1. 110.

18. A small part of
Wales.

19. *How much.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. ¹⁹What were't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne.

My good lord,

Not your demand; it ²⁰values not your asking:

Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope

20. See above, i. 1.
102.

All will be well.

Anne. Now, I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady, 71
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing (a)
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender; 80
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
²¹More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship, 21. Alexandrine:
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience, 'prayers,' mono-
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness; syll.
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail t' ²²approve the fair conceit 22. Confirm.
The king hath of you.—[*Aside*] I've perus'd her well; 90
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.
[*Exit* Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,—
Am yet a courtier ²³beggarly,—nor could 23. Extremely poor.
Come pat betwixt too early and too late 100
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here,—fie, fie upon
This ²⁴compell'd fortune!—have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open't.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? ²⁵forty pence, no.

24. Thrust on you
against your will:
on accent see Abb.,
492.

25. I wager 3s. 4d.
(half a noble): pro-
verbial expression
for a small bet.

There was a lady once—'tis an old story—
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

110

26. *The theme =
subject, you make.*

Old L.

With ²⁶your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!

A thousand pounds a year—for pure respect!

No other obligation! By my life,

That promises more thousands: honour's train

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time

27. *The rank of d.:
see 46.*

I know your back ²⁷will bear a duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne.

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

120

28. See above, i. 1.
109.

And leave me out ²⁸on't. Would I had no being,

29. *Touch, affect:*
see K. John, ii. 600.

If this ²⁹salute my blood a jot: ³⁰it faints me,

30. *Saddens: trs.*
not used so else-
where.

To think what follows.

31. *Mention.*

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful

In our long absence: pray, do not ³¹deliver

What here you've heard to her.

Old L.

32. I.e., *if you sup-
pose I require such
a caution.*

What ³²do you think me? (b)

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A hall in Black-Friars.*

1. See Cor., ii. 1.
146.

Trumpets, ¹sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ²Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great ³silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under ⁴the cloth of state; the two

2. Then (June 1529)
William Warham,
who died Aug. 1532,
and was succeeded
by Crommer.

3. Ensigns of dig-
nity carried before
cardinals.

4. See stage direc-
tion to i. 4.

Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the hall.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
Wol. You may, then, spare that time.

Wol. Be't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

10

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.]

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;
And 'to bestow your pity on me: for
I am a most poor woman, and a ⁵stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge ⁶indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of ⁷equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable;
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance,—glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,

20

5. See 2. 115; 3. 20.

6. *Impartial*: see
K. Rich. 2. ii. 3. 118.
7. See above, 2. 122.

Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him ⁸deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my ⁹liking? nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been ¹⁰blest
 With many children by you: if, in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty 40
¹¹Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd ¹²one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd ¹³by many 50
 A year before: it is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Vol.

You have here, lady,—

And of your choice,—these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning, 60
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you defer the court; ¹⁴as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

Cam.

His grace

Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,
 It's fit this royal session do proceed;

8. *Drawn on himself.*

9. As monosyll.: see Abb., 470.

10. But see 201.

11. *Towards* (so Lat. '*adversus*' has both senses): see iii. 2. 152; and S. Luke vii. 30.

12. *Above all*: a classical use; Abb., 18; and Walker, iii. 107.

13. *In, during.*

14. *Being fitted and designed.*

And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Q. Kath.

Lord ¹⁵ cardinal,—

To you I speak.

Wol.

Your pleasure, madam ?

Q. Kath.

Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen,—or long have dream'd so,—certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol.

Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before, 80
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge : for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol.

I do profess

You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet
Have ¹⁶stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice
For you or any : how far I've proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole ¹⁷consistory of Rome. You charge me 100
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it :
The king is present : if't be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. But if he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not ¹⁸of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me : and the cure is, to

70

15. Turning to Wolsey, and making no reply to Cam.

90

16. Maintained.

17. As trisyll. : see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 164.

18. Free of the wrong you have done me, by false accusation.

19. *Wrong.* Remove these thoughts from you: ¹⁹the which before
 20. *In the matter of, concerning.* His highness shall speak ²⁰in, I do beseech 110
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.
- Q. Kath.* My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T' oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-mouth'd ;
 21. *Signify, denote.* You ²¹sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility : but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted 120
 Where ²²powers are your ²³retainers ; and your words,
 22. See Sh. Key, p. 34.
 23. *Servants.* Domestics to you, ²⁴serve your will as't please
 24. Comp. S. Matt. viii. 8, 9.
 25. *Have more regard for.* Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You ²⁵tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual : that again
 I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
 And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Cam. The queen is obstinate, 130
 Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.
 Your grace [*to the King*] she's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :

When you are call'd, return.—Now, the Lord help,
 They vex me past my patience !—Pray you, pass on :
 I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more 140
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate :
 That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone—
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out— 150
 The queen of earthly queens:—she's noble born;
 And, like her true nobility, she has
 Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I ²⁶require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
 Of all these ears,—for where I'm robb'd and bound
 There must I be unloos'd; although not there
 At once and fully satisfied,—²⁷whether ever I
 Did broach this business to your highness; or 160
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question ²⁸on't? or ever
 Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady—spake one the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state,
 Or ²⁹touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies, that know not 170
 Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You're excus'd:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd,
 The ³⁰passages made toward it:—on my honour,
 I ³¹speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't:— (a)
 I will be bold with time and your attention:— 180
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give heed
 to't:—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

26. *Request*: see
 Cor., ii. 3. 1.

27. As monosyll.:
 see Abb., 466. 160

28. See above, 3.
 121.

29. *Injury*.

30. *Approaches*.

31. *Express*; de-
 clare truly his
 sentiments: see
 below, iv. 2. 37.

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of the business,

32. *Prop., before coming to.*

³²Ere a determinate resolution, he—

I mean the bishop—did require a respite ;

23. On scansion see Abb., 491.

Wherein he might the king his lord ³³advertise

190

Whether our daughter were legitimate,

34. *In consideration of.*

³⁴Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,

35. *Formerly ; see K. Rich. 2, i. 2. 54.*

³⁵Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,

Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble

36. *All which had such effects.*

The region of my breast ; ³⁶which forc'd such way,

That many maz'd considerings did throng,

37. *Shown by the Bishop of B.*

And press'd in with this ³⁷caution. First, methought

I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,

200

If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should

Do no more offices of life to't than

The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue

Or died where they were made, or shortly after

This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought,

This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

38. *In having a male heir.*

Be gladdened ³⁸in't by me : then follows, that

I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in

By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me

210

39. *Drifting about dismayed : see K. Rich. 3, iv. 4. 450.*

Many a groaning throe. Thus ³⁹hulling in

The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are

Now present here together ; that's to say,

40. See above, 64.

I meant to ⁴⁰rectify my conscience—which

I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—

By all the reverend fathers of the land

41. This is from Hollinshed.

And doctors learn'd :—first I ⁴¹began in private

With you, my Lord of Lincoln ; you remember

42. *Perspire, from emotion.*

How under my oppression I did ⁴²reek, -

220

When I first mov'd you.

Lin.

Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long : be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence ⁴³of dread,—that I committed
The ⁴⁴daring'st counsel which I had to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course
Which you are running here.

43. Dreadful.

44. The counsel of
divorce.

230

K. Hen. I then mov'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—⁴⁵unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our ⁴⁶mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, ⁴⁷before the primest creature
That's ⁴⁸paragon o' the world.

45. No person un-
applied to.

240

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto ⁴⁹his holiness.

46. The remainder
of my life.

47. In preference to.

48. Held as a model
of excellence by.

250

[*They rise to depart.* 49. See above, 127.

K. Hen. [*aside*] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, ⁵⁰return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court:
I say, ⁵¹set on. (*b*) [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*

50. He was now on
a foreign embassy.

51. See 2 K. Henr.
4, v. 5. 73.

ACT III.

*(The fall of Cardinal Wolsey.)*SCENE I.—*London. Palace at Bridewell: a room in the Queen's apartment.**The Queen and some of her Women at work.*1. See B. and Sh.,
p. 362.Q. Kath. Take thy lute, ¹wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;

2. Cease.

Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: ²leave working.*Song.*

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever ³sprung; ⁴as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.*

3. Sprung up.
4. As though: see
K. Henr. 5, ii. 4. 21.

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then ⁵lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

5. Prop., slackened
sail: here, became
calm: see 1 K.
Henr. 4, 1. 2. 34.*Enter a Gentleman.*

Q. Kath. How now!

6. If it: Abb., 101.
7. Presence cham-
ber: see K. Rich. 2,
1. 3. 289.Gent. ⁶An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the ⁷presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business 21

With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?

I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

8. Prov., "cucullus
non facit mona-
chum,"They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
But ⁸all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.**Wol.*

Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here ⁹part of a housewife :
I would be ¹⁰all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

9. Because she was
at 'work' like an
ordinary h.
10. *Nothing but
a h.*

Wol. May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw 30
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath.

Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, ¹¹o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so ¹²even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in, (a)
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

11. *On—i.e., I can
truly say.*

40

12. *Honest, blame-
less: see J. Cæs.,
ii. 1. 138.*

Wol. ¹³*Tantu est erga te mentis integritas, regina
serenissima,—*

13. *So great is the
integrity of our
mind towards you
most serene queen.*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a ¹⁴truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake,— 50
Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

14. *Idler: see 1 K
Henr. 4, iii. 1. 210*

Wol.

Noble lady,

I'm sorry my integrity should breed
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,
And service to his majesty and you.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow,— 60
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference

60

Between the king and you ; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,—
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,— 70
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*aside*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so !—
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work 80
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For ¹⁵her sake that I have been,—for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,—good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause :
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears :
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
¹⁶But little for my profit : can you think, lords, 90
That any Englishman dare give me counsel ?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—
Though he be grown so ¹⁷desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject ? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must ¹⁸weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel. 100

Q. Kath. How, sir ?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection ;

15. *Out of regard
to my former
dignity.*

16. *My friends are
but little—*

17. *Reckless.*

18. *Measure truly
and fully.*

He's loving and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll ¹⁹part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for ²⁰both,—my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? ²¹out upon ye!
Heaven ²²is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought
ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend ²³cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,—
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You ²⁴turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's ²⁵habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,—
His love, too long ago! I'm old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your ²⁶studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are ²⁷worse.

Q. Kath. Have I liv'd thus long—let me ²⁸speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspiciõn?
Have I with all my full affections

19. *Depart*: see 2
K. Henr. 4, iv. 2. 72

20. *Both of you.*

21. See K. Rich. 3,
iv. 4. 520.

110
22. See B. and Sh.,
p. 108.

23. See Sh. Key, p.
35; four card. =
chief virtues:
Prudence, Justice,
Temperance, and
Fortitude.

24. *Misconstrue it,*
as if it proceeded
from malice: see
above, ii. 1. 101.

25. *Churchmen in*
exterior appear-
ance.

26. *Aims and en-*
deavours.

27. *Than the*
'wretchedness' you
suffer.

28. See above, ii. 4.
178.

Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a ²⁹constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience. (b)

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at. 150

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye've angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
 What will become of me now, wretched lady!
 I am the most unhappy woman living.— 160

[*To her Women*] Alas, poor ³⁰wenches, where are now your
 fortunes!

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where's no pity,
 No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
 Almost no grave allow'd me:—like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol.

If your grace
 Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
 You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, 170
 The way of our profession is against it:
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
 Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
 They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle-noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us 180

29. On this position
 of the adjective
 see Walker, i. 161.

30. See above, i. 1.

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if please you
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost ³¹studies in your service.

31. See above, 134.

Q. Kath. Do what you will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me,

If I have ³²us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

190 32. Behaved.

Pray, do my service to his majesty:

He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Ante-chamber to the King's apartment in the palace.*

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, (a) and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And ¹force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

1. Enforce.

Sur. I am joyful

To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my ²father-in-law, the duke,
To be reveng'd on ³him.

2. See above, II. 1.

IO 55
3. The Cardinal.

Suf. Which of the peers

Have ⁴uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard

4. Not contemned: the 'un' of 'uncontemn'd' is carried on to 'neglected.'

The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures:

What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much ⁵fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;

His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's ⁶settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true:

In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came

His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried, (b)
And came to th' eye o' the king: wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

Sur. ⁸Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur.

Will this ⁸work?

Cham. The king in this perceives ⁹him, how he coasts
And ¹⁰hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

5. *Doubt.*

6. *'In his displ.'*
so as not to be
drawn from it.

7. *Knows.*

8. *Take effect.*

9. See 3 K. Henr. 6,
ii. 6. 62.

10. To 'hedge' is by
land what to 'coast'
is by sea = to take
a winding, indirect
course, as a hedge
commonly does.

Sur. Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, all joy

¹¹Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My ¹²amen to't !

Nor. All men's ! 60

Suf. There's order given for her coronation :
Marry, this is ¹³yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be ¹⁴memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?

The ¹⁵Lord forbid !

Nor. Marry, amen !

Suf. No, no ;

There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make ¹⁶this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you
The king cried "Ha !" at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him, 80
And let him cry "Ha !" louder !

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?

Suf. He is return'd ¹⁷with his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Gathered from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

11. Follow.

12. See K. Henr. 5,
v. 2. 353.

13. Has just hap-
pened.

14. Made memor-
able.

70 15. Comp. 1 K.
Henr. 4, v. 2. 36.

16. Waspish action.

17. I have adopted
Rowe's corrections
here, and in line 86.

In the king's business.

Suf.

He has ; and we shall see him

For it an archbishop.

Nor.

So I hear.

Suf.

'Tis so:—

The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor.

Observe, observe, he's moody.

100

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave't you to the king ?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

Wol.

Look'd he

O' th' inside of the papers ?

Crom.

Presently

He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,

18. *Heedful expression.*

He did it with a serious mind ; a ¹⁸heed

Was in his countenance. Yourself he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol.

Is he ready

110

To come abroad ?

19. *This time.*

Crom.

I think, by ¹⁹this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.

[*Exit CROMWELL.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !

20. *I.e., have no.*

No, we'll ²⁰no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke !

Nor. He's discontented.

120

Suf.

May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

21. *I pray it may be s. e. to satisfy divine justice !*

Sur.

²¹Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen ?—

22. *This prospect is gloomy.*

This ²²candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;

Then out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous

And well deserving ? yet I know her for

23. *Headstrong.*

A ²³spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

130

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
²⁴Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something.

Sur. I would 'twere something that would ²⁵fret the string, *25. Corrode.*

The master-cord ²⁶on's heart!

Suf. The king, the king! *26. Of his.*

Enter the King, reading a ²⁷*schedule, and* LOVELL. *27. Written paper, inventory.*

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated *140*
 To his own portion! and what expense by th' hour
 Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
 Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,—
 Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
 Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
 Springs out into fast ²⁸gait; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast ²⁹hard; and anon he casts
 His eye ³⁰against the moon: in most strange postures
 We've seen him set himself. *150 28. Walking.*

K. Hen. It may well be;
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd; and wot you what I found
 There, ³¹on my conscience, put unwittingly?
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject. *160 29. As dissyll.: see Abb., 485. 30. Towards.*

Nor. It's heaven's will:
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,

*24. Who hath:
 Abb., 244.*

*27. Written paper,
 inventory.*

150 28. Walking.

*29. As dissyll.: see
 Abb., 485.*

30. Towards.

*31. Form of as-
 severation.*

160

And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but I am afraid
His thinkings are ³²below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

170

[*Takes his seat, and whispers* LOVELL,
who goes to WOLSEY.

32. See Ant., iv. 15.
78.

Heaven ³³forgive me!—

33. *For my neglect:*
he had taken no
notice of the king's
presence.

Wol.

Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen.

Good my lord,

You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual ³⁴leisure a brief span
To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
I deem you an ill ³⁵husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

34. *Leisure yielded*
by your sacred
duties.

35. *Manager.*

180

Wol.

Sir,

36. As dissyll.: see
Walker, Sh. Vers.,
p. 279.

For holy ³⁶offices I've a time; a time
To think upon the part of business which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which perforce
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my ³⁷tendance to.

37. Abb., 460.

K. Hen.

You have said well.

190

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying!

K. Hen.

'Tis well said again;

And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are not deeds. (c) My father lov'd you:
He said he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present ³⁸havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

38. See above, H. 3.
28.

200

Wol. [*aside*]

What should this mean?

Sur. [*aside to the others*] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen.

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,

If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
 And, if you may confess it, say withal,
 If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
 My studied purposes requite ; ³⁹which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours :—my endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet ⁴⁰fil'd with my abilities : mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but ⁴¹allegiant thanks ;
 My prayers to heaven for you ; my loyalty,
 Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
 Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen.

Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustratèd : the ⁴²honour of it
 Does pay the act of't ; as, i' ⁴³the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more ²³⁰
 On you than any ; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
⁴⁴Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in ⁴⁵love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol.

I do profess

That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own ; that ⁴⁶I am true, and will be,—
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul ; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my ⁴⁷duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen.

'Tis nobly spoken.—

210

39. I.e., 'purposes,'
 so Johns. ; but
 Malone refers it to
 'graces.'

40. Have kept pace. ⁷¹

220 41. *Loyal* : not
 found elsewhere.

42. Of possessing
 such a spirit is its
 own reward.

43. The contr. case.

44. Ought, irre-
 spectively of, over
 and above, your
 duty as a subject.

45. A case of per-
 sonal affection.

46. Singer's correc-
 tion, adopted by
 Hudson. Edd.,
 'that am, have,' &c.

240

47. *Loyalty*.

Till you hear further from his highness.

280

Wol.

Stay,—

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf.

Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—

I mean your ⁵³malice,—know, officious lords,

53. *Malicious will* „
and words.

I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy :

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,

290

As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!

Follow your envious courses, men of malice;

You've ⁵⁴Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

54. *Ironical.*

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king—

Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me;

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,

Tied it by ⁵⁵letters-patents:—now, who'll take it?

300

55. See 2 K. Henr.
6, iv. 2, 91.

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol.

It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol.

Proud lord, thou liest:

Within these ⁵⁶forty hours Surrey durst better

Have burnt that tongue than said so.

56. Used for an in-
definite number:
see Cor., iii. 1, 299.

Sur.

Thy ambition,

Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:

The heads of all thy brother cardinals—

310

With thee and all thy best parts bound together—

Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!

⁵⁷You sent me deputy for ⁵⁸Ireland;

Far from ⁵⁹his succour, from the king, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou ⁶⁰gav'st him;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol.

This, and all else

This talking lord can lay upon my credit,

57. See above, ii. 1.

58.

58. *Trisyll.*

59. I.e., *the succour*
he needed, and
otherwise would
have received: see
K. Rich. 3, iv. 1, 26.
60. *Imputedst to.*

I answer is most false. The duke by law 320

Found his deserts : how innocent I was

From any private malice in his end,

His noble jury and foul cause can witness.

If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you

You have as little ⁶¹honesty as honour,

⁶²That, in the way of loyalty and truth

Toward the king, my ever royal master,

Dare ⁶³mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,

And all that love his follies.

Sur.

By my soul,

330

Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?

And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,

To be thus jaded by a piece of ⁶⁴scarlet,

Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,

And ⁶⁵dare us with his cap like larks. (e)

Wol.

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur.

Yes, that goodness

340

Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion ;

The goodness of your intercepted packets

You writ to the Pope against the king : your goodness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—

My lord of Norfolk,—as you're truly noble,

As you respect the common good, the state

Of our despis'd nobility, our ⁶⁶issues,

Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—

Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles

350

⁶⁷Collected from his life.

Wol.

How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it !

Nor.

Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand :

But, ⁶⁸thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol.

So much fairer

And ⁶⁹spotless shall mine innocence arise,

When the king knows my truth.

360

Sur.

This cannot save you :

61. *Decency.*

62. 'That' refers to 'you'; but Walker thinks a line is lost. Ed. read 'I' after 'that.'

63. *Cope with me, who am, &c.*

64. Colour of the cardinal's hat : see 308.

65. *Frighten* : see K. Henr. 5, iv. 2. 36.

66. *Children.*

67. See above, i. 2. 144.

68. *I.e., be said.*

69. *I.e., more sp. : the comp. being carried on from 'fairer.'*

I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;

I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those than my head.—⁷⁰ Have at you!

First, that, without the king's assent or knowledge, 370
You ⁷¹wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops. (*f*)

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, ⁷²*Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to th' emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal. 380

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To ⁷³Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and ⁷⁴Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you've sent innumerable substance—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience—
To ⁷⁵furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have ⁷⁶for dignities; to the mere undoing 390
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with. (*g*)

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his grèat self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord ⁷⁷cardinal, the king's further pleasure is,— 400 ⁷⁷ As dissyll.

70. See above, ii. 2.,
98; 3 K. Henr. 6, ii.
4. 11.

71. See B. and Sh.,
p. 266.

72. '*I and my
King.*

73. An ambassador
at Court of Rome.

74. Duke of F.

75. Supply (with
money).

76. For obtaining.

78. *As the Pope's legate*; see 371.

79. For '*into*': see K. Rich. 3, iii. 2. 58; Abb., 498.

80. Barbarous law term for '*pro-monere*.'

81. For '*this is*': see Walker, Sh. Vers., p. 85.

82. See above, 398; Sh. Key, p. 35.

83. *Inflated*.

84. *The ruin they inflict*: see above, ii. 4. 46.

85. See B. and Sh., p. 121.

Because all those things you have done of late,
By your power ⁷⁸legatine, within this kingdom,
Fall ⁷⁹in the compass of a ⁸⁰*præmunire*,—(h)
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—⁸¹this's my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my ⁸²little-good lord cardinal.

410

[*Exeunt all except* WOLSEY.]

Vol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my ⁸³high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and ⁸⁴their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like ⁸⁵Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

420

430

Enter CROMWELL, *amazedly*.

Why, how now, Cromwell!
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol.

What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, ⁸⁶an you weep,

440 86. See above, l. 16.

I'm fall'n indeed.

Crom.

How does your grace?

Wol.

Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy,—too much honour:

450

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.*Wol.* I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks—

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel—

T' endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.—

What news abroad?

Crom.

The heaviest and the worst

Is your ⁸⁷displeasure with the king.460 87. *The displ. into
which you have
fallen.**Wol.*

God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol.

That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue

Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,

When he has run his course and sleeps ⁸⁸in blessings,May have ⁸⁹a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—

What more?

470 88. *Amid.*
89. The Chancellor
is the guardian of
orphans: Johnson
notices the 'harsh'
metaphor.
90. *Installed*: see
K. Rich. 3, i. 3. 207.*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,And ⁹⁰stall'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.*Wol.* That's news indeed.*Crom.*

Last, that the Lady Anne,

Whom the king hath in secrecy ⁹¹long married,This day was view'd ⁹²in open as his queen,

Going to chapel; and the voice is now

91. See above, 39,
note (b).92. Lat., '*in aperto*'
= *openly*.

Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O

Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories 480

In that one woman I have lost for ever :

No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,

Or gild again the noble ⁹³troops that waited

Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now

To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;

That sun, I pray, may never set ! I've told him

What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;

Some little memory of me will stir him—

I know his noble nature—not to let

Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,

Neglect him not ; make ⁹⁴use now, and provide

For thine own future safety.

Crom.

O my lord,

Must I, then, leave you ? must I needs forgo

So good, so noble, and so true a master ?

Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.

The king shall have my service ; but my prayers

For ever and for ever shall be yours.

500

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;

And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,

Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :

By that sin ⁹⁵fell the angels ; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?

Love thyself last ; ⁹⁶cherish those hearts that hate thee ;

93. *Companies of dependants* : according to Cavendish he had 180 in his household.

94. *Interest.*

95. See B. and Sh., p. 121 and 133.

96. As Cranmer did ; see below, v. 2. 245.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's, 520
 Thy God's, and truth's : then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
 And,—prithee, lead me in :
 There take an ⁹⁷inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. ⁹⁸O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies. 530
Crom. Good sir, have patience.

97. As trisyll. : see
 ii. 4. 100.

98. Spoken not to
 Cr. but to Sir W.
 Kingstone : see
 Cavendish's Life,
 'Ecc. Biog.', i. 636.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. (a)

(Coronation of Anne Bullen. Death of Queen Katharine.)

SCENE I.—A street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

First Gent. You're well met ¹once again.

1. See above, ii. 1.

Sec. Gent. And so are you.

First Gent. You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The Lady Anne pass from her coronation ?

Sec. Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last ²encounter
 The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial. 2. When we last met.

First Gent. 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;
 This, general joy.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis well : the citizens,
 I'm sure, have shown at full their ³royal minds—
 As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward—
 In celebration of this day with shows,

10 3. Devotion to the
 king : see above, i.
 4. 108 ; 2 K. Henr. 4,
 iv. 1. 198.

Pageants, and sights of honour.

First Gent.

Never greater,

Nor, ⁴I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

Sec. Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

First Gent.

Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day

By custom of the coronation.

20

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims

To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,

To be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

Sec. Gent. I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,

I should have been ⁵beholding to your paper.

But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,

The princess dowager? how goes her business?

First Gent. That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other

Learned and reverend fathers of his order,

30

Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off

From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which

⁶She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:

And, to be short, for non-appearance and

The king's late scruple, by the ⁷main assent

Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,

And the ⁸late marriage made of none effect:

Since which she was remov'd to ⁹Kimbolton,

Where she remains now sick.

Sec. Gent.

Alas, good lady!—

40

[*Trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand ¹⁰close, the queen is coming.

⁴ See above, i. 3.
67.

⁵ See above, i. 4.
50.

⁶ 'She was' as
monosyll.: see
Walker, ii. 203.

⁷ See J. Cæs., ii. 1.
206.

⁸ Previous.

⁹ Near St Neot's, in
Huntingdonshire.

¹⁰ See above, ii. 1.
70.

¹¹ June 1, 1533.

¹¹THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,

1. *Two Judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*

3. *Choristers, singing.*

[*Music.*

4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in
his ¹²coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*

¹² Coat of office,
emblazoned with
the Royal arms.

5. Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of ¹³SS.
6. Duke of SUFFOLK in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four ¹⁴of the Cinque-ports; under it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

13. Probably so called from the links of the chain-work being in form of letter 'S.'

14. Barons of the C.p.: the five ports were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich.

A royal train, believe me.—These I know:—

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

First Gent.

Marquess Dorset:

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

Sec. Gent. A bold brave gentleman.—That lord should be The Duke of Suffolk?

First Gent.

'Tis the same,—high-steward.

Sec. Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

First Gent.

Yes. 50

Sec. Gent. [looking on the Queen] Heaven bless thee!

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.—

O, sir, she is an angel.

First Gent.

They that bear

The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

Sec. Gent. Those men ¹⁵are happy; and so are all ¹⁶are near her. 60

15. See 1 Kings x. 8.

16. Who are: see iii. 2. 134.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

First Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

Sec. Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

[Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.

Enter a third Gentleman.

17. See i. 3. 61;
Abb., 24; Walker
suggests insertion
of 'why' before
'where.'
18. Trisyll.

First Gent. God save you, sir! where have you been ¹⁷a-
broiling?

Third Gent. Among the crowd i' th' abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ¹⁸stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy. 70

Sec. Gent. You saw
The ceremony?

Third Gent. That I did.

First Gent. How was it?

Third Gent. Well worth the seeing.

Sec. Gent. Good sir, speak it to us.

Third Gent. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down 80
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That e'er man look'd upon: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,—
Doublets, I think,—flew up; and had their faces
Been ¹⁹loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy 90
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week ²⁰to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

Sec. Gent. But, pray, what follow'd?

Third Gent. At ²¹length her grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saintlike,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly: 100
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury

19. Capable of be-
ing thrown up.

20. I.e., with child:
'rams' = battering
rams; see Ant., iii.
2. 33.

21. See B. and Sh.,
p. 280.

She had all the royal makings of a queen ;
²²As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest ²⁴music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she ²⁴parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

22. *Namely* : see Walker, i. 137.

23. *Musical bands* : see 2. 105.
24. See above, iii. 1. 106.

110

First Gent. Good sir,
You must no more call it York-place, that's past ;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

Third Gent. I know it ;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name
Is fresh about me.

Sec. Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen ?

Third Gent. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the ²⁵one of Win-
chester, ²⁵Gardiner.
Newly preferr'd ²⁶from the king's secretary ;
The other, London.

120

26. *I.e., from being.*

Sec. Gent. He of Winchester
Is held no great good-lover of th' archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

Third Gent. All the land knows that :
However, yet there's no great breach ; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

Sec. Gent. Who may that be, I pray you ?

Third Gent. Thomas Cromwell ;
A man in much esteem ²⁷wi' th' king, and truly

131

27. See iii. 2. 486.

A worthy friend. The king
Has made him ²⁴master o' the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

28. See below, v. 1. 43.

Sec. Gent. He will deserve more.

Third Gent. Yes, without all doubt.—
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests :
Something ²⁵I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

140

29. *Have at my disposal, for your entertainment.*

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—¹*Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, dowager, *sick*; *led between* GRIFFITH
and PATIENCE. (*a*)

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death!

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to ²leave their burden. Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:

If well, he stepp'd before me, ³happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward—
As a man sorely ⁴tainted—to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with ⁵easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his ⁶covent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words,—“O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!”
So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still: and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight,—which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!

1 See above, I. 38.

2. Be quit of.

3. Opportunely.

4. Disgraced.

5. Short stages.

6. I.e., convent:
comp. 'Covent
Garden.'

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to ⁷speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded ⁸stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one that by ⁹suggestion
¹⁰Tith'd all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
 His own opinion was his law: i' the ¹¹presence
 He would say untruths; and be ever double
 Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
¹²Of his own body he was ¹³ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

Grif.

Noble madam,

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We ¹⁴write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

Kath.

Yes, good Griffith;

I were malicious else.

Grif.

This cardinal,

Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading:
 Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;
 But to those men that sought him sweet as summer:
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
 Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! ¹⁵one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the ¹⁶good that did it;
 The ¹⁷other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

7. See above, ii. 4.
178.

8. *Haughtiness*:
see K. Rich. 2, i. 1.
18.

40 9. *Underhand
practice*: see Sch.
'Lex.'

10. *Exacted a tenth
= large sums,
from -*

11. See above, iii. 1.
17.

12. *As regards*:
Abb., 173.

13. *Immoral,
sensual*.

50

14. See Catull.,
Carm. lxx. 4.

60

15. The former.

16. *Goodness*.

17. Christ Church
Oxford.

70

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!—

80

18. The name of
her attendant.

¹⁸Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*]

19. To Patience:
see above, III. I. 1.

Grif. She is asleep: good ¹⁹wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six
personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads
garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces;
branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first
come unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes,
the first two hold a ²⁰spare garland over her head; at
which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the
two that hold the garland deliver the same to the other
next two, who observe the same order in their changes,
and holding the garland over her head: which done,
they deliver the same garland to the last two, who like-
wise observe the same order; at which (as it were by
inspiration) she wakes in her sleep signs of rejoicing,
and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their
dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them.
The music continues.

20. I.e., besides
their own, one
held in reserve.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone, go
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Kath.

It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter since I slept? ..

Grif.

None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?

They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel 100
 Alas ! I am not worthy yet to wear. (b)

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music ²¹leave ;
²²They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Do you note
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
 How long her face is drawn ? how pale she looks,
 And of an earthy colour ? Mark her eyes ! 110

Grif. [*aside to Pat.*] She's going, wench : pray, pray.

Pat. [*aside to Grif.*] Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. ²³An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :

23. See above, iii. 1.
16.

Deserve we ²⁴no more reverence ?

Grif. You're to blame,

24. Comp. Ant., iii.
13. 44.

Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,

To use so rude behaviour : ²⁵go to, kneel.

25. See K. John, iv.
1. 105.

Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
 My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying 120
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. ²⁶Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

26. Allow entr. to
him.

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
 You should be lord ambassador from th' emperor,
 My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same,—your servant.

Kath. O my lord,

The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
 With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you, 130
 What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,
 The king's request that I would visit you ;
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me

Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[Giving it to KATHARINE.]

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king;—

Cap. Most ²⁷willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The ²⁸model of our chaste loves, his ²⁹young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!—
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;—

'She's young, and of a noble modest nature;
I hope she will deserve well;—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long

Have follow'd ³⁰both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,—
And now I should not lie,—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,

A right good husband, let him be a noble;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
The last is, for my men;—they are o' th' poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me by:

If heaven had pleas'd t' have given me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.

27. See 2 K. Henr.
6, v. l. 51.

28. Representative.
29. Afterwards Q.
Mary.

30. High and low:
a classical idiom;
see Walker.

140

150

160

170

These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,
By that ³¹you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right.

31. *Which* : see
above, l. 81.

Cap. By heaven, I will, 180
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness :
Say his long trouble now is quickly passing
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I ³²blest'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;
Call in more women.—When I'm dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour : strew me over 190
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,
Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. (c) [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

32. See ii. 2. 38.

ACT V.

(*Attempt of the Council, under Gardiner's influence, to bring Cranmer into disgrace, defeated by the King. Birth and baptism of the child, afterwards Queen Elizabeth.*)

SCENE I.—*London. A gallery in the palace.* (a)

Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.

Gard. It's one o'clock, boy, is't not ?

Boy.

It hath struck.

Gard. These should be ¹hours for necessities,
Not for ²delights ; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.

1. Dissyll.

2. The king's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas !

Whither so late ?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord ?

3. A game at cards,
now unknown.

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at ³primero 10
With the Duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,

Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ?
It seems you are in haste : an if there be

4. Which : see iv.

2. 176.

5. Hint.

6. What you have
been about at this
late hour ; a line
of six feet.

No great offence ⁴belongs to't, give your friend
Some ⁵touch of your ⁶late business : affairs that walk—
As they say spirits do—at midnight have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day. 20

Lov. My lord, I love you ;

And durst commend a secret to your ear

Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,

They say, in great extremity ; and ⁷fear'd

She'll with the labour ⁸end.

7. It is feared.

8. Die : see 2 K.
Henr. 4, iv. 4. 219.

9. Is pregnant with.

Gard. The fruit she ⁹goes with

I pray for heartily, that it may find

Good time, and live : but for the stock, Sir Thomas.

I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov.

Methinks I could

30

10. See above, iii. 2.
59.

Cry ¹⁰the amen ; and yet my conscience says

She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does

Deserve our better wishes.

Gard.

But, sir, sir,—

Hear me, Sir Thomas : you're a gentleman

11. I.e., in religion
= opposed to the
Reformation.

Of mine ¹¹own way ; I know you wise, religious ;

And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—

'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,—

Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,

Sleep in their graves. 40

Lov.

Now, sir, you speak of two

The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell, —

Beside ¹²that of the jewel-house, he's made master

O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; further, sir,

12. The appoint-
ment : see above,
iv. 1. 154.

Stands in the ¹³gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' árchbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable 'gainst him ?

Gard.

Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,

There are that dare ; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind o' him : and, indeed, this day—

Sir, I may tell it you, I think—I have

¹⁴Incens'd the lords o' the council that he is—

For so I know he is, they know he is—

A most arch-heretic, a pestilence

That does infect the land : with which they mov'd,

Have ¹⁵broken with the king ; who hath so far

Given ear to our complaint,—of his great grace

And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs

¹⁶Our reasons laid before him,—'hath commanded

To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be ¹⁷convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

And we must root him out. From your affairs

I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord : I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER and Page.*]

*As LOVELL is going out, enter the King and the Duke of
SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more with you to-night ;
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;

Nor shall ¹⁸not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desir'd your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen.

What say'st thou, ha ?

To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

13. *Passage, and way* : 'trade' = *that which is trodden* : see K. Rich. 2, iii. 3. 158.

50

14. *Instructed* : provincial use ; see Nares's Gloss.

15. *Opened the matter* : see K. Henr. 5, v. 2. 238.

60 16. *Which our r.*

17. *Summoned* : see Cor., ii. 2. 54.

70 18. *I.e., ever win of me.*

80

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles;
Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
Th' ¹⁹estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness 90
A quiet night; and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night. [*Exit SUFFOLK.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord,

K. Hen. ²⁰'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure. 100

K. Hen. Bring him to us.

[*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. [*aside*] This is about that which the ²¹bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. ²²Avoid the gallery. [*Lovell seems to stay.*] Ha!

I have said. Be gone.

What! [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

Cran. [*aside*] I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. [*kneeling*] It is my duty 110
T' attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury. [*CRAN. rises.*]
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

19. *Condition.*

20. *I did so command; but had forgotten.*

21. *Gardiner: see above, 39. 'Happily': see iv. 2. 12.*

22. *Leave: see Cor., iv. 5. 23.*

I've news to tell you : come, come, give me your hand.
 Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
 And am right sorry to repeat what follows :
 I have, and most unwillingly, of late
 Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
 Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd, 120
 Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
 This morning come before us ; where, I know,
 You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
 But that, till ²³further trial in those charges
 Which will require your answer, you must take
 Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our Tower : ²⁴you a brother of us,
 It fits we thus proceed, or else ²⁵no witness
 Would come against you.

23. I.e., *be made*.24. *Being one of the council.*

25. See below, 2. 98.

Cran. [*kneeling*] I humbly thank your highness : 130
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
 Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury :
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :
 Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my ²⁶halidom, [*CRAN. rises.* 26. *Holiness* : see
 What manner of man are you ! My lord, I look'd 140 below, 2. 197 ;
 You would have given me your petition, that comp. 'by my
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together faith !' see Nares's
 Yourself and your accusers ; and t' have heard you, and Dyce's Gloss.
 Without ²⁷indurance, further.

27. *Imprisonment
durance.*

Cran. Most dread liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
 If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I ²⁸weigh not, 28. *Care not for.*
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear ²⁹nothing 29. *Not at all.*
 What can be said against me. 150

K. Hen. Know you not
 How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?
 Your enemies are many and not small ; their ³⁰practices 30. *Designs.*
 Must bear the same proportion ; and not ³¹ever 31. *Always.*

The justice and the truth o' the question carries
 The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you! such things have been done.
 You're potently oppos'd; and with a malice
 Of as great size. ³²Ween you of better luck, 160
 I mean in perjurd witness, than ³³your Master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here He liv'd
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You ³⁴take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

Cran.

God and your majesty

Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The trap ³⁵is laid for me!

K. Hen.

Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail than we give way to. 170
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance.

In charging you with matters, to commit ³⁶you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary

Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 Th' occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties

Will render you no remedy, ³⁷this ring

[*Giving ring.*

Deliver them, and your appeal to us

There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!

He's honest, on mine honour. ³⁸God's bless'd mother! 180

I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul

None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,

And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRANMER.*] He has
 strangled

His language in his tears.

Enter old Lady.

Gent. [*within*] Come back: what mean you?

Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness ³⁹manners.—Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen.

Now, by thy looks

I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?

190

32. *Hope you to meet with—*
 33. *Met with: see B. and Sh., p. 91.*

34. *Regard—as.*

35. *See above, 60.*

36. *I.e., to prison.*

37. *See B. and Sh., p. 283.*

38. *See K. Rich. 3, i. 3. 310.*

39. *I.e., good manners.*

Say ay ; and of a boy.

Old L.

⁴⁰Ay, ay, my liege ;

40. Sept. 7, 1533.

And of a lovely boy : the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her !—'tis a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and ⁴¹to be
Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

41. *And you to
become.*

K. Hen.

Lovell !

200

Re-enter LOVELL

Lov.

Sir ?

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha' more.

An ordinary groom ⁴²is for such payment.

42. I.e., *is fit for* :
Abb., 405.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?

I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,

While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the council-chamber.*

Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.

Cran. I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste.—All ¹fast ? what means this ?—Ho !
Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

1. The door of c.-
chamber.

D. Keep.

Yes, my lord ;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why so ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Butts. [*aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad 10
I came this way so ²happily : the king
Shall understand it presently.

[*Exit.*

2. *Opportunely* :
see above, l. 103.

Cran. [*aside*]

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician : as he pass'd along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !

3. *Speak not of,
make not known.*

4. *Did anything to
deserve.*

5. *Of a balcony,
overlooking the
lobby.*

6. *Form of oath,
only used here.*

7. See K. Rich. 3,
iii. 2. 95.

8. *Shared, pos-
sessed.*

9. See K. Rich. 3,
iii. 7. 55.
10. *Postman.*

11. *I.e., of the
balcony.*

12. 'Goodrich, Bp.
of Ely, was Lord
Chanc. at the time
of the accusation.'—
Courtenay, p. 166.
13. See 1, note (a).

Pray heaven he ³sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me
(God turn their hearts! I never ⁴sought their malice)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor, 20
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

The King and BUTTS appear at a ⁵window above.

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—

K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. ⁶Body o' me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst ⁷pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys. 30

K. Hen. Ha! 'tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought
They had ⁸parted so much honesty among 'em—

At least, good manners—as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To ⁹dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a ¹⁰post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let 'em alone, and draw ¹¹the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.

40
[*Curtain drawn.*]

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.

*Enter ¹²the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the
Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, Lord Chamberlain,
GARDINER, and ¹³CROMWELL. The Chancellor places
himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand;
a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop
of CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order
on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as secre-
tary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom.

Please your honours,

The chief cause ¹⁴concerns his grace of Canterbury.*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?*Crom.*

Yes.

Nor.

Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?*Gard.*

Yes.

50

D. Keep.

My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.*D. Keep.*

Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the council-table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: but we all are men,

In our own natures frail; (a) out of which frailty

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, 60

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains,—

For so we are inform'd,—with new opinions,

Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,

My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses

¹⁵Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em, 70

Till they obey the ¹⁶manage. If we suffer—

Out of our easiness, and childish pity

To one man's honour—this contagious sickness,

Farewell all physic: and what follows then?

Commotions, uproars, with a general taint

Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The ¹⁷upper Germany, can ¹⁸dearly witness,

Yet freshly pitied in our memories. (b)

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,

And with no little study, that my teaching

And the strong course of my authority

Might go one way, and safely; and the end

14. Lettsom would read "cerns" (see Tam. of Sh., v. 1. 77) *metri causâ*.

15. See J. Cres., iv. 2. 25; Ant., ii. 2. 81.

16. See 1 K. Henr. 4, ii. 3. 46.

17. I.e., the people of.

18. To their great cost.

19. *Sincere*: see
Acts ii. 46.

20. See K. Rich. 2,
i. 2. 3.

21. See B. and Sh.,
p. 233, sq.

22. *Speak, produce
their arguments*:
see ii. 1. 22.

23. *By virtue of
your office*: see
above, 1. 128.

24. *Aim and object.*

25. *If I am in error,
win me back by
gentleness, modera-
tion*: see Walker,
ii. 352.

26. *Superficial
lustre, fair outside.*

Was ever, to do well: nor is there living—
I speak it with a ¹⁹single heart, my lords—
A man that more detests, more ²⁰stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth ²¹face to face
And freely ²²urge against me.

Suf.

Nay, my lord,

That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by ²³that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure, 100
And our consent, for better trial for you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall your lordship find both judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your ²⁴end,—

'Tis my undoing: love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:

²⁵Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth: your painted ²⁶gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect

90

110

120

For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To ²⁷load a falling man.

27. See above, iii. 2.
395.

Gard. Good master secretary,

I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer 130

Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gard. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest!

Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;

Forbear, for shame, my lords. 140

Gard. I've done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;

There to remain till the king's further pleasure

Be known unto us:—are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to the Tower, my lords? 150

Gard. What other

Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome.—

Let some o' the guard be ready there!

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I've a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;

By virtue of that ring I take my cause [Showing ring.

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 161

To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur.

'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor.

Do you think, my lords,

The king will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd?

170

Chan.

'Tis now ²⁸too certain:

How much more is his life in value with him!

Would I were fairly out ²⁹on't!

Crom.

My mind ³⁰gave me,

In seeking tales and informations

Against this man,—whose honesty the devil

And his disciples only envy at,—

Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now ³¹have at ye!

Enter the King, frowning on them; he takes his seat.

Card. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;

180

Not only good and wise, but most religious:

One that, in all obedience, makes the church

The chief aim of his ³²honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,

His royal self in judgment comes to hear

The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. ³³You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not

To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;

They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

190

To me, ³⁴you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,

And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure

Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—

[*To Cranmer*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see thee
proudest,

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:

By ³⁵all that's holy, he had better starve

28. *That he will not suffer even his l. finger, &c.*

29. *Of it:* Abb., 132.

30. *Told me, gave me word:* see iv. 2. 24.

31. See above, iii. 2. 369.

32. *Respect, veneration.*

33. '*You were,*' as monosyll.: see Walker, ii. 203.

34. *I.e., whom you, &c., who am above your malice:* see iv. 2. 176.

35. See above, i. 139.

Than but once think ³⁶this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me. 200

36. The seat he had just taken, and which had been 'left void': see above, 58.

I had thought I had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—

This honest man, wait like a paltry footboy

At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gavè ye

Power as he was a counsellor to try him,

Not as a ³⁷groom: there's some of ye, I see,

210 37. *Mential*: see 2. 21.

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye ³⁸mean;

Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

Chan.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—

If there be faith in men—meant for his trial,

And fair purgation to the world, than malice,—

I'm sure, in me.

220

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him,—if a prince

May be ³⁹beholding to a subject, I

39. See above, iv. 1. 25.

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ⁴⁰ado, but all embrace him:

40. See B. and Sh., p. 30.

Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me;

There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,

You must be godfather, and answer for her.

230

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory

In such an honour: how may I deserve it,

That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, ⁴¹you'd spare your

⁴²spoons: you shall have

41. You wish to escape giving—

42. The ordinary present of sponsors to god-children.

Two noble partners with you; th' old Duchèss of Norfolk,

And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?—

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

240

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart :

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A ⁴³shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."—

43. *Unkind.*

Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.* 250

SCENE III.—*The palace-yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man. (a)

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do you
take the court for Paris-garden ? (*b*) ye rude slaves, leave
your ¹gaping.

1. Here *bawling*—
with open mouth.
2. *Of the palace.*

[*Within*] Good master porter, I belong to ²the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue !
is this a place to roar in ?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree
staves, and strong ones : ³these are but switches to them.
—I'll scratch your heads : you must be seeing christenings !
do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

3. *These—that I*
have—they will feel
no more than see.

Man. Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible—
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons—
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning ; which will never be :

I I

4. S. Paul's Church.

We may as well push against ⁴Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in ?

Man. How ! faith ;—how gets the tide in ?

As much as one sound cudgel of fôur foot—
You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no ⁵spare, sir.

5. *Frugal use of it.*
6. Guy of Warwick.
7. The Danish giant
whom Guy subdued
at Winchester.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

20

Man. I am not Samson, nor ⁶Sir Guy, nor ⁷Colbrand,

To mow 'em down before me : but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
Let me ne'er hope to see a ⁸chine again.

[*Within*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.
—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do? 30

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the
dozens? Is this ⁹Moorfields to muster in?

Man. There is a fellow somewhat near the door,—he
should be a ¹⁰brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience,
twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that
stand about him are under the ¹¹line, they need no other
penance: that ¹²fire-drake did I hit three times on the
head, and three times was his nose discharged against me:
he stands there, like a ¹³mortar-piece, to blow us. There
was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed
upon me, till her pinked ¹⁴porringer fell off her head, for
kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the
¹⁵meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out
¹⁶"Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty
¹⁷truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope
o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I
made good my place: at length they came to the broom-
staff with me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of
boys behind 'em, loose ¹⁸shot, delivered such a shower of
pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let
'em win the ¹⁹work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think,
surely. 56

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse,
and fight for bitten apples.(c) I have some of 'em in
²⁰*Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these
three days; besides the ²¹running banquet of two beadles
that is to come. 63

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too: from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye've made ²²a fine hand, fellows:

8. *Of beef*: see
above, 4.

9. Where the
trained-bands of
the city were exer-
cised.

10. (1) *A worker in
brass*; (2) *a pan
for heated charcoal*.

11. *Equator*.

12. *Fiery dragon*.

13. Short and wide
piece of ordnance.

14. *Cap like a p.*

15. *Brazier*.

16. *Peace officers
with staves to come
to her help*.

17. *Men armed
with staves*.

18. *Shooters—with
loose stones*.

19. *Fortification*

20. *Confinement*:
prop. the place
where the patri-
archs are supposed
to be waiting for
the resurrection.
21. Here = *public
whipping*.

22. *Work, business*
see *Cor.*, iv. 6. 113.

23. *Smart*: mostly used with irony.

There's a ²³trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening. 70

Port.

An't please your honour,

24. Meaning, so few.

We are but men; and what ²⁴so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham.

As I live,

25. *Set you in the stocks*: see 2 K. Henr. 4, i. 2. 118.

26. *Large*.

27. *Attacking ale-barrels = tipping*: see 1 K. Henr. 4, ii. 4. 427; '*baiting*' of doubtful signif., see Sch. 'Lex.'

If the king blame me for't, I'll ²⁵lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap ²⁶round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie ²⁷baiting of bombards, when 80
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening:
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A ²⁸Marshalsea shall ²⁹hold ye play these two months.

28. Name of prison in London.

29. *Keep you amused*—ironical.

Port. Make way there for the princess!

Man.

You great fellow,

Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache!

Port.

You i' the ³⁰camlet,

30. *Camelot, hair-cloth*.

31. *Pitch*: see Cor., i. 1. 205.

Get up o' the rail; I'll ³¹pick you o'er the pales else! 90
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—(a) *The ¹palace.*

1. At Greenwich: the baptism had been at the Friars' Church.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great ²standing-bowls for the christening-gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troops pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

2. *Bowls elevated on feet.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [kneeling] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

My noble ³partners and myself thus pray ;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

3. In sponsorship.

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

10

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

[CRANMER rises.—*The King kisses the Child.*

With this kiss take my blessing ; God protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble ⁴gossips, ye've been too ⁵prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she ⁶has so much English.

4. Sponsors.
5. I.e., in your
gifts.

6. Can speak.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter

20

Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This royal infant—heaven still move about her !—

Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,

Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be—

But few now living can behold that goodness—

A pattern to all princes living with her,

And all that shall succeed : ⁷Saba was never

More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue

Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces, (b)

30

With all the virtues that attend the good,

Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,

Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :

She shall be lov'd and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

And hang their heads with sorrow : good ⁸grow with her :

8. I.e., shall grow :
Edd., 'grows.'

In her days every man shall eat in safety,

Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing

The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :

40

God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.

9. The 17 lines between brackets appear to have been added later, and are attributed by some to Ben Jonson.

10. K. James I.

[⁹Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to ¹⁰one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour 50
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make ¹¹new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar ¹²reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven. 60

11. Probably in allusion to the settlement of Virginia, 1612.

12. *Extend.*

13. Reverting to Q. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. ¹³She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die,—
She must, the saints must have her,—yet a virgin;
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
Unto the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

14. *Comfortable prophecy.*

K. Hen. O lord árchbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never before 70
This happy child did I get any thing:
This ¹⁴oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much ¹⁵beholding;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day no man think 80

15. See above, 2. 224.

He's business at his house ; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

¹EPILOGUE.

1. Not by Shak-
speare.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We've frightened with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women ;
For such a one we show'd 'em : if they smile,
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they ²hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

90

2. *Refrain.*

NOTES ON KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.—*Scene 1.*

(a) "Our poet appears to have invented Buckingham's sickness for the mere purpose of making him listen to Norfolk's story, for he is specially mentioned in the Chronicle as present."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 122.

(b) There seems no occasion for "that" before "former," as in the usual text; and as it renders the line unmetrical, and makes the following "that" before "Bevis" more awkward, I have omitted it.

(c) Critics have puzzled over the two lines there omitted:—

"And his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in he papers"—

but to little purpose. It is supposed that "papers" is a verb, with "whom" understood; but Pope did not profess to understand the passage, and Mr Grant White "suspects corruption."

(d) "On June 15 was such an *hideous storm* of wind and weather that many conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortly after to follow between princes."—HOLINSHED.

(e) There is much variety in the punctuation of this passage. I have followed Dyce (who follows the folio), Variorum, and Globe. But Grant White has no comma after "liberty," and the Leopold has a comma between "business" and "present;" while Collier places a colon after "liberty," and a comma after "present." I confess, however (notwithstanding the interpretation offered by

Dyce, in Mr Staunton's words), I am not satisfied with the text as it stands, and should prefer to read :—

“To see you ta'en from liberty, and t' attend
The present business.”

(f) Upon that and the next scene, Mr Spedding remarks : “The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—seems to have the full stamp of Shakspeare in his latest manner : the same close-packed expression ; the same life and reality and freshness ; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough ; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea, cannot wait to work it orderly out ; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth ; the same careless metre, which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace :—all the qualities in short which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated. In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (i. 2.), where the characters of Katharine and Wolsey are brought out, I find the same characteristics equally strong. But the instant I enter upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell converse, I am conscious of a total change.” [See note (a) on that scene.]—Quoted in Furnivall's *Introd.*, p. xciv, *sq.*

Scene 2.

(a) “Shakspeare is justified by his usual authority [Holinshed] in this scene, as to the exactions from the people, and Wolsey's ministerial *finasse* ; but not so in the introduction of the queen. It is a gratuitous addition, which must have been made, not for political, but for dramatic reasons. Though it is probable that the obnoxious commission was devised by Wolsey, it is not so that the king was ignorant of the proceeding. Our poet is also justified by Holinshed in ascribing to Wolsey the proceedings against Buckingham. . . . It is probable that Buckingham, as a peer of ancient family, was jealous of the proud and powerful churchman, and also that the duke could not have been tried for treason without the approbation of the minister ; but there is no historical evidence for tracing either the trial or the accusation to personal causes. I find, however, in the depositions . . . that he [Buckingham]

listened to prophecies that he would become king after the death of Henry. . . . He was now the next heir to Henry in the Beaufort branch of the Lancastrian line, and next legitimate representative of Edward III., after the children of Clarence."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 128, *sq.*

Scene 3.

(a) Speaking of this and the following scene, Mr Hudson remarks: "I can hardly bring myself to think that Shakspeare wrote either of them. The wit is something strained, and indeed quite lacks the ease, freedom, and airiness of his more authentic passages in that kind; the hollow, affected piquancy and falsetto liveliness of conversation are not like him; as, I think, any well-practised discernment will perceive on comparing these scenes with the humorous part of *Coriolanus* [also one of the later plays, though supposed five years earlier], which was, no doubt (?) written about the same time. In all the respects just noted, the workmanship relishes strongly of Fletcher. The least I can say is, that if Shakspeare wrote these scenes, his hand must have lapsed from its cunning at the time." Mr Spedding's judgment is to the same effect: "Leaving scenes 1 and 2 (see note (b) on the former), I feel as if I have passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse is quite different, and full of mannerism; the expression becomes suddenly diffuse and languid; the wit wants mirth and character: and all this is equally true of the supper scene which closes the first act."—Furnivall's *Introd.*, *ibid.*

ACT II.—Scene 1.

(a) The recurrence of the words "I'll save you" at the end of the fifth line appeared to justify the alteration of "God save ye," the ordinary reading at the end of the first. On "bound" = *intending to go*, see Schm. 'Lex.' 2.

(b) These rumours are mentioned too soon. Buckingham was executed in 1521. Anne was then a girl of fifteen or sixteen, resident at the Court of Claude, the queen of Francis I. She did not return till 1522, when she became maid of honour to Queen Katharine. The first mention of the rumours of a separation is assigned by Hall to 1527. Meanwhile Wolsey's politics had changed. He now no longer espoused the cause of the Emperor, but sought the alliance of France. See Courtenay, vol. ii. pp. 136,

139. It was the belief of the time that he entertained a project of marrying Henry to Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, sister of Francis I. See iii. 2. 114.

(c) On the authorship of this scene, Mr Spedding writes : "When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here. When in like manner I compared the Henry and the Wolsey of the scene which follows (ii. 2) with the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber (i. 2), I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue through the whole scene sounded still, slow, and artificial."—Quoted in *Furn. Introd.*, p. xcv. It may be added that in the *suspected* scene which follows, and in that which goes before (i. 4) there is occasional *coarseness* or even *grossness*, which is very unlike the genuine Shakspeare. For instance, he would never have put into the mouth of a lady, and the future mother of Queen Elizabeth the (omitted) words given to Anne Bullen in i. 4. 60, nor, probably, into the mouth of a king, and her father, the (omitted) words spoken by King Henry, ii. 2. 160 ; nor would he, I think, have attributed to Cardinal Wolsey, especially in colloquy with a brother cardinal, such a sentiment as that which he avows, in the same scene, 150 : "He was a fool ; for he would needs be virtuous."

Scene 3.

(a) "The grant of the title of Marchioness is misplaced. It was not made till September 1532, a few months before Anne's marriage, and long after the trial at Blackfriars, which occurred at the commencement of 1529, after a long interval spent in negotiations with the Pope."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 148.

(b) "The next [*i.e.*, the present] scene brought another sudden change. And as in passing from the *second* to the *third* scene of the first act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the *second* to the *third* scene of the *second* act (in which Anne Bullen, I may say, appears for the first time—for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional Court lady, without any character at all), I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of

Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance), and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hands that drew Perdita" [in *The Winter's Tale*].—SPEDDING, *ibid.*

Scene 4.

(a) There has been great variety in the punctuation of this passage; and no wonder. I am inclined to suggest "unfold" instead of "be bold;" and then to punctuate as follows:—

" Now what mov'd me to't
I will unfold—with time and your attention;—
Then mark th' inducement."

(b) "At the end of this act the name of a new and important person is introduced; and the first notice is given of the king's opposition to the papal authority. But the reference to Cranmer is antedated. He was not at this time known to the king, nor was he now out of England. Soon after this time, he met with Fox and Gardiner in the country, and gave his opinion that the question of marriage might be decided by native authorities. He wrote a book to prove his position, and hence his employment by the king, and subsequent preferment."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 153, *sq.* With respect to the authorship of this scene, and scene 1 of the next act, Mr Spedding pronounces as follows: "When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the act with their language in the council-chamber (i. 2), I found that it corresponded in all essential features: when I compared it with their language in sc. 2 of this act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katharine, also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber; but when I went on to sc. 1 of the third act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed, the whole of this scene [act iii. sc. 1] seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspeare."—Furn. Introd., p. xcv.

ACT III.—*Scene 1.*

(a) Johnson did not feel certain about the meaning of that line ; and Dyce, who prints “wise,” the conjecture of Pope, in preference to “wife,” the reading of the folio, remarks :—“But there is something else wrong here.” Hudson, following him, felt the same : his words are—“The passage is odd and obscure ; nor am I sure but that, after all, ‘wife’ may be right.” I am inclined to think the same, and have therefore retained “wife,” only, with Pope, inserting “Do” at the beginning of the line, *metri causâ* ; the sense being, as I understand it, ‘how far I am, and can prove myself to be, a true wife.’

(b) “How much more is here understood than is expressed ! By the cautious and well-guarded but pregnant hint conveyed in the *last three words*, the mind is thrown back upon the long course of trials she has suffered, and still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the cherished hope of her heart ; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has struggled against the worst parts of her husband’s character ; how she has wisely ignored his sins against herself, that so she might still keep alive in him a seed of grace and principle of amendment ; thus endeavouring by conscientious art to make the best out of his strong but hard and selfish nature. Yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise at all the apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.”—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 190. On the authorship of this scene, as non-Shakspearian in Mr Spedding’s judgment, see note (b) on last scene of act ii.

Scene 2.

(a) “There is a confusion here. The present Norfolk is the former Surrey. No Surrey was concerned in these proceedings. That title was now borne by Henry Howard, the celebrated and literary earl, now a lad of 13 years old.”—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 155, note.

(b) “This incident is not in Holinshed, nor do I know where Shakspeare found it, or whence comes the story of the inventory delivered by mistake. But the greatest error in this scene, which must have occurred at latest in 1529, is the mention of the marriage of Anne Boleyn, and her intended coronation. The marriage certainly did not occur before 1533.”—*Ibid.*, 155, sq. “That the Cardinal gave the king an inventory of his own private wealth by mistake is a known variation from the truth of history. Shakspeare, however, has, not injudiciously, represented the fall of that

great man as owing to an incident which he [Wolsey] had once improved to the destruction of another."—STEEVENS.

(c) I cannot but think that "not" should be read for "no" in this passage, and have therefore so printed it. It is true to say that "words are not deeds;" but to say that there are "no"—*i.e.*, no kind of, or in no sense—"deeds," appears to contradict what goes just before. "No" for not is a common *erratum*; as in S. Paul, 1 Cor. xiii. 2, have "no charity" still stands in most editions of our Book of Common Prayer, in the epistle for Quinquagesima Sunday.

(d) In this scene, up to this point, Mr Spedding recognises the hand of Shakspeare, but not so in regard to the remainder of it; and even as to what has gone before, he doubts whether it is "Shakspeare pure;" though he admits that "the speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspeare's; but" (he proceeds) "in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords, which follows, I could recognise little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian [amphibrachic] cadence; and as for the famous 'Farewell, a long farewell,' &c., . . . it appeared (now that my mind was open to the doubt) to belong, entirely and unquestionably, to Fletcher."—Furn. *Intro.*, p. xc.

(e) "One of the methods of *daring* [frightening and ensnaring] larks was by small mirrors fastened on scarlet cloth, which engaged the attention of these birds while the fowler drew his net over them."—STEEVENS.

(f) "With Chicheley [Archbishop of Canterbury, 1414-1443] terminated that long list of independent primates who had come down in regular succession from Augustine; and who had governed the Church of England, not as delegates from any foreign power, but by their own authority. Many aggressions had been made upon that authority: to many usurpations on the part of the Roman pontiff the primates had submitted; but they had remained till now [when, in 1440, licence was granted to Kemp, Archbishop of York, to assume the rank of Cardinal in England, in consequence of which he took precedence of the Archbishop of Canterbury] independent metropolitans. From this period until the resumption of our independence under Archbishop Parker, the Church of England was virtually governed by the Pope. He was represented by *Legati a latere*, who were sometimes, but not of necessity, the primates of the Church of England. The usurpation was carried to its extremest point when to Cardinal Wolsey Archbishop Warham

was compelled to yield: the primate having an intuitive perception that wrong was done to his office [and, through him, to the offices of all the bishops in England], but not clearly understanding how the wrong originated, or in what manner it was to be resisted."—Dean Hook's *Lives, &c.*, vol. v. p. 128. See also Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 301, *sq.*, and the editor's *Outlines of the Christian Ministry*, p. 132.

(g) "These Articles are to be found, with some others, in Holinshed. They are abridged from 44 lengthy charges, which were, some time afterwards, prepared in the *House of Lords*, and sent down to the Commons, but came to nothing. It may be observed that the charge of writing *Ego et rex meus*, with which we are familiar, is erroneously stated. According to the accusation, Wolsey gave the king his place, but put himself too near to him. He wrote 'the king and I,' thus making himself a fellow to the king, *Art. iv.*"—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 157, *sq.*

(h) "*A perjurium.*" This species of writ, so called from the first word of the statute—meaning to *forewarn* (see margin) the accused respecting the offence of introducing foreign authority into England—involved the consequences mentioned in the text. See Stubbs, vol. iii. p. 330, *sq.*

ACT IV.—Scene 1.

(i) "Of the fourth act," Mr Spedding says, "I did not so well know what to think. For the most part, it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey. And yet it had not, to my mind, the freshness and originality of Shakspeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done."—Furn. *Introd.*, *ibid.* These remarks appear to betray the weakness to which all critics are liable, of desiring to push a favourite theory too far. Comp. the remarks of Johnson in note (a) on the next scene.

Scene 2.

(a) "This scene is above any other part of Shakspeare's tragedies, and perhaps above any scene of any other poet, tender and pathetic. . . . without the help of romantic circumstances, without improbable sallies of poetical lamentation, and without any throes of tumultuous misery."—JOHNSON.

(b) At the end of this line, all editions, from the folio downwards, have the words: "I shall, assuredly." Is it conceivable

that Shakspeare wrote them? They are ungrammatical, and, to my apprehension, very inconsistent with the character of the speaker.

(c) It was not till more than five years after Wolsey's death (1530) that Queen Katharine died at Kimbolton (January 8, 1536), and was buried at Peterborough. Her age was 51. She was six years older than Henry. The following is the letter which she wrote to him on her deathbed, as translated by Lord Herbert in his *History*, from Book vii. of Polydore Virgil :—

“MY MOST DEAR LORD, KING, AND HUSBAND,—The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or the flesh whatsoever ; for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to all my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow that mine eyes desire you above all things.—Farewell.”

“In making the death of Katharine precede the birth of Elizabeth, Shakspeare has committed an anachronism, not only pardonable but necessary. We must remember that the construction of the play required a happy termination. . . . By this slight deviation from the real course of events, Shakspeare has not perverted historic facts, but merely sacrificed them [? made them subservient] to a higher principle ; and in doing so has not only preserved dramatic propriety and heightened the poetical interest, but has given a strong proof both of his delicacy and his judgment.”—Mrs JAMESON, p. 383, *sq.*

ACT V.—*Scene 1.*

(a) “The first scene of the fifth act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what indeed may be supposed well enough, if my conjecture with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct) that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand ; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business.”—SPEDDING in *Furn. Introd.*, p. xevi.

The substance of this scene (from line 94), and of the two following ones, is taken, not from Holinshed, but from Foxe's 'Acts and Monuments,' the first edition of which came out in 1563. "The transaction, so far from occurring, as in the play, at the moment of the birth of Queen Elizabeth, did not occur till the year 1543, when Catherine Parr was queen. . . . Cromwell, who in sc. 2 acts as Secretary to the Council, had been beheaded three years before."—COURTENAY, vol. ii. p. 166. "As to the matter of Cranmer and the Privy Council, this did not take place till 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes—another judicious departure from the actual order of things. The aptness of the matter for just stage effect was evident enough—and it is used to that end with no little skill; but as the plan of the piece required it to wind up with the christening of Elizabeth [see last note on foregoing act], the poet could nowise avail himself of that matter but by anticipating and drawing it back to an earlier time. Thus far we have only a principle of dramatic convenience for the transposition. But there is really a much deeper reason. For the passage yields the most pertinent and forcible instance of that steady support of Cranmer by the king, which was necessary to prepare the way for the final establishment of the Reformation on Elizabeth's coming to the crown. And the main interest of the drama was clearly meant to turn on that renovation of mind and soul which was to take its beginnings from, or along with, the establishing of the Reformed faith. . . . So that the matter in question, though later in time than the birth of Elizabeth, nevertheless stood in true logical antecedence to the ushering in of that new era in the national life which was to illustrate her reign, and with the prevision of which the drama was to conclude."—HUDSON, vol. ii. p. 179.

Scene 2.

(a) The words there omitted—

"And capable
Of our flesh; few are angels"—

have been subjected to a variety of unsatisfactory suggestions by the critics; one of whom (Steevens) begins his note thus: "*If this passage means anything, it may mean,*" &c.,—a sufficient indication that its exclusion from the text will be no loss; and another (Hudson) speaks of it as "very troublesome."

(b) "Alluding to the immoderate zeal of some of Luther's followers, which was the occasion of violent commotions in Saxony."

—HUNTER. "Alluding to the heresy of Thomas Muntzer, which sprung up in Saxony, in the years 1521 and 1522."—GREY.

Scene 3.

(a) "The following bout of grinning waggery has been objected to as ill-judged and untimely, even by Coleridge, who observes—'It is difficult to understand what effect, whether that of pity or of laughter, Shakspeare intended to produce;' but to our mind the intention was to show how grief and gaiety, pathos and absurdity, sorrow and jesting, elbow each other in life's crowd; how the calamities of existence fall heavily upon some, while others, standing close beside the grievors, feel no jot of suffering or sympathy."—Shakspeare Key, p. 50.

(b) "This celebrated bear-garden, on the bank-side, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II."—STEEVENS. "In Shakspeare's time it was noted for tumult and disorder, and is often alluded to by writers of that day as a place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited."—HUDSON.

(c) The passage there omitted in the text is here inserted as a specimen of those which promise matter of interest to the antiquarian, but have received no explanation to satisfy the general reader:—

"That no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure."

Scene 4.

(a) "In the execution of the christening scene . . . I could see no evidence of Shakspeare's hand at all; while in point of design it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece."—SPEDDING, in *Furn. Introd.*, p. xcvi. But compare Hudson in note (a) upon scene 1.

(b) I have there omitted the line—

"That mould up such a mighty piece as this is."

In Schmidt's 'Lexicon,' under "piece," we find the remark: "Young Elizabeth cannot be meant by *the mighty p.*; but what person else?"

APPENDIX.

ON CERTAIN POINTS TO BE OBSERVED IN SHAKSPEARE'S VERSIFICATION.

I.—*Instances of Trimeter Couplets in the foregoing Plays.*

"This form of six-footed verse is frequent in Shakspeare ; but it is confined, or very nearly so, to his later plays. . . . The play of *K. Henry 8* is perhaps an exception to this rule."—WALKER, 'Sh. Vers,' p. 101. Comp. Abb., 500 and 501.

In *Coriolanus* the metrical irregularities of all kinds are very frequent. For instance, of trimeter couplets I have reckoned up not less than *forty-seven*, and *ten* of them with redundant middle¹ syllables. It does not seem necessary to quote all these at length (eight of them having been already produced in Pref. to vol. ii. p. viii, *sq.*), but only cases in which, from diversity of text, or other cause, there may be some doubt whether they properly come under this head. On the redundant syllables, printed in italics, see below, sect. iii.

Cor., i. 1. 284. Had borne the business. | Besides, if things go well.

See Pref. to vol. ii. p. viii. Also *ibid.*, on i. 7. 2, and ii. 3. 119 and 265.

Ibid., 4. 70. Were feverous and did tremble. | Look, sir, O, 'tis Marcius.

The "O" appears to be an interpolation, and to require to be omitted.

¹ I use the term "middle" for "in the body of the line," to distinguish these redundancies from those at the end of lines. See sect. iv.

Ibid., 10. 20. Shall fly out of itself : | nor sleep, nor sanctuary.

See Walker, referred to in margin, who makes this a ten-syllable line, by reducing "sanctuary" to a dissyllable.

ii. 3. 278. The vantage of his anger. | To the Capitol, come.

But I suspect "come" is an interpolation, and the line without it, may be scanned as belonging either to sect. ii. or sect. iv.

iii. 1. 288. Leave us to cure this cause ; | for 'tis a sore upon us.

See Pref. to vol. ii. p. ix. I am still inclined to suspect "upon us"; but considering the large number of trimeter couplets in this play, perhaps it is over-bold to omit the words.

In *Julius Cæsar* the number of trimeter couplets is, I think, *twenty-seven*, and *three* of them have a redundant middle syllable. Eight have been quoted in Pref. to vol. ii. pp. viii and ix ; and to those instances the following may be added here, as calling for some remark :—

i. 2. 23. A soothsayer bids you | beware the ides of March.

In the margin I have suggested the omission of "you," reading "soothsayer" as a dissyllable ; but if the line be scanned as a trimeter couplet, this becomes unnecessary.

ii. 2. 84. And these does she apply | for warnings and portents.

So the folio, rightly followed by the Variorum, Globe, and Leopold. But Dyce printed, "And these" as a separate line, for no object that I can see, except to get rid of the trimeter couplet. Unwilling to follow his arrangement, and yet misled by his example to aim at a line of ten syllables, I printed "And these she plies," &c. But though I still think that the use of the auxiliary in "does apply" is weak, and not well suited to the mouth of Cæsar, I believe it will be better to return to the original reading, the number of undoubted trimeter lines in this play being so large as I have found it is. Compare my remarks, above referred to, on ii. 4. 36, iii. 1. 1, and 2. 217 of this Play, in Pref. to vol. ii.

iv. 3. 174. And died so? Even so. | O ye immortal gods!

I am inclined to arrange and scan these words as a trimeter couplet, and with this view would suggest the slight transposition of "And so died?" as more harmonious ; unless "died" is to be scanned as dissyllable, and "even" as monosyllable.

Ibid., 252. We will along ourselves | and meet them at Philippi.

The folio makes here two unmetrical lines, printing "we'll along" at the end of the former. The Variorum, Dyce, Globe, and Leopold, all agree in correcting it by transferring "we'll along" to the beginning of the latter; scanning the words, I suppose, as an anapæst, and so making a ten-syllable line. I followed Dyce, as usual; but I confess I think it would be better to print "we'll" *dissolutè*, and so to obtain a trimeter couplet.

Ibid., 315. Speak to me what thou art. | Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Why comest thou?

Again, by adopting a trimeter couplet, I think we arrive at a better arrangement of the words than that which I gave, as following Dyce and other editions, from the folio downwards.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* trimeter couplets are scarcely less frequent than in *Coriolanus*. A few examples were quoted in the Pref. to vol. ii., of which the following may be noticed again:—

Ant., iv. 14. 147. Lock'd in her monument. | She'd a prophetic fear.

The common reading, derived from the folio, of the latter part of this line is—"She had a prophesying fear." On the scansion see Abb., 505. Neither alternative which he offers appearing satisfactory, I altered it as above. I also notice here as requiring remark—

ii. 7. 86. And not have spoke on't ! In me 'tis villany.

So the folio, followed by Dyce, Globe, Leopold, &c.; but surely it would be better to print *dissolutè*, "spoke on it," and so include the line among trimeter couplets.

iii. 11. 44. Go to him, madam; speak; he is unqualified.

This is another instance in which I think it would be better to retain the trimeter couplet rather than make "madam" a monosyllable (see my margin, and Walker, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 173), and scan "he is" with elision.

Of the English Historical Plays, trimeter couplets occur most frequently in the *Second and Third Parts of K. Henry 6*, in *K. Richard 3*, and in *K. Henry 8*; in each of the other plays they are rarely found. The following examples require notice:—

K. Rich. 2, ii. 4. 6. The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

It is difficult to account for "reposeth" (a word used nowhere else in Shakspeare in a transitive sense), when "puts" (a word at

least equally good, and of frequent occurrence) would make an ordinary ten-syllable line; but such being the reading of all the editions, it ought to stand,—although in this play there are only, I think, two other instances of trimeter couplets. A similar remark may be made on *K. Rich.* 3, iii. 7. 113, in regard to the two words “reprehend” and “chide;” but in that play, as I have said, trimeter couplets are much more frequent.

K. Henr. 5, iv. 3. 35. For the best hope I have. | O ! do not wish one more. I was tempted to alter this into “wish not one more;” but it would be better to recall the received reading,—though in this play also, I think, the trimeter couplets do not exceed three.

K. Henr. 8, ii. 3. 15. She never had known pomp; | though it be temporal. The folio makes this a ten-syllable line—

She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal.

And so the Globe; but the Leopold gives only the contraction “ne'er,” not “though't.” Trimeter couplets are by no means so rare in this play as Walker appears to have supposed (see above, p. 457): I have noted upwards of *twenty*.

Upon the whole, it will be seen from the foregoing statement that trimeter couplets are far too numerous not to be recognised as a legitimate element in Shakspeare's versification. Nevertheless, Steevens has condemned and altered them in several instances, as he says, *metri causâ*. Dyce has now and then shown an inclination to concur with him (see, *e.g.*, *K. Rich.* 3, iii. 1. 39), especially by placing the first two syllables in a line by themselves, as if *extra metrum* (see, *e.g.*, *ibid.*, i. 3. 168); and Walker also, at least in regard to *J. Cæs.*, ii. 1. 297, which he peremptorily orders to be written—

And talk t'you sometimes? Dwell I but i' th' suburbs.

See ‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ i. 221.

II.—*Apparent Alexandrines, not Trimeter Couplets.*

“An *extra foot* is scarcely ever admitted, except when it follows immediately after a pause on the latter syllable of the third foot,”—that is, except in the case of trimeter couplets.—WALKER, ‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ p. 101. But this is greatly over-stated. Compare Abb., 498, 499. And what has been said of trimeter couplets must be repeated respecting Alexandrines which are not such—viz., that they are far too numerous to justify any attempt to get rid of them as incon-

sistent with Shakspeare's scheme of versification. The following are examples:—

Cor., i. 1. 220. Shouting their emulation. What is granted them?

iii. 2. 161. Away! the tribunes do attend you; arm yourself.

iv. 6. 59. But what is like me formerly. That's worthily.

J. Cæs., i. 2. 59. 'Tis just, and it is very much lamented, Brutus.

Ant., iii. 13. 231. Is to be frighted out of fear, and in that mood.

K. Rich., 2, ii. 2. 25. More than your lord's departure; weep not, more's not seen.

iv. 1. 1. Call Bagot forth. Now, Bagot, freely speak your mind.

131. And he himself not present. O! forfend it, God!

v. 4. 2. Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

3 *K. Henr.* 6, v. 2. 49. For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven.

K. Rich. 3, iii. 7. 113. And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

In *K. Henr.* 8 I have noted not less than fifteen *such* Alexandrines, and not less than seventeen in *Coriolanus*. In the other plays of this series they are far less frequent.

III.—*Redundant Syllables in the body of the line.*

"An extra syllable is not admitted in the body of the line, except where it comes immediately *after* [*qu. before?*—see Abb., 454] a pause—namely, a short extra-syllable after the fourth or sixth syllable of the line."—WALKER, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 101. See a list of such lines given in Pref. to vol. ii. p. xi, *sq.* This redundancy sometimes extends to *two* light and easily contracted *syllables*. See Walker, *ibid.*, p. 274; Abb., 408.

IV. "The trisyllabic termination of a line, which is so frequent in the dramatists of a later age, occurs very seldom in Shakspeare. Most of the apparent instances are easily explained away."—WALKER, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 272. Compare Abb., 458.

V. "An exclamation, a form of address, or other word or short phrase, *detached in point of construction from the sentence which it introduces*, is frequently placed by itself, apart from the following line. I know not whether the collocation of $\epsilon\iota\epsilon\nu$, or $\phi\epsilon\upsilon$, &c. &c., *extra metrum*, in the Greek tragedians, may be considered as an analogous case."—WALKER, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 268. Compare Abb., 512, where they are called "interjectional lines." See my Pref. to vol. i. p. xxvii. Dyce has sometimes allowed of this licence (very questionably, as I must think) in cases where the words are *not* "detached

in point of construction" from what follows. See, *e.g.*, *J. Cæs.*, ii. 2. 84, quoted above in sect. i. In such cases, and perhaps in some others, an Alexandrine or trimeter couplet should be the remedy.

VI. "Lines wanting the tenth or final syllable are unknown to Shakspeare."—WALKER, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 289. In other words, "the line of nine syllables is alien to Shakspeare."—*Ibid.*, p. 78. I have generally intended to carry out this canon, but two or three instances escaped my notice. In *Cor.*, iii. 1. 233, a fourth "speak" should be added; and in *J. Cæs.*, v. 5. 48, "you" after "follow."

VII. The following miscellaneous canons, gathered for the most part from Walker, with additional examples introduced, will be found useful to the student of Shakspeare's versification.

1. The definite article *the* is sometimes elided *before a consonant*, as "th' sheeted dead," *Hamlet*, i. 1.—Walker, 'Sh. Vers.,' p. 74. And very frequently, where not elided, it is to be *slurred*, so as to count for nothing in the scansion. See, *e.g.*, *Cor.*, ii. 1. 213, 237, 240, &c.

2. *By your* is sometimes contracted into one syllable, as "by'r leave," *Meas. for Meas.*, iv. 3.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 191.

3. Other familiar contractions are—*in's* for *in his*; *of's* for *of his*; *'t* for *it*; *'s* for *as*.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 77. Also, *I was*, *thou wert*, *you were*, &c., are frequently to be pronounced as monosyllables.—'Crit. Exam.,' vol. ii. p. 202.

4. The plurals of substantives ending in *s* in certain instances, also in *se*, *ss*, *ce*, and sometimes *ge*, are found without the usual addition of *s* or *es*, as "witness" for "witnesses," "carcass" for "carcasses," "balance" for "balances," "benevolence" for "benevolences," &c., &c.—'Sh. Vers.,' p. 243.

5. *This is*, like *that is*, not unfrequently is contracted into a monosyllable, as "this' a dull sight," *K. Lear*, v. 3.—*Ibid.*, p. 80.

6. Some monosyllables are used as dissyllables; this occurs more frequently in Shakspeare's earlier plays than in the later;—such are *fear*, *dear*, *earl*, *fire*, *roar*, *our*, *your*, *hour*, *sure*.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 136. Comp. Abb., 480, and see below, 8 (a).

7. Some dissyllables are frequently used as monosyllables; such are—

(a) Words in which a short vowel is preceded by a long one or a diphthong—*e.g.*, *jewel*, *coward*, *steward*, *lower*, *power*, *tower*, *poet*,

quiet, loyal, royal, prayer, &c.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 119. Comp. Abb., 470.

(b) Dissyllabic present participles, very frequently, on the same principle—*e.g.*, *being, seeing, doing, going, growing, saying, laying, playing, tying, lying*; also *having, giving, &c.* See Walker, *ibid.*, and p. 242. Comp. Abb., 466.

(c) Also certain classes of words, of which the greater part are composed of two short syllables, are frequently contracted into one syllable, or placed in monosyllabic places of the line. This occurs chiefly when they are followed by a vowel—*e.g.*, *perish, flourish, nourish, punish, &c.*; *promise, &c.*; *trouble, humble, couple, little, &c.*; *suffer, master, finger, sceptre, &c.*—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 64. Also *madam, sheriff, women, peril, spirit, merit, marry, warrant, Egypt, Clarence, Caesar, &c.*,—*ibid.*, pp. 64, 68, 173, 187, &c.; ‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ vol. i. p. 193; *devil, evil*,—*ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 196. “Might we not safely substitute *ill* wherever *evil* is pronounced as a monosyllable?”—*Ibid.*, 198.

(d) Words in which the final syllable *ther* is preceded by a vowel, are frequently subject to similar contraction—*e.g.*, *rather, whether, either, hither, other, mother, brother, together*.—Walker, ‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ p. 103. Comp. Abb., 466.

8. Some dissyllables are frequently used as trisyllables.

(a) The following, and other like words, are often pronounced as though a vowel were interposed between the liquid and the preceding mute, and so become trisyllabic—*viz.*, *juggler, tickling, kindling, England, angry, Henry, children, shortly*.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 7. Comp. Abb., 477, and see above, 6.

(b) *Creature* is frequently to be pronounced as a trisyllable.—Walker, ‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ vol. ii. p. 19. Also *treasure* and *pleasure*,—*ibid.*, p. 23.

9. Some trisyllables are to be scanned by contraction as dissyllables—*e.g.*, *majesty*,—Walker, ‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ p. 174; *gentleman*,—*ibid.*, p. 189; *messenger, passenger*,—*ibid.*, p. 200; also *senators, dangerous, desperate, conference, pestilence, quality, negligent, minister, happiness, officer, offices, innocent, insolence, venomous, fugitive, &c.* On the other hand, some trisyllables, which we commonly pronounce as dissyllabic, are frequently to be scanned *dissolutè*. Such are *soldier, courtier, marriage, conscience, vengeance, surgeon, pageant, business, &c.*—Walker, ‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ p. 175. Also, very frequently, words ending in *ion*, of more than three syllables (commonly of Latin derivation, and placed at the end of lines) are to be *dissolved* in pronunciation—*e.g.*, *invasion, proscription, information, reputation, &c.*

10. Some words of four syllables are to be scanned as dissyllabic, the intermediate syllables between the first and last being unaccented—*e.g.*, *honourable*, *sanctuary*.—Walker, *ibid.*, p. 163. Others of four or five syllables are to be scanned as trisyllabic—*e.g.*, *cere-mony*,—‘*Crit. Exam.*,’ vol. ii. p. 73; *inventory*, *consistory*; also *Enobarbus*, *Bartholomew*, *confederacy*,—‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ pp. 164, 186, 199.

11. The *e* in superlatives is often suppressed—*e.g.*, *great’st* for *greatest*, *eldest* for *eldest*, *dearest* for *dearest*.—*Ibid.*, p. 167.

12. The verbal and participial termination *ed*, following *d* or *t*, is often not written, and when written often not to be pronounced, as, *e.g.*, in *avoided*, *quoted*, *mistrusted*.—Abb., 472. Comp. Walker, ‘*Sh. Vers.*,’ p. 191.

13. In the use of proper names, greater licence of scansion is allowed, generally in the way of shortening them.—Abb., 468.

THE END.

Wm.

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